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WINTER IN BRABANT.

XVII CENTURY.

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THE ART JOURNAL

NEW SERIES

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LIST OF PLATE ILLUSTRATIONS.

ETCHINGS.

		TO FACE PAGE
1. WINTER IN BRABANT	T. C. FARRER, *after* G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.	1
2. THE DOG IN THE MANGER	JAMES DOBIE, *after* WALTER HUNT	65
3. THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY	JAMES DOBIE, *after* CHARLES W. BARTLETT	129
4. GUILDFORD FROM ST. KATHERINE'S HILL	*Original Etching by* PERCY ROBERTSON	193
5. THE WIDOW'S PRAYER	A. KAISER, *after* R. KONOPA	225
6. HOLYROOD	*Original Etching by* E. SLOCOMBE	257
7. VENICE FROM THE LAGOON	*Original Etching by* WILFRID BALL	321
8. FOR GOD AND THE KING	A. P. MASSE, *after* STANLEY BERKELEY	353

PHOTOGRAVURES.

1. LA PROMESSA SPOSA	*From the Picture by* HENRY WOODS, A.R.A.	33
2. THE RAMPARTS OF GOD'S HOUSE	*From the Picture by* J. M. STRUDWICK	97
3. BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK	*From the Picture by* MRS. ALMA TADEMA	161
4 MATERNITY	*From the Picture by* GEORGE HITCHCOCK	289

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CONTENTS.

ACADEMY in the Last Century, the Royal, 114, 311
Aird's Collection, Mr. John, 135
Alhambra, The, 71
Alps of New Zealand, The, 172
Antonio's Engraving of St. Helena, Marc, 376
Armstrong, Thomas, 271
Art Gossip, 30, 63, 125, 160, 191, 223, 256, 288, 320, 352, 384
Art Sales of 1891, The, 308
Artists in their Studios, Drawings of:—
  Luke Fildes, 153
  Marcus Stone, 154
  Sir Frederick Leighton, 155
  David Murray, 156
  J. J. Shannon, 157
  Chevalier Tayler, 158
  J. Pettie, 183
  Colin Hunter, 187
  S. J. Solomon, 188
  G. H. Boughton, 189
  Herbert Schmalz, 190
  J. McWhirter, 194
  Henry Moore, 196
  Alfred East, 198
  Seymour Lucas, 247

BATTLEDORE and Shuttlecock, 171
Beechy, Sir W., 119
Beraud, J., 243
Biographies of Artists:—
  Kaemmerer, 7
  Linton, Sir James D., 57
  Francois Flameng, 65
  Strudwick, J. M., 97
  Fremiet, Emanuel, 129
  Pradilla, 257
  Hitchcock, George, 289
  Kaulbach, Fritz August von, 373
  Riviere, Briton (*Art Annual*)
Bloch, A., 249
Boehm, Sir J. E., 62
Bonheur, Auguste 328
Bonnat, L., 200
Bontor & Co.'s Carpets, 223
Boughton, G. H., 1
Bramley, Frank, 193
British Museum, Drawings at, 128
Brock, Thomas, 125
Burton, Sir Frederic, 83

CALDERON, P. H., 140
Calvert, Edward, 191
Camera, Photography by the Hand, 216
Caricaturist, A New, 25
Carpaccio, 43
Carpet, the Lesson of a Persian, 371
Checca, Ulpiano, 242
Chiefs of our National Museums:—
  1, 2.—The National Gallery, 83, 120
  3.—The British Museum, 167
  4, 5.—The South Kensington Museum, 213, 271
  6.—The National Portrait Gallery, 296
Chintzes and Cretonnes, 108
Churches, Old Art in the City, 274
Clyde and the Western Highlands, The:—
  1.—The Clyde, 161
  2.—Ardrishaig to Fort William, 207
  3.—The Caledonian Canal, 250
  4.—Skye, Gairloch, Iona, etc., 280
Cole, Vicat, 322
Collections of London, The Private:—
  Mr. John Aird's, 135
  Mr. David Price's, 321
Collier, John, 184
Colvin, Sidney, 169
Competition, The National Art, 335
Continental Art, Recent, 122
Corcos, C., 123

DAMASK and Napery, 177
Davison, T. Raffles, 329, 353
Dicksee, Frank, 195
Dog in the Manger, 82
Dresser, A. R., 216

EASTLAKE, Charles L., 120
Elections to the Royal Academy, 125
Elsheimer, Adam, 45
Exhibitions:—
  New Gallery, 93, 183, 193
  Royal Academy, 93, 183, 193, 261
  British Museum, 128
  Royal Hibernian Academy, 128
  Liverpool Photographic Association, 160
Exhibitions (*continued*):—
  Dowdeswells', 222
  Howell and James', 223
  Goupil Gallery, 223
  Fine Art Society, 223
  Japanese Gallery, 223
  Champs Elysées Salon, 242
  Champ de Mars Salon, 242
Exhibitions at Home and Abroad, The Summer, 153, 183, 193, 242

FINE Arts as an Investment, The, 159
Flameng, François, 65
For God and the King, 376
Franks, A. W., 167
Fremiet, Emanuel, 129
Frith, W. P., 324

GILLIES, W. G., 161, 207, 250
Gilpin, Sawrey, 345
Gow, Andrew, 125
Guelph Exhibition, 93
Guildford, 215

HALI, Fred., 25
Hanover Exhibition, 93
Hedgerow Decoration, 237
Hibernian Academy, Royal, 128
Hill, L. Raven, 153, 183, 194, 247
Hitchcock, George, and American Art, 289
Hoff, Carl, 124
Holbein, 3
Holyrood, 262
Hoppner, John, 346
Hunter, Colin, 211

INDUSTRIAL Arts, The Progress of the:—
  1.—Silks and Satins, 19
  2.—Lace, 87
  3.—Chintzes and Cretonnes, 108
  4.—Table Decoration of To-day, 141
  5.—Damask and Napery, 177
  6.—Velvets, Velveteen, and Plushes, 230
Industrial Art in Italy, the Museums of, 262
Inscription as an Element in Design, 306
Investment, Fine Arts as an, 159
Italy, the Museum of Industrial Art in, 262

KAEMMERER, 7
Kaulbach, Fritz von, 373
Keene, C. S., 94
Knole House, Kent, 102

LACE, 87
Laurens, J. P., 245
Laussheimer, A., 359
Lavery, John, 31
Leeds Art Gallery, A Gift to the, 256
Leighton, Sir Frederick, 139, 185, 186
Lewis, J. F., 325
Linton, Sir J. D., 57
Liverpool Photographic Association, 160
Long, the late Edwin, 222
Longford Castle Pictures at the National Gallery, The, 1
Lord Tennyson's Childhood, 13, 46
Low Mass, 221

MANGER, The Dog in the, 82
Metal-Worker, New Field for the Art, 360
Millais, Sir John, 323, 327
Miller, F., 237, 274
Minor Exhibitions, 222
Mitchell, J., 102
Modern Country House, A., 329, 333
Moretto, 42
Moroni, 4
Murray, David, 125

NATIONAL Art Competition, The, 335
New Caricaturist, A, 25
New Frock, The, 358
New South Wales, News from, 159
New Zealand, The Sounds of, 300; Alps, 172

OBITUARY, 62, 64, 126, 160, 192, 224, 288, 320, 352, 384
Old Art in the City Churches, 274
Old Masters Exhibition, 94
Orchardson, W. Q., 137
Owen, Sir Philip Cunliffe, 213

PARTRIDGE, J. Bernard, 1
Pastoral Staff, 64
Payne, H., 203
Photography, Recent, 51
Photography by the Hand Camera, 216
Pictorial as compared with Decorative Art, 286
Pilgrims' Way, The:—
  Winchester to Alresford, 33
  Alresford to Loseley, 78
  Loseley to Albury, 147
  Shere to Gatton, 225
  Gatton to Otford, 266
  Otford to Charing, 313
  Charing to Harbledown, 347
  Harbledown to Canterbury, 365
Ponson, E. Debat, 197
Pownall Hall, 329, 353
Pradilla, 257
Price's Collection, David, 321
Promessa Sposa, La, 56
Puvis de Chavannes, 244

QUINTON, A., 33, 78, 147, 225, 266, 313, 347, 365

RECENT Photography, 51
Regimental Pets, 201
Reviews:—
  Anatomy, Students' Atlas of, 128
  Blue Poetry Book, 383
  Books for Boys, 32, 383
  Camden Library, 379
  Christmas Cards, 383
  Congress, Transactions of the Art, 288
  Cruikshank, George, 160
  Doré, Gustave, 380
  Exchequer, Antiquities of the, 379
  Giorgio Giulio Clovio, 192
  Greenland, First Crossing of, 127
  Handbooks, 320
  Handbook of London, 192
  Hare's France, 64
  Hints to Amateurs, 160
  London City, 224
  Loyola, Ignatius, 319
  Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time, 127
  Miscellaneous, 32
  Old Water Colour Society, 207
  Olympios, 382
  Pictures from Shelley, 378
  Royal Edinburgh, 126
  School for Scandal, 383
  Sun Artists, 224
  Toilers in Art, 381
  Vicar of Wakefield, 31
  Watts Phillips, 381
Reviews (*continued*):—
  Whitechapel School of Handicraft, Transactions of, 288
  Women of the French Salons, 378
Richet Leon, 256
Riviere, Briton (*Art Annual*)
Robertson, Percy, 193
Roesler, A. W., 221

SALES of 1891, The Art, 308
Sandys, E., 300
Scharf, G, 296
Sculpture at the Royal Academy, 261
Serra Luigi, 326
Sesto, Cesare da, 39
Silks and Satins, 19
Singleton, H., 343
Sleeping Figure, 191
Sounds of New Zealand, The, 300
Staedel Art Institute at Frankfort-on-the-Main, The, 39
Stone, Marcus, 139
Stothard, T., 341
Strudwick, J. M., 97
Stuart, Gilbert, 114
Summer Exhibitions at Home and Abroad, 153, 183, 193, 242
Sydney Post Office Carvings, 159
Swynnerton, A. L., 199

TABLE Decorations, 141
Tennyson's Childhood, 13, 46
Thornycroft, H., 261
Tidmarsh, H. E., 13, 46
Twenty-Ninth of May, The, 152

VELASQUEZ, 5
Velvets, Velveteens, and Plushes, 230
Venice from the Lagoons, 340
Veronese's 'Vision of St. Helena,' 376
Vos, Cornelius de, 44

WALLIS, George, 384
West, Benjamin, 115—119
Weyden, Roger van der, 40
Whitechapel School of Handicraft, 288
Widow's Prayer, The, 236
Winter in Brabant, 12

ZEALAND, The Alps of New, 172

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

MRS. HENRY M. ADY (JULIA CARTWRIGHT), 33, 78, 147, 225, 266, 313, 347, 365
LUCIE H. ARMSTRONG, 19, 108

J. F. BOYES, 83, 135, 167, 213, 271, 296, 321

GEORGES CAIN, 7, 65
A. C. R. CARTER, 308
SIDNEY COLVIN, 1
W. M. CONWAY, 371

T. RAFFLES DAVISON, 329, 353

FRED. A. EATON, 114, 341

FRED. R. FARROW, 102
W. W. FENN, 286

NORMAN GARSTIN, 25
ROSE CRANDON GILL, 141, 177
P. ANDERSON GRAHAM, 13, 46
MAJOR J. PERCY GROVES, 201

MISS DELIA HART, 257

CHARLES W. HASTINGS, 51
C. LEWIS HIND, 87
J. E. HODGSON, 114, 341
F. EDWARD HULME, 306

PROFESSOR ALFREDO MELANI, 262
F. MILLER, 237, 274

CLAUDE PHILLIPS, 39, 183, 193, 242, 261

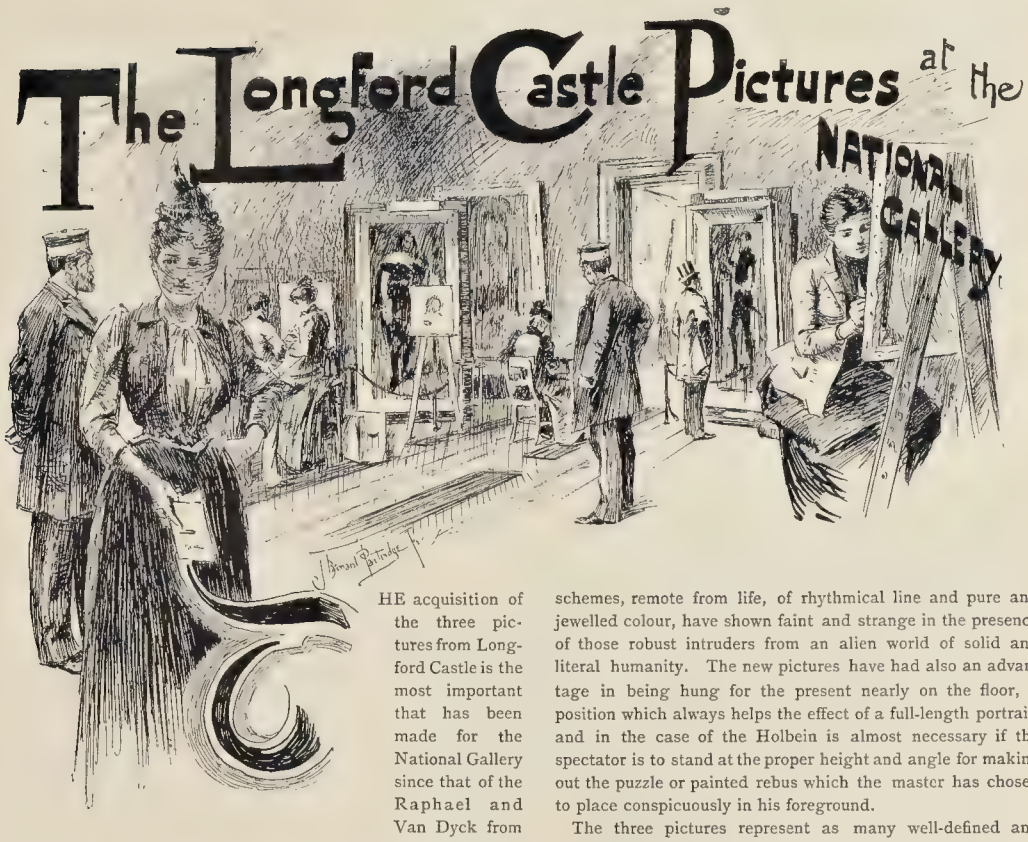
PROFESSOR W. ROBERTS-AUSTEN, 360
LIONEL G. ROBINSON, 289
MALCOLM ROSS, 172

EDWIN SANDYS, 300
G. BERNARD SHAW, 97
R. A. M. STEVENSON, 129

AYMER VALLANCE, 230, 335

R. WALKER, 161, 207, 250, 280
FREDERICK WEDMORE, 57

The Longford Castle Pictures at the National Gallery



THE acquisition of the three pictures from Longford Castle is the most important that has been made for the National Gallery since that of the Raphael and Van Dyck from Blenheim. And they have aroused more general interest even than the Blenheim pictures; partly because of the spirited act of private munificence which helped to purchase them; partly from the familiarity of Holbein's name as the father of painting in England, and the crying want, hitherto, of any example of his work among the national possessions. The extraordinarily forcible, and at the same time somewhat disquieting, artistic character of one picture of the three (the Holbein), and the still more startling force which in another (the Velasquez) goes along with a complete and magical harmony of execution and presentment, have justified and maintained that interest. The characteristic qualities of the new pictures, as they have been provisionally placed in the Umbrian room, have been oddly enhanced by their strong contrast with the primitive and ideal Madonnas and saints of Perugino, Raphael, and the rest, around them. Those charming and devout conventions of old religious art, those schemes, remote from life, of rhythmical line and pure and jewelled colour, have shown faint and strange in the presence of those robust intruders from an alien world of solid and literal humanity. The new pictures have had also an advantage in being hung for the present nearly on the floor, a position which always helps the effect of a full-length portrait, and in the case of the Holbein is almost necessary if the spectator is to stand at the proper height and angle for making out the puzzle or painted rebus which the master has chosen to place conspicuously in his foreground.

The three pictures represent as many well-defined and contrasted phases of the art of portrait-painting. First, the early maturity of northern art, when the grotesque strenuousness of the primitive Teutonic manner has been mellowed by the influences of the Renaissance, and a complete power of draughtsmanship has been attained, with a masterly precision in rendering both the characters and forms of humanity, and the appearances of natural objects in detail; but when the painter has not yet thought of attempting fully to express the relief of objects in space, nor their relations to each other as affected by the environing atmosphere. Of this phase of northern art Holbein is the chief master. It is he who best combined the accomplishments of the Italian Renaissance with the inherited energy and unsparing precision of his own school: and after the Darmstadt Madonna, the Longford portrait-group is the most important among his works that are extant in good preservation (the 'Barber-Surgeons' canvas at the Guildhall being too much disfigured by time and repaints

to count): important alike as to scale, since it contains two full-length figures of life-size, and as to richness and multiplicity of accessories and costumes. It is also one of those most characteristic of the master both in his excellences and his faults. There are more completely satisfying works among his single-figure portraits, and especially among those painted about the same period (1532—1535). For instance, in the 'Count de Morette' at Dresden, the 'Jörg Gyze' at Berlin, or even in the 'Cheeseman' at the Hague, and one or two other portraits at Windsor and Bâle, we find a greater artistic unity, we find human character rendered with finer insight and penetration (though indeed these qualities are never quite so striking in Holbein's painted portraits as in his drawings made direct from life), and we are not struck by any such jarring notes as occur in this famous group of 'The Ambassadors.'

Foremost among these jarring notes are the short proportions of the figures in relation to the heads. This effect is exaggerated, in the case of the richly-dressed personage on the left, by the fashion of the broad surcoat with its great puffed sleeves; a fashion, as every one knows, affected in the extreme both by Henry VIII. and Francis I., and after them by the nobles of their court. Some tendency towards the like proportions is a fault habitual with the master: thus the shortness of the figures is one of the chief differences between Holbein's true Madonna at Darmstadt and the copy of it which was so long taken for an original at Dresden. Another stumbling-block to the enjoyment of the work is the aforesaid problematical ivory-white object placed obliquely across the foreground. This puzzle seems to be the chief point of interest for a large proportion of the public, but that it adds to the beauty of the picture no one can maintain, though Holbein may have valued it as balancing, in that sombre lower corner of the painting to the right, the vivid white of the ambassador's fur on the left. As to what it represents, I think there can be no doubt that Dr. Woodward and Professor Marshall are right in recognising it as a "perspective," in Shakespeare's sense (he uses the word in no other), of a human skull. The latter gentleman is probably also right in interpreting it as merely a punning signature or rebus on the painter's name, Holbein (*cavum cranii = hohl bein, i.e.* hollow bone). It must further be admitted that Holbein, who in decorative and ornamental design was one of the most inventive, adroit, and powerful composers that ever lived, has in this instance seemed to let his composition take care of itself. The figures are placed at either end of the desk with a certain *naïf* stiffness almost recalling the pose of a photographic group. Moreover, masterly and energetic as are the heads in modelling, in expression they are somewhat rigid, harsh, and staring.

Yet, all deductions made, with what an effective and potent grasp does the picture hold us! The colouring is richer and more varied than in any other painting of the master, and will come much richer yet when the veil of brown "fried" varnish is removed; and though its scheme is not one that can be easily apprehended or defined as a whole, the general effect is no less harmonious than striking. The dress of the ambassador on the left of the spectator is magnificent in the extreme. He wears a crimson silk under-dress with a black tunic, and over this a dark green surcoat with immense puffed velvet sleeves, and lined with white fur, a broad band of which is turned back on the shoulders and down the front. On the desk at his elbow is a celestial globe of a fine greenish blue, and all this richness is relieved against the sombre bronze green of a brocade curtain which fills the background. On his head this sumptuous personage wears a velvet cap tricked with gold, and round his neck hangs the badge of the French order of St. Michel, worn not with the collar of the order, but suspended from an ordinary heavy gold chain. In his right hand he holds a richly chased gold dagger, the design of which is manifestly Holbein's own; and beside it hangs a large green and gold silk tassel, in itself a miracle of painting. The other personage is soberly attired in a thick brown brocade gown bordered with brown fur. On his head he wears the four-cornered cap which was in that age the common head-gear of scholars, university doctors, and ecclesiastics in undress. The desk between the two men is loaded, both on the top and on the lower stage, with astronomical and musical instruments, a pair of globes, terrestrial and celestial, a columnar dial, a gnomon, a lute, a set of flutes, and two German books, both open: one a book of geometry, the other showing the words and notes of a Protestant chorale. A fine mosaic adorns the floor. All these things are painted with such strong minuteness of reality, and diligent, though never petty, emphasis of detail, that their due subordination to the whole and to the personages would seem impossible. But the subordination is there notwithstanding, and how it comes is Holbein's secret. The total effect is one of singularly rich if somewhat rigid grandeur; the personages dominating as they should; the faces and hands remaining the master features of the picture. The heads, with their hard gaze, lay hold on the spectator masterfully, so that he cannot forget them after he has turned away; and most characteristic of the painter are the hands, especially those, somewhat slim and sickly, with the skin drawn over the knuckles, of the clerkly personage on the right.

The picture has three inscriptions. One is low down on the left, not very easily discernible, but to all appearance quite authentic, and reads JOANNES HOLBEIN PINGEBAT, 1533; the other, perfectly clear and unquestionably original, is in a panel forming part of the design of the dagger worn by the personage on the left, and fixes his age at twenty-nine; the third, of a more questionable character, is painted on the edge of a book beside the clerkly personage to the right, and reads ÆTATIS SUÆ, 25 (the 5 very indistinct). As to the history of the work and the identity of the persons represented, nothing is known of the picture until it appears in the last century in Paris under the name of 'Les Ambassadeurs' in the collection of J. B. Lebrun, the husband of Mdme. Vigée Lebrun, who sold it for £1,000 to a well-known dealer in England, Mr. Buchanan, from whose hands it passed into the collection of the Earl of Radnor. Since it was in Lebrun's hands, the height of the picture has been reduced by cutting off some eighteen inches above the top. Lebrun identifies the portraits offhand as those of two French diplomatists, M. de Selve and M. d'Avaux. In this he is clearly wrong, for though the De Selve family supplied ambassadors to the service of Francis I., no member of it was at the age required by the inscriptions in the picture; and of the De Mesmes, Counts of Avaux, none rose to the position of ambassador until two or three generations later.

Nevertheless there are strong reasons for supposing that at least the personage on the left of the picture is really a Frenchman and an ambassador.* First, the traditional title

* In the following paragraphs I have necessarily repeated, sometimes *totidem verbis*, arguments which I had already put forward in two letters published in the

of the work: then the fact of its having been sold into this country, where it was never before heard of, from France: next, the French order of St. Michel worn by the personage in question: and, lastly, the remarkable resemblance in details of dress and fashion with the famous portrait at Dresden which has been lately shown to be the portrait of another French ambassador, M. de Morette, and was probably painted in the following year, 1534. Now it so happened that among the several French envoys who came to the court of Henry VIII. in this momentous year 1533, the most important was exactly of the age required by the inscription in the picture. This was the Bailly of Troyes, Jean de Dinteville, who is described as born on the 21st September, 1504, Seigneur of Polizy and Tenelierez, Bailly of Troyes,



The Ambassadors. By Holbein.

Knight of the Order of the King (*i.e.* of St. Michel), governor or tutor of the King's son Charles, Duke of Orleans, and ambassador of France in England. He came to London as resident ambassador in February, 1533, and stayed until the end of the year; returning again on a special mission in the autumn of 1535. The conjecture that he was Holbein's sitter seems on the face of it reasonable. If I am right in my further identification of his companion, that conjecture would become a certainty. This second personage I believe

Times on September 11 and October 20 respectively). In case any student should wish to follow up the inquiry for himself, I may mention that the published sources are as follows:—For Dinteville, the "Meslanges Historiques" of N. C. T. (Nicholas Camusat), Troyes, 1619; the "Dictionnaire Historique" of the Abbé Moreri (any of the Paris editions); and the English Calendar of State Papers during the Reign of Henry VIII for the years 1533 and 1535. For Rabelais, the several editions of his "Nigaud" (Paris, 1535; Basle, 1535; and Lyons, 1538: his παιδαγωγεῖον Lyons 1537: and J. V. Jacquot, "Notice sur N. Bourbon de Vandreuvre" (Troyes, 1857).

to be a well-known poet, humanist, and pedagogue of the time, Nicholas Bourbon (Borbonius). The features, style of hair, etc., quite agree with two profile portraits of Bourbon by Holbein which exist, one a drawing at Windsor, and the other a small woodcut. Moreover Bourbon supplies exactly the required link between Dinteville on the one hand, and Holbein and his circle on the other. He was the son of a foundry-master at Vaudœuvre in Burgundy, close to the home of the Dintevilles at Polizy, and as a boy at the college of Troyes was the bosom friend of Louis de Dinteville, brother of the future ambassador. He devoted himself to the new learning, was skilled both in Latin and Greek verse, and an esteemed correspondent of Erasmus and other humanists and reformers of the time. He led the life of a wandering cosmopolitan scholar, first in the service of the great family of Tournon, in Burgundy and the Dauphiné, next (1531-1538) as a private tutor in Paris, London, and Lyons, and finally in Navarre, as the *protégé* of Queen Margaret and tutor to her daughter Jeanne d'Albret. Bourbon is a characteristic and rather amiable type of the Renaissance scholar; handling the ancient languages with ease and vivacity, and Latin at least with correctness; vain both of his verses and his person; fulsome towards his patrons, although living with them on terms of equality; affectionate and warm-hearted with his friends and pupils; a devout Christian and student of the Bible, with a leaning, or something more, towards Protestantism; and with al the ardent and constant lover of a lady whom he calls Rubella, and who in due course becomes his wife. His once-celebrated volume of "Nugæ," a collection of Latin verses and epistles, was published in Paris in the spring of 1533, and again in the autumn of the same year at Bâle. In 1538, Bourbon supplied the Latin text to Holbein's famous set of Bible-cuts, and published at Lyons an enlarged edition of the "Nugæ," which contains many references to the poet's visits and friendships in England. He expresses himself as delighted with the treatment he received here, and is especially devoted to the Queen, Anne Boleyn; whose influence had caused him to be released from prison, into which he had been thrown in Paris in 1534, and had procured him an appointment as tutor in England to young Henry Carey (afterwards Lord Hunsdon), to Henry Norreys, and Thomas Hamley. He lived here on terms of friendship with Cranmer, Latimer, and Thomas Cromwell, and of familiar intimacy with several of the King's servants, especially with his physician William Butts, his astronomer, Nicholas Kratzer, and with the painter Holbein. The last, under the names of "Ulbius" or "Hansius," Bourbon celebrates over and over again. Among his verses written in England are some of welcome to two French ambassadors, Dinteville and Castillon. To the former, as brother of his early friend, who had died in 1531, he says he now looks as his especial hope and mainstay. Nearly all these English allusions in Bourbon's poems refer, it is true, to the year 1535, which was that of Dinteville's second mission to the court of Henry VIII. But it is clear that this, though the year of the poet's longest residence in this country, could not have been that of his first visit. In one of his epigrams he says he had "seen and known" Sir Thomas More, which he could only have done before More's



A Portrait. By Moroni.

confinement to the Tower in June, 1534. Again, how could Anne Boleyn take the interest in Bourbon which caused her to obtain his release from prison in Paris, in 1534, unless she had known him previously in England? The inference is obvious, that Bourbon had come here originally in the suite, or at the invitation, of Dinteville during the latter's first embassy in 1533, and had gone back with him the next winter to Paris, where he got into the trouble before mentioned.

The origin and history of our picture, dated as it is in 1533, thus seems to become plain. Bourbon comes to England in the spring of that year, and probably through his correspondence with the German humanists and Reformers, is at once intimate with the German colony in London. He persuades his old friend and patron, the ambassador Dinteville, to give his new gossip, Hans Holbein, a commission for their joint portraits, and the Longford picture is the result. Taken to France, as would naturally be the case, by Dinteville on his return, the picture is lost sight of on the extinction of that nobleman's house, which happened a few generations later, and next comes to light in the hands of a Paris dealer in the eighteenth century. Of the properties on the table between the two men, some are Bourbon's own, *e.g.*, the lute and set of flutes, for he was a musician as well as a poet, and when in the following year he was thrown into prison in Paris, one of his special complaints is that he lost a lute which he greatly valued; probably the very one here depicted. As to the rest, the globes and mathematical instruments may also be simply part of Bourbon's stock-in-trade as a professional teacher of youth. Or they may be explained (together with the German books on the lower shelf of the desk) by his intimacy as aforesaid with the German colony in London, including the goldsmith Cornelius Heyss, with whom he lodged, and the king's astronomer, Nicholas Kratzer of Munich, and Holbein himself. One more point to be noticed is the fact that in the winters of 1532-3, Bourbon, always weak in health, had been at death's door from illness, which may account for his noticeably sallow colour and bloodless lips in the picture. There is only one difficulty about the proposed identification. Bourbon was born in 1503, and was therefore in his thirtieth or thirty-first year when the picture was painted; whereas in the inscription on the book already mentioned we read, or seem to read, that the scholar represented is in his twenty-fifth. But the inscription, as I have said, invites suspicion: closer examination will be necessary before it can be accepted: and even then a mistake on the part of the painter is possible.



Admiral Adrian Pulido Pareja. By Velasquez.

Several other identifications for the persons in the picture have been suggested. The only one which seems to call for mention is that which has unfortunately found its way into the text-books of the subject, and which sees in the sitters the English courtier poet Thomas Wyatt, and his secretary, the antiquary John Leland. There are many considerations which make this identification improbable. I need only mention one, which makes it impossible; and that is a comparison of the features of the personages with those respectively of Wyatt, in two drawings of him and a woodcut, all authentic and all by Holbein, and of Leland, as shown in his bust at All Souls', Oxford. The fea-

tures and character in either case are perfectly incompatible with those of the respective sitters in the Longford picture; and that such authorities as Mr. Wornum and Dr. Woltmann can have fancied otherwise, can merely have been due to failure of memory and lack of photographs.

The second in date of the three new pictures is Italian, and belongs to a branch of that school which alone in Italy held out without decadence almost throughout the sixteenth century: the Venetian. Dignity and directness of presentment, richness of quality and mellowness of tone, with a colour-sense never more powerfully shown than when the scheme is one of flesh colour with simple black and white or grey—these are the universal qualities of Venetian portrait painting. Moroni, one of that important group of artists in the school who came from the provincial district of Bergamo, was the pupil of Moretto, and inherited as a portrait-painter much of that master's force and grasp, though not his sense of poetic luxury and richness. He is already well represented in the National Gallery, among other things by the famous picture of "The Tailor," one of a small number of masterpieces by which he occasionally lifts himself into the very first rank of painters from what otherwise would be his place in the second. Had a free choice been possible of a third picture for the nation from the Longford collection, besides the Holbein and Velasquez, there are undoubtedly others one would rather have chosen than this Moroni (formerly known in error as a Titian); *e.g.*, a second Holbein, the 'Erasmus;' or the portrait of Erasmus's friend Ægidius, by Quintin Matsys; or a second Velasquez, the portrait of Juan de Pareja. But there was no such freedom of choice. The owner had made up his mind what pictures he wished to part with, and students will heartily welcome the Moroni with the others. It is a thoroughly characteristic example in an excellent state. We already possess a portrait by the same hand composed of much the same elements: a man in a close-fitting black suit showing chain armour on the sleeves, a broken column, a wall, and a glimpse of sky. Only in the former picture the man faces the opposite way, he has a fair skin, and the whole tones are silvery and blond: in this, on the contrary, the complexion of the face and hands is warmly tanned, and the tones are golden and rich. The two will make admirable pendants, and the new Venetian picture will not suffer then, as it has suffered in its temporary place on the floor, from the eclipsing neighbourhood of the new Velasquez.

In this last picture of the three, we have no case of the piling up of details; of the patient and strenuous imitation, part by part, of nature's multiplicity, with subordination and harmony imposed, as it were, from the outside by an effort of the artist's will and craft. We have the result, more triumphant and in seeming more spontaneous, of what is really a far more complicated artistic process. Velasquez and Rembrandt are the two first and at the same time greatest masters of portrait-painting in its final and modern phase. The subject before them seems to be absorbed into their being by the act of vision, to undergo a complete transfusion in their brain, and to be thrown again by their hands upon the canvas, endowed with a new life of its own, by touches not imitative but creative. In the process everything is instinctively sacrificed that could interfere with unity of impression: everything magically preserved that is essential to the vitality of the image; and the living personality of the sitter breathes afresh upon the canvas, surrounded by an atmosphere which seems also to share the life it environs. And this is an example of Velasquez at his best. Something of the rugged flashing power and fierce eagerness of the sitter seems to have passed into the painter's hand, and the method of execution he has chosen emphasizes and harmonizes with the character of the subject. The rude soldier-sailor in his handsome suit stands in bodily and spiritual presence before us, and seems snorting with impatience to be off to the fight once more.

In the year in which the portrait was painted, 1639, the sitter, Adrian Pulido Pareja, was decorated by the King with the order of Santiago, and made Admiral of the Spanish fleet, in reward for his dogged heroism at the siege of Fontarabia, on the French frontier, during which, when the Queen's bastion was blown up, he had stood in the breach for six hours and been twice wounded. A story is told of how the King, paying his customary visit to Velasquez, mistook this portrait for the Admiral himself, and rebuked him for staying on at Madrid when he had been ordered away. This, of course, is one of the common legends which abound in the art history of all countries, from Greece to Japan: but it is almost possible to believe the tale when we look at the picture. The Admiral stands a little to the left from out a warm grey background, in a black velvet costume, with brilliant white lace collar and stiff silk brocade sleeves, within which the living arm is marvellously expressed. A crimson and gold scarf is bound across the waist, and the red-enamelled Cross of Santiago hangs round the neck. Both hands are covered with yellowish leather gloves; the right grasps the admiral's staff, and the left a broad-brimmed felt hat of a beautiful bluish tone. The difference of textures, of blacks, greys, and reds, the mass of black hair, the dark bushy eyebrows almost meeting above the nose, the up-twirled moustaches, the lowering black eyes, the warm glow in the face, are all expressed with the same harmonious subtlety and force: the same appropriate and living magic of the brush. That the artist was himself satisfied with the work is shown by the fact that he has signed and dated it in full, a thing he very rarely did. The inscription, which is high up on the left side, runs thus:

"*Did. Velasqz Philip IV. à cubiculo ewsq' pictor.* 1639.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

KAEMMERER.



TILL quite recently, any one wishing to have the pleasure of shaking hands with Kaemmerer had to arm himself as for a pilgrimage, expand his biceps, take a thick stick, a long breath, and give the following address to the enraged cabman—126, Boulevard de Vaugirard. As for me, I never embarked on this journey without being reminded of that amusing sketch of Cham's—it was during the Exhibition of '78, where a cabman is displaying with much pride to an astonished countryman a curious dried-up-looking skin that ornaments his horse—"That," said he, "is the skin of the last person who ordered me to drive to the Exhibition." What would his feelings have been had he then been sent to Kaemmerer's, for in those days this painter of all the luxury and elegance of the Directory, lived beyond even Les Invalides, far away, almost at the world's end, in a neighbourhood frequented by *bals musettes* and cut-throats, in the midst of a population crime-laden and wretched; here he had a charming studio, surrounded by gardens and trees and birds, not to mention sunshine, for we remember how abundant were those flowers dear to the soul of perroquets and station masters. What station has not its display of sunflowers? And as to the perroquets, every one knows how these prosaic birds actually laugh and grow fat by feeding on the very hearts of these unhappy flowers. So Kaemmerer lived quietly and happily alone in the midst of his sunshine and on excellent terms with his neighbours, till one day—one unfortunate day—returning from one of the pleasant gatherings that were ever claiming his presence, he beheld piles of bricks and stone walls rising majestically some three yards from his door. There was only one thing to do, and Kaemmerer did it; he moved.

He now lives in the Rue Vaugirard, but we hope soon to find him elsewhere, as nothing can be more dismal than his present abode; these poor exquisites, with their short skirts and gauze petticoats and silk stockings, delicate and dainty, seem frightened and cold in the dreary light. Happily Kaemmerer has another house at Lagny, where he has sent his favourite knickknacks, and above all his dog that he loves so much.

Tiny, otherwise "Minie," is a Chinese production, and eatable if necessary; he is a funny little beast, and on his pointed head there grows a thin tuft of hair, such as one sees on a clown. In winter this interesting personage, whose portrait, by the way, you might have seen in Kaemmerer's beautiful 'Portrait de la Marquise,' which was lately exhibited—in winter, as I was saying, this little creature, in his flannel great-coat, looks just like a partridge wrapped in bacon and waiting to be put on the spit; but Kaemmerer declares him most intelligent, and capable of understanding, if not conversing, in all languages. At Lagny also is the workshop; not where he paints, however, as that with Kaemmerer is but a secondary consideration, but the real and only place in which he works hard, his carpenter's shop, where Kaemmerer, the great painter, takes pleasure in doing the various things which he is not in the least called upon to do. Here he is in turn toy-maker, carpenter, and gardener, and the saw and the plane have no secrets from him. He also speaks of buying a turning-lathe, so that some day we may perhaps see him cutting with deft fingers the napkin rings for his guests.

The studio where he paints when he can't do anything else is full of studies and half-finished pictures. But Kaemmerer has a new craze; he has become an Alpine climber. Actually an Alpine climber, Kaemmerer forms one of those wandering bands of astonishing beings which one comes upon from time to time at the end of a telescope toiling painfully up some steep mountain-side; and one would not wonder at this so much if he had the smallest excuse for





so doing; say, if his waist were becoming unmanageable, but no, Kaemmerer's waist is as thin and uninteresting as the poetry of Monsieur X. of the French Academy. He is simply an incomprehensible man. Possibly, however, I may not be in a position to judge of or understand this enterprising spirit, as my dealings with ice have hitherto been exclusively confined to the period after dinner.

Following up his latest hobby, he has been painting mountains. One large canvas in the course of execution represents "The climber Ramond, at Tuqueroye," a subject full of interest no doubt, to those who take heed of such things. Kaemmerer most kindly undertook to describe to me the three ascents accomplished by this wonderful man, but, sad to relate, I was only instructed without being amused. There were many other sketches of the same subjects, but of these I can hardly speak, having only glanced at them in my haste to reach and enjoy a beautiful thing called 'La jolie Bou-





chère;' and here, indeed, in the exquisite drawing, the magnificently brilliant colouring, and the perfectly chosen subject, I found my friend Kaemmerer again; and while looking at this charming woman, how amazingly little I troubled myself about the late M. Ramond who ascended Mount Perdu.

Kaemmerer's history is as simple as his life. Born at La Haye, he studied in Paris under Gérôme, and it is easy to trace in his work the clearness and firmness of touch that distinguishes the pupils of this great draughtsman; his work is much better known than himself, for in the window of every picture dealer or engraver one is almost certain of finding some Kaemmerers, and the complete collection is always on view, attracting and delighting his admirers. Who does not either possess or know 'La Sortie de l'Eglise,' 'Le





Traineau,' 'Une Noce sous le Directoire,' 'Le Patinage,' 'L'Ascension du premier Ballon,' 'Le Charlatan,' etc. But even popularity has its drawbacks, and Kaemmerer is the victim of copyists, lithographers, chromo-lithographers, and water-colourists. His work is fish that suits all nets, consequently he is robbed all round. The other day we had an opportunity of looking at his 'Baptême sous le Directoire.' What a distressing sight the copyist had made of this charming crowd leaving church! and what had become of the exquisitely delicate colouring of the original? With the idea of simplifying his work, the ruffian had blackleaded the background, doing away with heads and removing any arms and hands that impeded his course; and, to crown all, he had replaced the charmingly old-fashioned tapestry of green branches so prettily strewn over the church steps by a frightful piece of bottle-green carpet, embellished and aggravated by red stripes. This infamous deed was perpetrated in the Boulevard des Italiens.

Kaemmerer's work is, above all things, original; pupil of Gérôme though he is, it is more by the sinlessness of his drawing and the charm of his composition that he resembles his master. As to his colouring, this Dutchman carries us back to the Spanish school. It has been said of Kaemmerer, and very justly said, that his style recalls that of Fortuny; the same care for form under the pretty flash of brilliant colour, the same seeking after delicate tints; and his pictures, although lacking in Fortuny's vigour, still retain their freshness and delicacy of touch. In thinking of these remarkable qualities, we quite understand the rage there is for Kaemmerer among the collectors. No grand gallery is without a Kaemmerer; his pictures are sold even before they are begun, and sad to say go far afield. Our friend is experiencing this at present. What will he have to show in 1891? Nothing! They have all fetched big prices, and have crossed the Atlantic, and the duty he would have to pay in America in returning the pictures to their owners after being exhibited is such that Kaemmerer cannot allow himself this pleasure. It seems absurd and unjust that the Americans should levy such blackmail on our artistic productions, while they themselves are arriving by dozens every year to study Art in Paris; but with us easy-going folk everything is open to strangers for nothing—schools, museums, libraries, and picture galleries. With them we are badly received, envied, and irritated in a thousand ways. We must pay heavily for everything, one's hand in one's pocket to visit a museum, to enter a church, to have a picture unveiled; this last the climax—covering up pictures! How heartily I approve of the proposition that has lately been made, that we also should tax our sights; if the screw were



to be applied, gently but firmly all round, as it is with them—imitation being the sincerest flattery—they could hardly complain. But the arrangement is much too simple and practical and useful to hope to succeed in France, and from the bottom of our hearts do we deplore it.

But to return to Kaemmerer. For some years all his work has been taken by one firm; the *Paris Illustré* has brought out with great success his twelve months of the year—twelve beautiful female figures—each one prettier and more attractive than the last. It was no easy matter to find twelve distinct ideas and twelve different attitudes; the fear seemed never ending to Kaemmerer. Moreover, he had to make nineteen designs to choose from; at the same time who knows better than he how to turn out one pretty woman or a crowd of them? All his work is charming; 'Le Portrait de la Marquise' and 'Le Charlatan' are marvels of taste and arrangement, and those numberless sketches that he does for so many illustrated papers. The *Figaro Illustré*, among others, brings out every year some important picture of Kaemmerer's, and they become popularised in rather a roundabout way. The various Parisian frame-makers select a Kaemmerer or a Détaille from the Christmas numbers to put in their window in a frame of their own making, as a sample of what they can do in this way. We are often attracted by 'Après la Pluie,' or 'Le Rendezvous,' by Kaemmerer, or by some of Détaille's admirable war pictures; the fish makes the sauce go down, and the frame which surrounds such beautiful things is looked at, thanks to these masters.

In 1888 Kaemmerer exhibited 'La Romance,' a lovely figure in the costume of the Empire playing on the harp. In his studio at this moment there are several pictures in the course of execution: first, a series of mountain sketches, of which we spoke before; then 'Une Ravaudeuse,' such a pretty face we should willingly tear our silk stockings just for the pleasure of having them mended





by her. There, indeed, is a barrel that one would gladly inhabit without being in the least of a Diogenes turn of mind. Then 'La jolie Bouchère;' how one sympathises with the folk who insist on doing their own marketing; all these are perfect in taste and arrangement, for who knows better than Kaemmerer how to arrange a picture? He painted about three years since 'Une Ascension de Ballon au Luxembourg sous le Directoire;' the balloon is rising in the air, and the crowd, gaily dressed and excited, is applauding; the women wave their handkerchiefs, the men throw up their hats; there is a clapping of hands, a shouting of little boys, and an indescribable confusion full of life and movement. But how was the difficulty to be overcome of so many backs turned to the public? This was the stumbling-block of the picture, till Kaemmerer hit on a happy expedient. An exquisite in a brocaded coat feels the chair on which he is standing give way beneath him; he falls, carrying with him in his descent his neighbour, and also a little lemonade-seller with his tray, full of cakes and ices. Every one turns round, as you may suppose, and thus the spectator is enabled to speak to the crowd.

Kaemmerer is a good business man, an excellent fellow,

and as unaffected as he is good; he has as many friends as he has acquaintances; his facility for work is extraordinary, and it is a most curious and interesting thing to watch him paint, and to see the brilliant crowd spring into life under his fingers. Idle though he is as a rule, one has only to count his pictures to see that he can work well and quickly when the necessity arises; and when it becomes a matter of obliging a friend or giving pleasure, Kaemmerer considers neither time nor trouble; otherwise, however, it is no easy task to rouse him. He who writes these lines saved from destruction an exquisite water-colour sketch of a woman's head which this good-for-nothing, rather than go in search of a match, had actually rolled up preparatory to lighting his cigar.

In spite of his pictures being so much esteemed and appreciated, I shall doubtless astonish many people when I tell them that Kaemmerer had been granted until quite lately only a third-class medal (1874). His success at the Paris Exhibition of last year, however, has been followed by the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and never was decoration more merited or more applauded.

GEORGES CAIN.

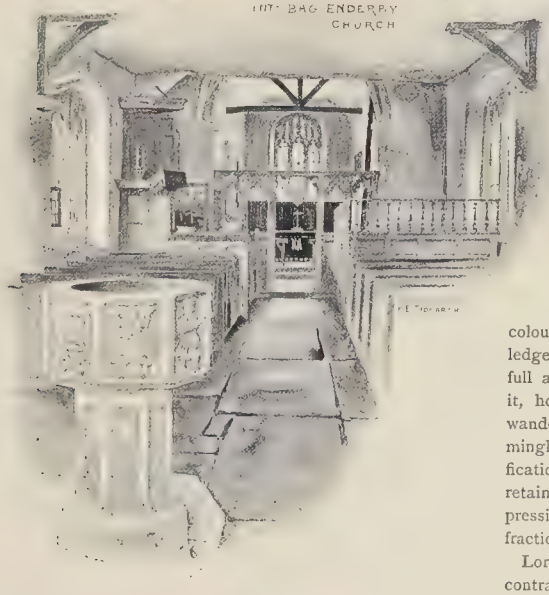


WINTER IN BRABANT, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.

MR. BOUGHTON has made the Low Countries and the regions adjacent peculiarly his own. For a time he painted the contemporary Dutch in their habits as they live, and proved his possession of a certain humour. But humorous subjects are less popular with a literal and sentimental public than any others, and the painter probably found that the prettiness of the seventeenth century was more to the taste of men and women in the galleries of modern London than the quaintness of the present Holland, where costume is a mingling of past and present more amusing than lovely. The women have certainly shown themselves more conservative on the banks of Dutch canals than by the more ambitious and stately rivers of the south; and a Sunday in Holland, when, especially in the remoter towns, the Dutch-women put on all the gold ornaments with which their mothers and grandmothers adorned their heads, will show the tourist more real costume, as distinct from costume assumed for mere pose (as in the case of the *ciociarre* in Rome) than he can now find anywhere else in Europe. And in many of the stiffly-coiffed and stoutly-clad female figures there is considerable beauty; whereas the contemporary man is nothing except grotesque. Going back, however, some way into the past, Mr. Boughton has hit upon as pretty a thing in the way of dress as the life of towns can show us in recent centuries; and if costume pictures must be painted, doubtless he has chosen wisely. Moreover, he has made for himself another little distinctive character (still as regards subject merely) by his fondness for wintry, and therefore for northern, scenes. New England, Holland, snow, skating, frost, and furs, Puritan girls with their heads in warm caps, the wives of prosperous Dutch burgesses with their little hands in valuable muffs—all this gives to the happy spectator a sense of that winter comfort and homely jollity which has in it much that is *bourgeois*, and therefore popular. Noble ladies and their surroundings are rather for the south, and they certainly have no part in Puritanism or in the prosperous commerce of the land of dykes and red roofs. Mr. Boughton paints citizens as a citizen of a great Republic might be expected to do—with a very comfortable version of the picturesque. His work, nevertheless, has been for so many years attractive that the English school—if the inexpressive name may be used—is glad to include him as an English painter, having now some time ago bestowed upon him the honour of the first step in its Academic degrees.

Lord Tennyson's Childhood



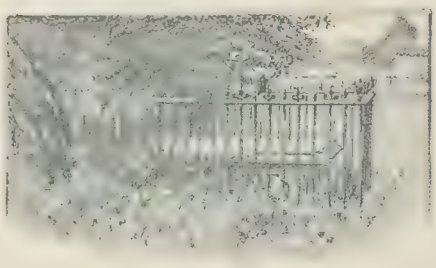
IN many cases the chief interest of a man's early biography begins with the fiery struggles of manhood, but the poet, whose tenacious mind in all his subsequent vicissitudes and wanderings still retains the impressions of infancy, is an exception to the rule. To the end of time dusk shall not again follow sunsets so fair and shadows so mysterious as fell on the grass by his father's door. Hellas could have shown to Burns no streams more beautiful than his own Doon and Nith and Lugar; or to Scott no rival of Tweed and Yarrow. Jefferies died dreaming of his Wiltshire oaks, Thoreau of his Walden ponds, and Carlyle commanded his bones to be buried at the Ecclefechan that haunted him as long as his strength held out. What his own country was to each of these, Lincolnshire has been to the Laureate. He has not sung its hills and rivulets by name, but as Carlyle wrote to Emerson, "You see in his verses that he is a native of 'moated grange' and green flat pastures, not of mountains and their torrents." The noble epilogue to his last volume, with its sunset and evening bell, suggests, one knows not how, the grey wold above Somersby and loitering day bidding farewell to the churches below. Wordsworth did not more surely catch the spirit of grassy vale and mountain, than has Lord Tennyson's entire work been coloured by the scenery of his native county Some knowledge of his childhood is therefore almost necessary to a full appreciation of his verse. In approaching the study of it, however, we find that the consummate artist, who has wandered far and near among the English shires, has so mingled and blended his knowledge as to make the identification of his scenes an idle and profitless task. He has retained, or has been unable to dismiss, only a general impression of Lincolnshire. His early memories form but a fraction of the material for his imagination.

Lord Tennyson's home and parentage were in striking contrast to those of his favourite, Robert Burns. "A blast o' Januar' wind blew hansel in on Robin," and his eyes opened in an "auld clay biggin;" the Laureate was born in the middle of summer (August 5th, 1809), within the beautiful white-walled Rectory of Somersby. The very room looks



The Church at Somersby.

out on the dainty lawn familiar to every reader of "In Memoriam," for it was here that in later years Arthur Hallam



The Tomb of Tennyson's Father.

formed a centre for one of the most intimate pictures in the poem :—

"O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn :

"Or in the all-golden afternoon
A guest, or happy sister sung,
Or here she brought the harp and flung
A ballad to the brightening moon."

The mediæval-looking room with stained-glass windows (shown in the illustration) is not, as might be imagined, a chapel, but a modern dining-hall, built by the poet's father. Few changes have been made since the place was visited and described by William Howitt. It still looks as it did then, an ideal English home. Although the front of the house is separated from the road only by a narrow drive, that which faces the lawn has the sweetness and seclusion of a woodland dell. And all about the place are field corners and hollows to attract the child as soon as he could walk—places where early nests are to be found, and woods whereto spring brings myriads of nodding snowdrops and primroses, and autumn comes laden with berries. For Lincolnshire is not here, as elsewhere, flat and monotonous, but broken and hilly, and long ago they called the hamlet Somersby (or Summertown), because birds and flowers seemed to tell how the sun lovingly lingered over it.

And the parentage of the poet was not out of keeping with his environments. The Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, LL.D., whose tomb, surrounded with iron railings, is to be seen in Somersby churchyard, and who was Vicar of Grimsby, as well as holding the livings of Bag Enderby and Somersby, was a father to be proud of. Physically and mentally he was a very strong man, and the possessor of many accomplishments beyond the range of theology. Indeed, the length of the list is a sufficient explanation why he never became eminent in any one of his pursuits. He was a poet and a painter, an architect and a musician, a linguist and a mathematician. The splitting up of his energy that insuperably prevented him from gaining the high distinction that rewards concentrated devotion to one particular art, qualified him, as nothing else could have done, to be the tutor of his own children. Whatever faculty the young Tennysons might develop, there was something in the father ready to sympathise with and encourage it.

Sitting in the interior of the plain old-fashioned church at Somersby, I have tried to fancy what kind of sermon Alfred heard from his clever father, but in vain. Lincolnshire has been very much evangelised since his time, and is now almost proverbial for its piety; but in the early part of the century the burly farmers in their gigs, and the labourers who slouched along, dragging one foot after another, were very like the typical example who

"Eerd um a-bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock ower my 'eäd."

I asked a venerable parishioner of the Doctor's how he used



The Front of the Rectory.

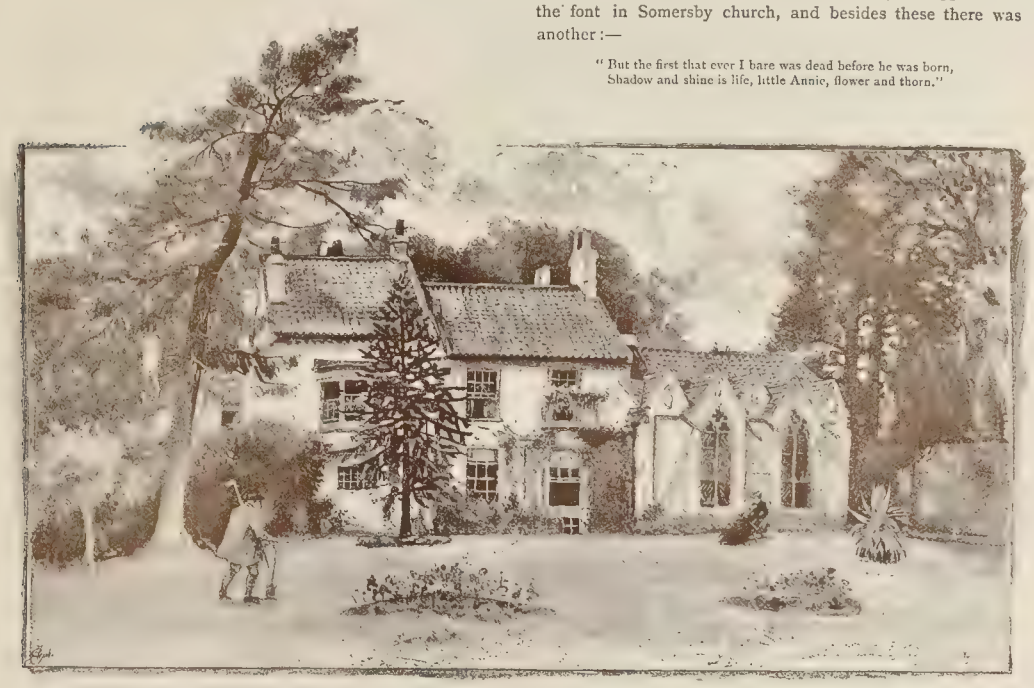
to preach, but the answer was, "'Ee read 'um from a paäper, an' I didn't knaw what 'um meant." Outside of the pulpit

tradition represents him as being a just and austere man, as good at bargaining as any agriculturist (and that is saying a good deal), of a dominant will, and somewhat acquisitive habits. In a word, if he had a fault it lay in a certain hardness of temperament that, combined with other high qualities, won respect rather than love.

Mrs. Tennyson's weakness was of the opposite kind. The aged and poor of the district still mention her name in tones of the most affectionate regret, and half mischievously, half sorrowfully, hint at the tricks by which her kindness was imposed on; tricks similar to that unforgettable *ruse*, described by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, of the village wastrels who would beat their dogs in front of the Rectory windows, knowing full well how the kind inmate would bribe them to desist, or in pity purchase the unfortunate curs. Her one fault leaned very much to virtue's side, and was accompanied by every grace and gift that might fit her worthily to occupy the onerous position of Rector's wife. But, indeed, as she was the daughter of the Rev. Stephen Fytche, Vicar of Louth, she must have taken quite naturally to it. Lord Tennyson seems to have owed the sweetness of Dora and the May Queen to his mother, the strength of Maud and the Idylls to his father.

The years that followed the marriage of Miss Fytche filled the Rectory with children's voices. Five times with a daughter, seven times with a son, Dr. Tennyson approached the font in Somersby church, and besides these there was another:—

"But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born,
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn."



Somersby Rectory: the Birthplace of Lord Tennyson.

One may imagine the stir and merriment that now prevailed in the erstwhile quiet house. Among the children Alfred appeared at the time the least remarkable. If you ask Susan Epton, who is still living at Tetford, although she says of the Laureate, "Powet or no powet, I'se carried him on my back," she will tell you that when she was nurse at the Rectory "Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago," the tender and laughing Charles, whose sweetness of disposition was later on to make him so popular at Cambridge, was the village favourite. Something of the austere and secluded reserve that has distinguished his life as a man of letters, soon began to surround the boyhood of Alfred. At a very early age, however, he and Charles, who was but twelve months older than himself, became almost inseparable companions. Bookishness was the prevailing characteristic of the family. Hardy and strong as the boys were, you find no mention of their proficiency in out-of-door rural sports, although that may have been partly due to their want of associates. Among themselves we hear about only one not very uncommon game. It was to call a heap of stones a castle, and with mimic spear and buckler to assail and defend. Indoors, as soon as they could write at all, they composed little tâles and essays, and played at being authors, and indeed seem to have had literary ambition instilled into them before they knew how to spell. At that game Alfred, whose genius has never been quick and precocious, but of slow and developing growth, was rather a butt than a superior. It is told how he composed an endless, plotless story, and how his grandfather's comment on his earliest verse was to give him half-a-guinea, with the jocular remark that it was the first, and would be the last money earned by his pen. During the remainder of his life he was destined to receive



A Back View of the Gray Old Grange.

many left-handed encouragements of the same kind, but at that early period, as later in life, they only stimulated him to more painstaking exertion.

In the formation of a poet's mind, nature and home influence count for more than formal schooling, and the character of the former is strongly apparent in all Lord Tennyson's work. Leaving his schoolmasters out of account for the present, therefore, let us briefly examine the quiet and unseen yet stronger forces. It has already been shown that the Rector's family formed of itself a miniature learned society, where not only literature, but the sister arts of music and painting, were constantly practised and discussed. There was the grave and learned father with his practical sense and solid accomplishments to take the lead, and a tender, gifted, and graceful mother to help him; while the group of eager and talented children must have proved the most engaging of pupils. It has always seemed to me that poems like the "Northern Farmer" brilliantly reflect the talk of the Rectory. A comic character in other great writers (say Scott's Edie Ochiltree or Shakespeare's Falstaff) is bubbling over with fun, and infects you with his own laughter; when you read "the Northern Farmer" you find the man himself almost tragically serious; the humour is wholly in the narrator. You could fancy a clever girl at the Rectory over a five-o'clock tea mimicking the broad accent of the man as she repeated his characteristic sayings.

The Laureate himself has told an anecdote that shows how well abreast of contemporary writing was the secluded household. He was but fifteen when news arrived of the death of Byron, and how he received the intelligence is told thus:—"Byron was dead! I thought the whole world was at an end. I thought everything was over and finished for everyone—that nothing else mattered. I remember I walked out alone, and carved 'Byron is dead' into the sandstone." Curiously enough, far away in Haddington, one who was to be a friend in later life, Jane Welsh, heard the intelligence with identical feelings. "I was told it all alone," wrote Miss Welsh, "in a room full of people. If they had said the sun or the moon was gone out of the heavens it could not have struck me with the idea of a more awful and dreary blank in the creation than the words, 'Byron is dead.'" Her words are valuable as showing the extraordinary hold Byron had over his own generation, those of Tennyson as exampling the intellectual atmosphere of his childhood. Except in a house where poetry made table-talk, the boy's passionate sorrow would have been almost incredible. His devotion to Byron did not long continue in its intensity, but was drowned in his worship of Scott, one of the few writers of the century whose fame shines on with clear and unquestioned splendour.

In the Tennysonian poems, however, nature is stronger than books. More than by schools or by college, by his father's talk or his early training, his writing



The Brook.

was influenced by what he saw and heard in the fields, and there is no one to rival the inimitable skill with which he has woven pictures of the open air into his narrative. What did he see then when first he fared forth on the rambles that have been a passion of his life? There is close to the Rectory a dark and ruining grange, now inhabited by a farmer, that an imaginative child could hardly fail to people with ghosts or desolate women. It will bear no point for point identification with any "gray old grange" of his fancy, and yet no sympathetic lover of the Laureate's muse may walk round it without thinking of the broken sheds and clinking latch of Mariana's home. You find on investigation, however, that it is but a typical example of a kind of farmhouse called by the monkish name of grange or granary, and not uncommon in Lincolnshire. In some the remains of moat and fish stew still are visible, in others they are non-existent or obliterated. But thorpe as the name for a hamlet, grange for a house, are terms that have become closely associated with the character of the county.

There was no great river wherein the children might bathe or angle or boat, and that probably caused a greater concentration of love on the little brook that purls in and out of the Laureate's verse, till you come to regard it as an understood part of the landscape. The changing stream in the verse, however, has many a feature you will not find in the homely beck that, rising in the hills above Somersby, ripples its way



A "Dark and Ruining Grange" near Somersby.

through mead and cornfield, singing under many a bridge's arch, and murmuring a low song as it hurries past Tetford and other thorpes, not to join the brimming river, but to make Wainfleet Harbour on the Wash. He would be indeed an unnatural boy who, living by such a dainty streamlet, had not explored its stony recesses for trout and grayling, seen moor-hen and coot swimming in its pools, or watched the heron with wide slow wing fly away from its shallows. In summer days the boy, we may imagine, as he idly watched the wet ferns waved by the water, or leaf and blossom floated past, heard almost unconsciously that soft eternal song of running water he in riper years translated so that we may say of it, as he said of Fitzgerald's "Omar," it is a "version done divinely well."

Lord Tennyson's philosophy and style do not bear more distinct traces of the refined and artistic character of his home than does the general tone of his pictures from nature reflect a memory of Lincolnshire. Here are "the long gray fields," there the windy wold, with the footpath leading up to it; the wattled sheepfolds, where he would stay all night and watch the stars; "the oat-grass, and the sword-grass, and the bulrush on the pool." From the top of the wold you catch in one direction the familiar levels of Lincolnshire, their dull uniformity broken only by a windmill or a solitary poplar, "all silver-green with gnarled bark;" or in another, "the woods that belt the gray hill-side." It is, as Carlyle pointed out, no "land of brown heath and shaggy wood, land of the mountain and the flood," and is even less wild than it was when first the poet's young limbs were strong enough to bear him to the hill-top. For degenerate as the "Northern

Farmer" might think his successors, they have not faltered in their work. They have stubbed the Wash and drained the fen and fertilised the marsh, till every summer the fields laugh with ripe corn, and in stall and pasture are fat oxen and sheep comparable to those in any English shire.

In Fuller's time Lincolnshire was the "aviary of England," but all this reclamation and enclosure has spoiled that side of its reputation. You may no longer hear the bull o' the bog booming from the mere, or take water-birds by the score in decoys; but this mattered less to the Laureate, inasmuch as he never eyes nature with a sportsman's eye. He could not rival Sir Walter's sharpness in catching sight of a sitting hare, but he can tell by the change in its note when the soaring skylark is beginning to descend. If he is out at twilight when

"The moon, like a rick on fire, is rising over the dale,"

it is not the pheasant's harsh croak, or the sharp good night of the partridge he hears, but the whit, whit, whit of the nightingale. And he seems to love best the most familiar birds, the twittering swallow, the robin "that eyed the delver's



A Lincolnshire Wold.

toil," the wren and "the mad little tits," "the wanton lapwing," "the burnished dove," and "the many-winter'd crow;" but perhaps we think that only because the most subtle of literary artists has a fine perception of the value of a common object in a simile. For it is precisely the same with flowers. Those that occur again and again in his verse are not the rare blooms of a hothouse or the objects of a botanist's search, but such as met his eye in cottage gardens and green meadows and still pools. Such the violet's blue as the eyes of Maud, the trailing rose of Memory, the lilies and sunflowers and jessamine, the daisy and the wild marsh marigold, woodbine and larkspur and musk. The tall and not overcarefully dressed boy who more than threescore years ago might have been met rambling over the wold and the meadows, was not a youthful naturalist bent on the collection of facts, but an artist-poet full of dreams he could not interpret, and thoughts not yet articulate, who even then had begun to regard nature less as an object of study than as a help to expression.

P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.



Yews in the Rectory Lawn.

SILKS and SATINS.

THE love of silken fabrics is to be found in every clime and age, and in the East it becomes entwined with the religion. The Mahommedans wrap their dead in silk, and all Hindoos wear it at worship and at meals. Embroidered silk is the favourite gift amongst the natives of Assam, and the Japanese love to veil their offering with the silken fukasâ, of more intrinsic value than the gift.

The history of the silk industry in England is of comparatively recent growth, its establishment in this country only dating from the time of the Huguenot persecution in 1685, when so many skilled artisans came over to England in consequence of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A great many of the refugees established themselves in Norwich, a small portion went to Spitalfields, and the trade gradually extended to Manchester, Middleton, Coventry, Macclesfield, Leeds, Derby, and Dublin. For many years the trade was in a most flourishing condition, and all went smoothly until 1821.

From this time (says Lady Lathom, in her introduction to the catalogue of the first exhibition held by the Silk Association) great and increasing fluctuations of trade began and continued distress, riots and disputes between workmen and employers, besides wholesale smuggling of foreign silk goods. Various measures were taken to counteract this evil, and the import duty on raw silk being removed by Sir Robert Peel greatly benefited the silk trade, and in 1857 the immense quantity of 12,077,931 lbs. of raw, waste, and thrown silk was imported into this country, and the manufacturers employed about 56,137 persons, principally females, working in 160 mills. Then came the effects of the French Treaty of 1860, when the duty was taken off foreign silks and a gradual decline of the silk trade took place throughout the country, and the looms were gradually left unemployed, the number of workpeople diminished, silk-throwing was reduced, and though the trade never completely collapsed, it certainly went within measurable distance of so doing. For this sad state of things and the ruin it involved upon so many, the free importation of French and German goods, the changes of fashion, and the duties imposed by other countries on our manufactures, the want of technical education, and the adulterated dyes introduced into England from the Continent, all combined to bear their part. That the trade is but a shadow of what it once was will be best realised by the fact that in 1828 there were 25,000 looms at work in Spitalfields alone, giving occupation to 60,000 workmen and 2,000 dyers, while at the present moment scarcely 800 looms exist, and many of them are not in constant use. Writing in 1887, Mr. Thomas Wardle (who probably knows as much about the subject as any man living), in referring to the varying fortunes of the silk trade during the last two hundred years made the following remark: "On the whole it was never so bad with us and, as some may think, never so unpromising as now." But there has been an improvement in the aspect of affairs since these words were written; the prominence given to the silk section at the Manchester Exhibition had its undoubted share in the influence of public opinion, and at the Loan Exhibition of British-made silks held last May (at Lady Egerton of Tatton's) in St. James's Square the committee were able to draw popular attention to the improved and improving condition of the silk industries of the British Isles.

The exhibition was perhaps more interesting from an industrial than an artistic point of view, but the beauty of the Spitalfields and Braintree brocades exhibited was little short



No. 1.—Tomato pattern. Designed by Mr. Wardle, of Leek.

of a revelation to many, and the visitor to the exhibition was surprised to notice goods which had generally been sold under

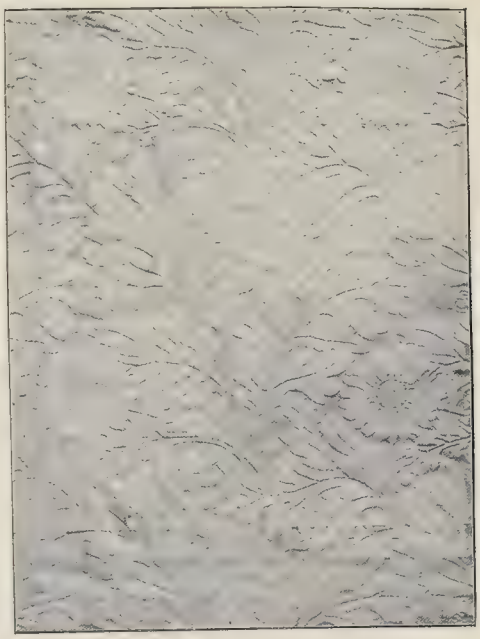
Oriental names boldly proclaiming their origin as being more redolent of the East-end than of the East.



No. 2.—Reproduction of a curious Piece of Tapestry at Haddon Hall. By Mr. Wardle, of Leek.

The collection of Artistic Silken Fabrics of English manufacture now exposed at the Æsthetic Gallery in New Bond Street, may be looked upon as the outcome of the exhibition just referred to. So many English goods have been sold under the head of foreign manufacture, that it is a matter for congratulation that the customer will not be kept in the dark any longer as to the actual place of origin. A central depôt for the distribution of textile fabrics of home manufacture is a distinct want, and if Mr. Goodyer can supply this it will be of much use. The first glance round his establishment would convince the most sceptical visitor of the great improvement in design and colouring which has taken place of late years in English textile fabrics. The colours are pleasurable to the eye, and the designs almost without exception artistic and original. Shades of terra-cotta, pomegranate, chrysanthemum, and flame-colour have superseded the raw tones of colour which used, not so long ago, to be the sole product of Spitalfields, and there is also a great advance in the direction of design.

A glance at the illustrations which accompany this article (printed by permission of the manufacturers) will give the reader a better idea of the change which has been wrought for the better as regards the exhibits than a long letterpress description. One of the most original is (No. 1) due to Mr. Thomas Wardle. It represents a tomato with its foliage in natural colours, on a ground which is just saved from being dead-white by being lightly flecked with yellow. No. 7 is a new departure in printing, also due to Mr. Wardle, and the effect is a little like that of the old-fashioned *chiné* silk. The method of its manufacture is as follows. The design is printed on the warp as it lies on the printer's table, a plain colour is then shot across, so that the original design is greatly softened and can only be seen in certain lights. The design was originally the pomegranate pattern, but treated in this way it becomes rather suggested than revealed. Another of Mr. Wardle's designs is taken from an ancient Buddhist fresco in the caves of Ajunta, in the province of Bombay, dated about the first or second century A.D. The pattern consists of birds mixed with fruit and flowers, and is printed in green, brown, and terra-cotta, on a dark-blue background. No. 2 is a reproduction of a curious piece of tapestry at Haddon Hall. Cut flowers are crowded in profusion in this pattern, and are grouped with great skill. The flowers are in natural colours, and carefully drawn. Behind the crimson fuchsia and yellow cowslip, runs a pattern of pale blue sprays on a background of indigo blue, and this bit of intense colour at once catches the eye. The magnificent pattern of the Genoa velvet curtains of Queen Elizabeth's bed at Haddon Hall is another interesting reproduction of Mr. Wardle's. Two specimens selected from amongst the Braintree manufactures (see Nos. 8 and 9) lose much of their beauty divorced from their colour. The first bears a conventional floral design (of modern origin) in pale yellow on a flame-coloured ground, the other is figured with a lace pattern raised in white on a pale-green satin ground. One of the Macclesfield satins (No. 3) is figured with a design by Mr. G. Faulkner Armitage; it is called the Japanese Sunflower, and exhibits a pattern of pure white blossom on a light-yellow ground. The



No. 3.—Japanese Sunflower. By Mr. G. Faulkner Armitage, of Macclesfield.

other pattern is called the Pomegranate, and is printed in many lovely shades of red and terra-cotta (No. 5).

The Macclesfield satins (printed at Leeds) are figured with many beautiful designs, the loveliest of which is due to Mr. William Morris, and is called the Garden of Roses. Brocaded gauze is another novelty, and one in lovely shades of blue and green looks only fit for a wearer like Undine.

The principal depôts for English silks are Braintree, Macclesfield, and Spitalfields, but few of us have any definite idea of the look of the places or the character of the work. Braintree takes the lead for furniture brocades, of which it exports an immense quantity annually to America and the Colonies. It has been associated with silk-weaving ever since the year 1825, when many of the London manufacturers, in order to keep pace with the demand, started looms and factories at Sudbury, Braintree, and other places in Essex. Thither went a number of the clever Spitalfields weavers who had fled from France for the sake of their faith. The names of Le Vecq and Le Beau are quite common in Braintree, and the manager of the New Mills (belonging to Messrs. Walters and Sons) is of Huguenot descent. Messrs. Walters and Sons are our largest manufacturers of furniture silks for home and abroad, and their enormous factory (where both steam-power and hand looms are employed) is well worth a visit. The extent to which the business has prospered during the past years may be gauged by the fact that the modest building which is now used entirely for the storage of old pattern cards, was once the factory in which all the weaving was carried on. It is here that the magnificent brocades are woven for court trains and furniture purposes. Messrs. Walters especially deserve commendation for their enterprise with regard to new designs, which they produce from all manner of sources. Some of the patterns are from Genoa velvets, some are of French origin, whilst copies from the work of Robert Adams are a leading speciality of the firm. All kinds of bits of faded silk are cherished for the sake of the pattern, and the design of an old Greek vestment may reappear on a court train. Large sums are given to original designers, who will get as much as thirty pounds for a good pattern. A brocade in which little red flames run in different directions across a yellow ground represents an artist's impression of a visit to the Lyceum during the torchlight scene in Mr. Irving's production of *Macbeth*.



No. 4.—Floral Brocade. By Messrs. Warner and Ram, of London.

The destination of the brocades presents a fascinating theme in itself, and nothing could be more varied than their lot. This green and gold brocade is destined for Buckingham Palace. Miss Mary Anderson wore this Elizabethan design in blue and white, and slate, and you can see how well the pattern comes out in her photograph as Beatrice. These bits of vivid colour will be worn by Indian nautch girls. They are very bright and distinctive in style, for each girl is distinguished by a different colour so that the spectator may trace her in the dance. These gorgeous tabourets (made in pieces of four yards in length and fringed at the edges) are made mainly for Africa, where they form the sole clothing of the dusky chief, who folds them round him and trails them in the dust, so as to show that

he does not value the rich material. Of Royal patronage



No. 5.—Pomegranate Pattern, Macclesfield Satin.

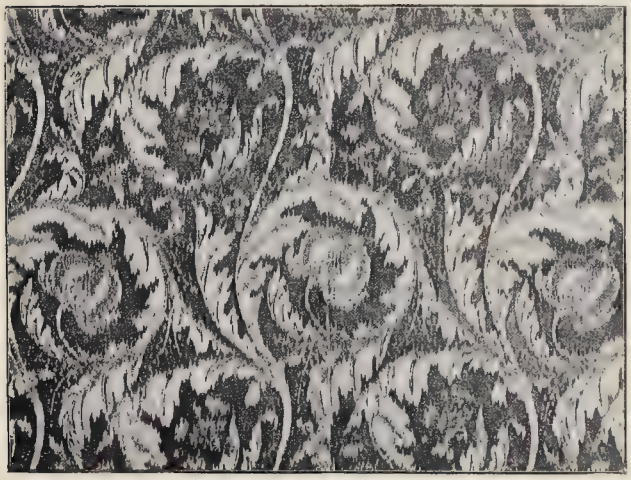
Messrs. Walters have had a considerable share; they have upholstered the green ball-room at Buckingham Palace twice, and the crimson dining-room of Windsor is covered with their work, and they have lately been preparing a thousand yards of crimson brocade for Marlborough House. Amongst the curiosities which may be seen at their town branch on Holborn Viaduct, is a design made by the late Prince Consort for the brocade used in the ball-room at Buckingham Palace. Messrs. Walters' work is absolutely pure and genuine, and they show the silk come back from the dyers with its correct weight written outside. Silk goes to the dyers weighing 16 ozs. to the lb., and it should come back having lost 4 ozs. in the process of dyeing. When silk is weighted (as is the case with so much foreign silk) the raw material is mixed with gum and sugar of lead, so that it weighs much more when it comes back than when it went.

Spitalfields should always be interesting to Londoners as being one of the first places where the Huguenot workers settled down when they were driven away from France. A hundred traditions hang about the place, and modern improvements have not altogether done away with all the old weaving-houses, where the first-floor was entirely given up to the loom, and where the weavers used to sing at their work. There have been riots here in the old days, and we read how at one time parties of the weavers went out and tore the calico gown from every woman they met. Many varieties of silks were made by the first Spitalfield weavers: there were lustrings, alamodes and paduasoys, besides satins and brocades. There is a certain amount of weaving in houses still, but the greater part of the work is done in factories. It is a matter of extreme regret to reflect upon the great decrease which has been experienced in this once-flourishing trade, and the numbers of men who have been thrown out of work by the competition of cheap foreign goods. A visit to one of the factories will convince the most casual observer that it is not an ugly trade which has to be bolstered up, for the brocades which are being turned off the looms are quite as beautiful as those of Lyons. A short time since I paid a visit to the factory of Messrs. Warner and Ram, at Bethnal Green, where (through the courtesy of a member of the firm) I was shown every process of silk-weaving. Old Huguenot names are to be found amongst the workers, though they preserve little other trace of their descent; but a son of Mr. Warner's told me that when he first came here as a child he could remember seeing an old weaver who used to speak a curious *patois* in which the English and French were interwoven like the threads of one of his own patterns. It is not unaffecting to a thoughtful observer to watch the wonderful dexterity of the workers, and to think of the objects of luxury which are manufactured by these simple, hard-working people. Here is a man who is *facile princeps* at what is called reading the pattern; his fingers move amongst the cords with the accuracy of those of a pianoforte-player; here is another man who has given his life to the process of joining the threads. His hands move more quickly than sight can follow, and he joins all the strands without



No. 6.—Design from a Fresco in the Caves of Ajunta. By Mr. Wardle, of Leek.

a perceptible break. All the brocades are woven with the



No. 7.—Blurred Pomegranate Pattern. By Mr. Wardle, of Leek.

wrong side upwards. Messrs. Warner and Ram's factory is a specially instructive one to visit, because so many different kinds of work are in progress. In Lyons each mill is devoted to a different class of goods, but at Messrs. Warner and Ram's many different processes are carried on at once, so there is something to suit every class of worker. There is poplin, brocade, plain silk, damask, and also Genoa velvet, which is only made in England by this particular firm. There are idiosyncrasies about weavers, just as there are in the staff of a newspaper, and whilst one man likes to turn out yards of heavy damask, another is happiest over a tiny hand-loom, managing an intricate pattern with a great variety of colours.

Macclesfield has not been of late so subject to the severe depressions of trade that had become almost chronic; this is chiefly owing to the much greater use now made of power-looms, thus being enabled to make the lower-priced goods now in demand. In articles for men's wear Macclesfield has in recent years competed successfully with the productions of Germany, the fashion for pure silk goods being in favour of the English manufacturer. In the richer qualities of handkerchiefs and mufflers, Macclesfield is far ahead of any foreign competition, the town largely exporting to France and elsewhere the choicest of its manufactures in these classes. It is in the article of ladies' dress goods that Macclesfield fails to make headway; not that such articles cannot be made there, but there are difficulties almost insurmountable in the way of overcoming the lack of support on the part of the buyers of the large London houses. That the richest furniture silks in brocades and damasks can be woven in Macclesfield is proved in the productions of Mr. J. O. Nicholson; and if London distributing houses would take a little trouble in stimulating the manufacture of silk dresses, they would foster a trade which eventually would be of great service to them and to the community at large. The usefulness of the light soft silks which are so largely manufactured in Spitalfields must not, however, be over-estimated; at one time we had entirely to depend on foreign manufacturers for this class of goods, and it is well to know that they can be perfectly made in England. The frequent changes of fashion render cheapness and lightness desirable, and Mr. Liberty has shown us how beautifully rooms may be decorated at little cost by the aid of light silken fabrics. The most beautiful æsthetic embroideries are now produced in Macclesfield at the embroidery school founded by Mr. Nicholson some eight years ago, both the fabrics and the silks with which they are embroidered being manufactured at the Hope Mills. Mr. Nicholson obtained very high awards



No. 8.—Modern Floral Design. By Messrs. Walters and Sons, Braintree.

in the Paris Exhibition for his damasks, silks, and embroideries.

The whole of the trade referred to above has been much aided by the efforts of the designers, who have, almost without exception, passed through years of training in the School of Art established in 1851. More recently the theory and practice of silk throwing and weaving have been taught at the Technical School, and the students at the examinations of the City and Guilds of London have taken in successive years a very high position, receiving valuable prizes in money and medals. A strenuous effort is now being made to place the Weaving School upon a sure foundation: the Macclesfield Corporation was one of the first local authorities in the country to adopt the recent Technical Instruction Act, and to institute municipal rate in its aid, and it is expected that the County Council of Cheshire will also grant a substantial aid to the school.

Mr. Nicholson is a great enthusiast at his work, and most anxious to create a love of high-art work amongst his employés. He has a large staff of designers at work at his own productions, and also carries out many designs in damask for Mr. Wm. Morris.

The town of Macclesfield is the chief seat of the manufacture of silk-worm goods in the kingdom, this being its staple trade. The whole of the processes incidental to the manufacture and the preparation of the thread from the raw material as received from Italy, Japan, China, or India, the dyeing, the weaving, the printing, the finishing, are all performed in the town and its neighbourhood, the greatest number of its working population, men, women, and children, being engaged either in the factories, or in their own homes in the various manipulations.

The town is most beautifully situated amidst a well-wooded country, with a fine variety of hill and dale; on the one side close to the moorlands stretching on to Buxton, on the other by the edge of the broad Cheshire vale extending through the heart of the county. Its public buildings are appropriate and admirable, and the inhabitants boast that a trade so beautiful in itself is fitly surrounded in its chief seat in the town of Macclesfield.

In the increased attention given to the æsthetic part of the work lies the chief hope of the silk trade. An ugly trade cannot be bolstered up, and no feelings of patriotism will suffice to make the customer choose an inferior thing when a beautiful thing is near at hand. In the early Victorian days we were not as a nation remarkable for our taste, but we have been living through a time of Renaissance. South Kensington has had its effect on Art culture, and such men as Mr. William Morris and Mr. Wardle have left their impress on the times. Mr. Wardle has laboured for twelve years to exalt dyeing into a fine art, and he has been to India specially to see every kind of weaving and silkworm culture, and wrote an exhaustive report on the subject for the Manchester Exhibition. For the cultivation of the silkworm our climate is unfit, the worm coming out before the mulberry-tree is ready, but this industry might be much more extensively cultivated in our colonies, where a great source of wealth is often overlooked. A national school for silk-weaving is greatly wanted (and this should be re-established speedily before the old traditions of the workers have died out); the examples at South Kensington might be more sedulously studied, and their loan collections of specimens of weaving should be circulated in manufacturing centres. Attention should also be paid to the chemical properties of the dyes; and it would be well (as Mr. Wardle proposes) that the selling of weighted materials as pure goods should become penal, so that if the customer chose low-priced and adulterated materials he did it at his own risk. English goods have always been remarkable for their genuineness, softness, and durability, and if the present æsthetic movement is continued they will be equally valuable from an artistic point of view. Public attention has now been drawn to the British silk manufactures, and it is to be hoped that it will not be allowed to drop, but that English ladies in particular will do all in their power to encourage these beautiful industries.



No. 9.—Adams Pattern. By Messrs. Walters and Sons, Braintree.

LUCIE H. ARMSTRONG.



A NEW CARICATURIST.

DOWN in the west there is a great bleak heather-covered moor which, overlooking the dun-coloured Bristol Channel, stretches away over bare hills and down woody combes westward, until it nearly joins its desolation to that of a neighbouring wilderness.

Over this primæval waste wanders the red deer, and here is the happy hunting-ground of those noble sportsmen whose most serious business in life it is to chase these gallant beasts either to a glorious death upon their native heath or, more likely still, to ignominious capture in the waves of the aforesaid dun-coloured channel.



These noble sportsmen, these hardy Redskins, have most desirable wigwams in all the pleasant places that circle this sporting desert, whence, momentarily glorified by the ruddy splendour of their wigwam and war-paint, they sally forth in the dim winter mornings to some remote trysting-place, and to them they return through the gathering darkness to smoke their grave calumets and exchange sporting improbabilities, just as noble sportsmen have done ever since the days of Esau or Nimrod.

To one of the pleasantest of these valleys, fate, who is generally ironical and oftentimes satirical, led Mr. Fred. Hall; now Mr. Fred. Hall is not only an artist, but a Yorkshireman. This combination, added to a humour of mischievous devilry—no, I will call it *diablerie*—and an extraordinarily retentive memory for personal peculiarities, gives us a being more terrible to meet than the possessor of the evil eye, if it is not one and the same thing.

The calm, unemotional canniness of the great county, with its inborn love of sport, and knowledge of sporting men and beasts, is strong in Mr. Hall, and so, as I said before, fate in one of her most satirical moods led this evil-eyed one with his terrible pencil down amongst the unsuspecting hunters and huntresses of the western desert; and thus it came to pass that as these guileless hunters were making game of the red deer, Mr. Hall was making game of the guileless hunters and the gentle Amazons their wives and sisters. Mr. Hall is the avenger of the red deer!

But with this difference; that whereas the red deer dies at the hands of the noble sportsmen, his death is avenged by an immortality conferred upon the slayer by the hand of Mr. Hall. Classic stories tell us of immortals bewailing their deathless fate, but these jovial deer-slayers are, to do them justice, very good-humoured over their immortality, and do not bewail it a bit; they are sensible people—they weigh

the pleasure they derive from the misery of their friends against their own mortification, and they find the balance in their



favour; so they roar over the libels on their neighbours, and then when their own turn comes, they can still grin with a tolerable show of apparent mirth.

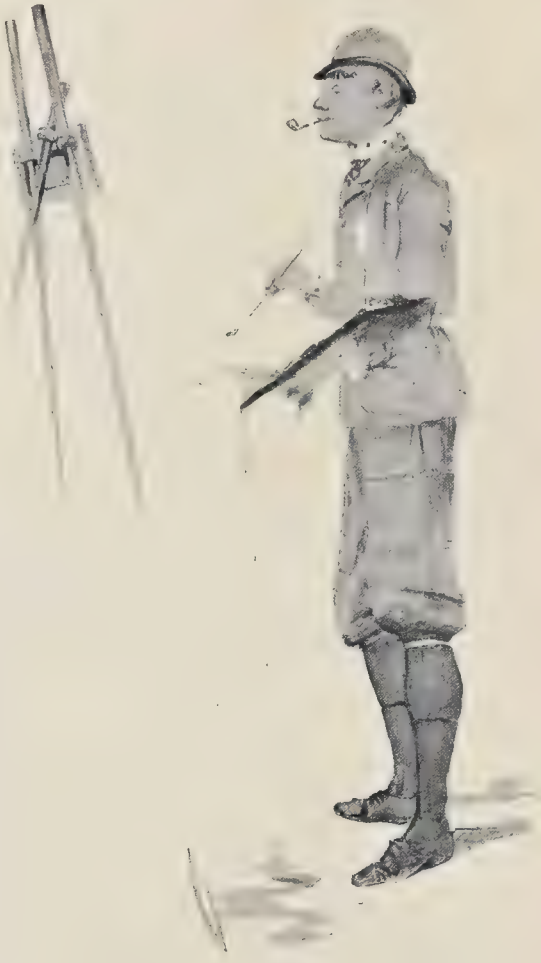
Mr. Hall, as a relaxation from the serious business of painting such a picture as 'Adversity,' which the *Art Journal* reproduced in etched form in December of last year, amused himself by frescoing the walls of his studio with a phantasmagoria of the sporting personages of the neighbourhood. The fame of this soon got noised abroad, and the victims flocked to see themselves as Mr. Hall saw them, but, as I said before, they bore their disfigurement with excellent good humour.

A lady once said to me that she thought people looked at themselves in the glass not so much from a complacent belief in their good looks as from a pathetic hopefulness that they might prove to be better looking than they thought they were. After looking at Mr. Hall's caricatures a glass would be a real comfort to his unhappy subjects—of course I mean a looking-glass.

Amongst those who saw this grotesquely decorated studio was Mr. Dunthorne, of the Rembrandt Head Art Gallery, and he persuaded Mr. Hall to reproduce these drawings for an exhibition; consequently they were all traced and reproduced on paper in a medium peculiar (for aught I know) to Mr. Hall, viz., ordinary oil colour diluted with turpentine to a wash almost like water colour in manner and appearance. It is needless to say that the exhibition was a success. So much for history.

Now for criticism. When you sit down to write history, you do so with the consciousness that some one may find out that you are misinformed; but when you sit down to write criticism, you do so with the conviction that most people will think you are an ass. That is to say, you do not, cannot, will not agree with what various people think on such a perplexing subject, ergo you are an ass. At least that is how I regard other people who criticise, when I do not happen to agree with them.

Let me bray a note or two about Mr. Hall's caricatures; we will give precedence to the clergy—ordinarily speaking it would be ladies first, but in the hunting-field the foremost place is only gained and maintained by steady longwindedness; such being the case surely the cloth has a right to it.



The apparition given on p. 29 is not a hunting sketch at all except in a metaphorical sense, nor, indeed, is it

a caricature strictly speaking, but it is more the grotesque rendering of a particular effect. It is most admirable in



its artistic suggestiveness, the lamplight piercing the gloom, the speed and the Mephistophelian cleric on bicycling bent; all this is indicated with that rapid facile touch which is so aggravating in serious work and so delicious in caricature, carrying with it, as it does, the conviction of spontaneity.

On p. 30 we have at once an individual and a type, and this is the perfection of caricature; an abstract type leaves us cold, an individual who is not typical does not come home to us, but the combination delights. It is like wit, a broad truth shown in a familiar illustration.

This curate—yes, certainly a curate—is one of those individuals of whom it might be said that if the Church of England were buried under some later religious deposit, a skilful social geologist might evolve from him its complete form and structure, just as scientific men have built up the monsters of the past from a single bone. Let the remains of such a one be discovered, the existing Church of England is a logical necessity;—given the existing Church, and such a curate is a moral certainty. I don't believe he has been hunting at all, this gentle clergyman, I believe he has been to visit some sick person across the moor, and that he would rather meet the devil than a red deer because he would know better what to do with him.

But on p. 26 we have the true sporting parson up to date. Look at his clothes, his profession prescribes their hue, but his instincts dictate their cut.

His grave calling may be the result of earnest conviction or the less spiritual probabilities of patronage, but of the sporting element there is no doubt. He would feast jovially under the greenwood tree, and had he lived in Robin Hood's days, he would have been Friar Tuck and have ministered to the ghostly wants of his merrie men. It might be well to note the legs of Mr. Hall's men, they are full of character.

After the cloth certainly the ladies claim attention, and most assuredly Mr. Hall is not gallant, he hardly appears in the light of an Endymion yearning after the love and loveliness of the chaste huntress.

It would seem that a thing of ugliness would be a more permanent source of joy to him than one of beauty; here is



one: 'A Cold Day at Cloutsham' gives Mr. Hall an opportunity of silhouetting a lady at whom it positively makes

one shiver to look. The bitter wind of the moor causes her long waterproof to flutter round her tops, she stands with her back to it as the patient cattle do; it is hard to fancy a silhouette with a wider grasp not only of character, but of a passing phase of circumstance.

Here is a lady, p. 27, for whom we should fancy that the rudest airs, the shrillest winds of winter, have no terrors.

It is painful to think what a void there would be in the life of this and of many such another damsel if there were no wild beasts anxious to be hunted; surely the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should reflect before they discourage a pastime which, even if it be admitted to be often inconvenient to the chased, is so very necessary to the well-being of the chasers.

Byron points out that while women have but the one distraction—Love—men have many others with which they can stay themselves.

Now it seems to me that this applies with greater force to hunting men and hunting women; a hunting man can break his neck in a hundred other ways, but a hunting woman who may not hunt, how can she occupy herself? Let R.S.P.C.A. think of this.

Here we have the short-kilted Cynthia herself.

"O huntress chaste,
Of river-sides, and woods, and healthy waste,"

how hast thou appeared to the rapt gaze of this wicked Endymion of the west?

He has replaced thy jewelled sandals with a pair of well-drawn and very serviceable boots, more useful than thine own perhaps, but certainly not divine; a dog whip he has given thee for thy bow, and altogether he has behaved most scurvily. Rash youth, beware!

On p. 25 is another instance of man's ingratitude; this lady is coming with camera and all the chemic mystery of her lightning craft, to "take off" his studio, and this is how he has taken her off. Thus a good-natured act is recompensed by this graphic scoffer.

To the left of this page is the English squire as he appeared to Julius Cæsar, and as he will appear to the New Zealand traveller in the ages to come. Time cannot stale nor custom dull his infinite want of variety; the sea is not more monotonous, the earth not more enduring, than is the type given by Mr. Hall.

As the centuries change, so the English squire changes his clothes but not his nature—the imperturbable, good-humoured optimism of a healthy out-of-door autocratic life repeats in the son what it found in the father. I had almost said that Mr. Hall shows us in this sketch the son following in his father's footsteps, but I see that it is not so. Cover the top half of this gentleman's figure, and fix your mind only on his legs, are they not the legs of an optimist? "It is a pleasant, comfortable world," they say, and the rest of the body repeats the refrain.

It would here seem that Mr. Hall, who spares neither age nor sex, dares even to picture his own fellow-craftsmen. Man's

strength is no safeguard, nor is woman's weakness; even the artist whose life is ordained to the divine office of creating



beauty, appears to Mr. Hall's eyes to have something funny about him.

It might be observed, however, that it is not the conventional artist he has limned—this tall and graceful figure is in strict keeping with the sporting world in which he is found. There is a deep philosophy about his adornments, a principle that runs almost through the organic world, the principle that dresses the desert-roaming lion in a dun-coloured skin, the jungle-haunting tiger in a bright-striped pelt, and, in a word, clothes all animals in that which renders them least conspicuous in their environment.

This, doubtless, led the prudent *artist* portrayed on page 26 to clothe his slim form in such garments as would make him the least observable amidst the motley of the sporting country in which he set up his easel. Amongst the Chelsea or Brompton studios he would doubtless don a purple velvet jacket and Turkish slippers, and so escape observation. It is a clever disguise, and will probably save him from his true profession being discovered.

Our headpiece is a charmingly decorative panel, full of Mr. Hall's humour and observation; the lady with the cigarette on the big, business-like looking beast, and the lady on the rough pony, are doubtless well known upon the moor, the whip, the direful Nemesis of that poor erring hound, this is in itself a grim masterpiece. Who that has followed hounds ever so humbly has not seen how swift and dreadful is the retribution that follows upon sin? Look at the enraged embodiment of justice see him swear! how guttural it is! with what effort it is got rid of, and how admirably he punctuates his profanity with an unerring lash. And the poor criminal, how vehemently he protests! filling the welkin with his lamentations and his brethren with fear.

Mr. Hall's animals have a personality, each is distinct;



they are not merely types of certain breeds, they are individuals. Every horse has had a separate history; one sees

the temper, the training, the previous uses to which they have been put of all Mr. Hall's well-drawn, well-observed horses; and this is more than can be said for the sporting painter in general.

The horse is not much happier in the art to which he has given rise than in the code of morals that adorn the precincts of his peculiar domains. Of sporting parties there is no lack, but of artists who have risen to deserved distinction in this branch I know not one. And it seems strange, for when one remembers the picturesque incidents of field, stream, and woodland, the spinney in its winter russet, the heathy moor, the gallant horsemen, well-groomed mounts, and all the pride and bravery of the English sport *par excellence*, it seems really inexplicable that no adequate expression has ever been given to this by any painter, eager as each is to find some ground not already occupied by a distinguished easel. May it not be that the artist cannot rise much above his public? And the sporting public do not care for those subtle, almost inarticulate qualities which transmute the mere painting into a deathless work of Art.



What is it to them that the sombre light of a winter's day lives in the canvas before them? that the drawing is dainty, and the tones and values true? These are matters that few, very few, can understand, and those few are not often amongst the worshippers of Diana. What her votaries want is a side elevation of a horse with, or without, a man on it; the horse to have certain points carefully dwelt upon; and so it has come to pass that gradually there has been evolved a horse, the work of generations of nameless painters, a fearful and wonderful creature who, under various names and in different colours, decorates the studies and dining-rooms of half the manors and halls of merrie England.

And the odd part of it is, that one is gravely assured that these mythical monsters are capital likenesses; told so too by men who pride themselves upon knowing a horse, and with justice. The fact is, they know a flesh-and-blood horse well enough, it is the canvas-and-paint horse that throws them: but bless them! if that impossible canvas creature could be brought to life and led round to the door, they would no more mount him than they would a dragon or a unicorn—beasts that must have been evolved in much the same sort of way.

It may be, however, that if some artist were to arise, at once poetical and true, who sought to infuse into hunting pictures something of the charm and mystery of nature, not merely the actualities of the stable or the breeches-maker, but the living spirit of the chase, it might convince the noble sportsmen that there is something more excellent than the profiles of conventional horses, lineal descendants of those pictured on the walls of Thebes and Babylon.

Perhaps these sporting patrons only want an example of their beloved hunting field transfigured by the hand of genius into a picture, beautiful alike to those who are of the hunter's craft, and to those who follow less exciting occupations. The subject is worthy—where is the man? Let Mr. Hall see to it.

NORMAN GARSTIN.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

LORD SAVILE has been appointed a trustee of the National Gallery in place of the late Sir R. Wallace.

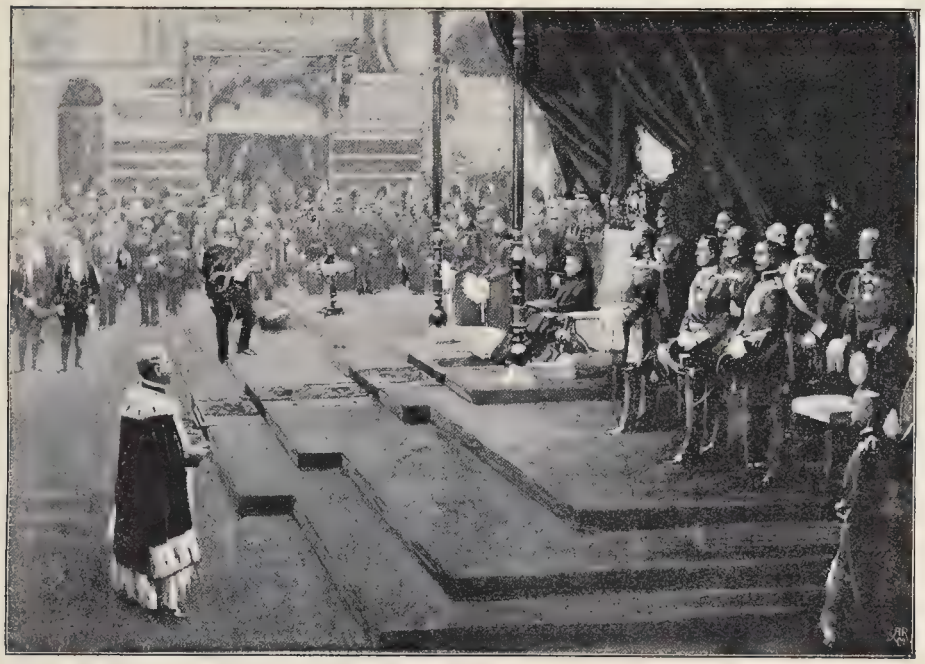
The third annual meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Art and its Application to Industry was held in November at Birmingham, to an audience of about 150 visiting members and some 400 local members. As at the second meeting, the majority of the Royal Academicians held aloof, Messrs. Hodgson (the President), Brett, Boughton and Richmond representing Burlington House. The papers were much on the lines of last year, and generally decidedly outspoken, Mr. Brett and Mr. Orrock offering opinions which met with considerable dissent. The next meeting will be held at Nottingham, if it be decided to continue the Congress annually.

The Académie des Beaux-Arts has elected, by twenty-six votes, the Prince Czartoriski of Cracow to the chair rendered

vacant by the death of the late Sir Richard Wallace. The prince's competitors were Sir P. Cunliffe Owen and Signor Gaětano Milanesi, of Florence.

The reproduction of Mr. John Lavery's picture, which we give on this page, representing the ceremony held on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit to the Glasgow International Exhibition in August, 1888, is the result of a commission from the city fathers of Glasgow, who desired to commemorate the Queen's second visit to Glasgow. We shall refer to Mr. Lavery's work in an article, now in preparation, on the new Glasgow School.

Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" has probably received attention at the hands of illustrators as much as any book extant of equal age; in fact, Mr. Austin Dobson has recently devoted a lengthy paper to a consideration of its pictorial translation. Amongst those who have delineated Parson Primrose's Memoir, we note the names of Stothard, Rowlandson, Bewick, Westall, Corbould, Cruikshank, Mulready, George Thomas, Sir J. Gilbert, and Pinwell. Germany was even before England in illustrating Goldsmith's novel, for in 1776 Chodowiecki, the Berlin Hogarth, commenced his translation of the subject. In France also the "Vicaire de Wakefield" has received attention for a hundred years or more. Mr. Dobson's opinion upon the whole of the illustrators, is that the book has not hitherto found its fitting pictorial interpreter, and he laments that Caldecott did not



Ceremony on the occasion of Her Majesty's Visit to the Glasgow Exhibition of 1888. *From the Picture by John Lavery.*

supply this want, seeing how admirably he touched upon one page of it in his "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog."

No doubt the paper to which we have referred was intended to pave the way for a proper recognition of the illustrated edition which Messrs. Macmillan are now issuing, although a praiseworthy reticence omitted all mention of it. Mr. Hugh Thomson, whose work is now well known in this and other magazines, and upon whom many authorities consider that the mantle of Caldecott has descended, has for a couple of years past been engaged in putting upon paper his views as to the personality of the Wakefield family, and these are now being published in exactly similar style to those most successful and popular editions of Washington Irving's "Old Christmas" and "Bracebridge Hall," which were illustrated by Caldecott. In some respects this is to be regretted. Mr. Hugh Thomson is still a young man, and no doubt he fed on Caldecott even in his bread-and-milk days, and has since evidently looked up to him with respect and admiration. It is only natural, therefore, that in continuing a task which his master had set down, he should unconsciously adopt semblances of style and method of treatment, and these will appear to the public even more aggravated than they are, by the similarity in size and binding of the work. So far as we can judge, the very considerable reduction which Mr. Thomson's drawings have undergone in the process of reproduction has also affected them most prejudicially, and his talent would have clearly been displayed to far greater advantage had the volume been at least quarto in size. But the public will hardly quarrel with this, for publishers have seldom been found so generous as to furnish a similar work for the first

time at so cheap a price as six shillings, and it will take a



From the "Vicar of Wakefield." Illustrated by Hugh Thomson.

very large sale to recoup the artist and themselves the considerable expenditure which the production of the volume must have entailed. The two illustrations which we give afford an idea of the power which Mr. Thomson has brought to bear upon what must have been to him a most arduous, if a very pleasant task. It is hardly necessary to add that they represent the Vicar emphasising his adherence to the Whistonian dogma of monogamy by framing over his mantelpiece his wife's epitaph, and the squire whom even the most pathetic sermon would not keep awake.

BOOKS FOR BOYS.—Messrs. Blackie and Son publish their usual Christmas books of adventure. They are four in number, two by the veteran Mr. Henty, "By England's Aid," a tale of the freeing of the Netherlands, and "A Chapter of Adventures," a story founded on the bombardment of Alexandria; one by Mr. George MacDonald, called "A Rough Shaking," dedicated to "my great-nephew," because "his godfather and godmother love him dearly;" and another by Mr. Norway, about the adventures of a boy in Persia. Although it were foolish to speak of the quartette in the same breath as "Kidnapped," the books are bright and vigorous, and will no doubt rejoice the average boy.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The eighth volume of Blackie's "Modern Cyclopedia" runs from a biography of the Rev. W. W. Skeat to Zymotic diseases, and thus perfects that very reliable and useful work. "Gottfried Keller" (Fisher Unwin) is here translated somewhat wordily by Kate F. Krœker. "The Abused Love Letters," the longest of the tales, is about a man who gave "Spring Thoughts of a Solitary Soul" to his wife to read while he went out to his warehouse to superintend the packing of a load of logwood. "Gleanings after Sunset" (Cassell) is an *olla podrida* of tales, poems, and sketches, all devotional, and all by the Rev. J. R. Vernon, who announces that he finds this present life antagonistic to optimism. "Wood Carving," by F. L. Schauermann (Chapman & Hall), is workmanlike and to the point. We have also received "Animal Painting for Beginners" (Blackie), the October number of "Sun Artists" (Kegan Paul), which is a monograph on Mrs. Cameron, with four excellent photogravures of her work, and the first part of a new illus-



From the "Vicar of Wakefield." Illustrated by Hugh Thomson.

trated serial, "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time" (A. & C. Black), the part consisting of forty-eight pages.



The Pilgrims' Way from Winchester to Canterbury

THREE hundred years and more have passed away since the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury was swept away, and the martyr's ashes were scattered to the winds. The age of pilgrimages is past, the conditions of life have changed, and the influences which drew such vast multitudes of men and women to worship at the murdered Archbishop's tomb have long ago ceased to work on the popular mind. No longer does the merry cavalcade of Chaucer's Lay ride forth in the freshness of the spring morning, knight and merchant, scholar and lawyer, prioress and wife of Bath, yeoman and priest and friars, a motley company from all parts of the realm:—

> "From every shire's end
> Of England, to Canterbury they wend
> The holy blissful martyr for to seek,
> That them hath helpen when that they were sick."

The days of pilgrimages are over, their fashion has passed away, but still some part of the route which the travellers took can be traced, and the road they trod still bears the name of the Pilgrims' Way. Over the Surrey hills and through her pleasant parks the dark yews which lined the path may still be seen. By many a quiet Kentish homestead the grassy track still winds its way along the lonely hill-side overlooking the blue Weald, and if you ask its name the labourer who guides the plough, or the waggoner driving his team, will tell you that is the Pilgrims' Road to Canterbury. So the old name lives, and the memory of that famous pilgrimage which Chaucer sang has not yet died out of the people's heart. And although strangers journey no longer from afar to the martyr's shrine, it is still a pleasant thing to ride out on a spring morning, when "Zephyrus has breathed on the field" and "small fowls are making melody," and follow the Pilgrims' Way. For the scenes through which it leads are fair, and the memories that it wakes belong to the noblest pages in England's story.

FEBRUARY, 1891.

In those old days the pilgrims who came to Canterbury approached the holy city by one of these routes. There was first of all the road of Chaucer's pilgrims from London by Deptford, Greenwich, Rochester, and Sittingbourne; the way used by all who came from the north, the Midlands, and Eastern Counties, and by the foreigners who, like Erasmus, had first visited London. But the greater number of the foreign pilgrims from France, Germany, and Italy, landed at Sandwich Haven or Dover, and approached Canterbury from the south; while



Headbourne Worthy Church.

others, especially those who came from Normandy and Brittany, landed at Southampton, and travelled through the southern

counties of Hampshire, Surrey, and Kent. Many of these doubtless stopped at Winchester, attracted by the fame of St. Swithin, the great healing bishop; and here they would be joined by the pilgrims from the West of England on their way to the Shrine of Canterbury. This was the route taken by Henry II. when, landing at Southampton on his return from France, he made his first memorable pilgrimage to the tomb of the murdered archbishop, in the month of July, 1174. And this route it is, trodden by thousands of pilgrims during the next three centuries, which may still be clearly defined through the greater part of its course, and in Surrey and Kent bears the historic name of the Pilgrims' Way. A very ancient path it is, older far than the days of Plantagenets and Normans, of shrines and pilgrimages. For this, as antiquarian researches have abundantly proved, was none other than the old British track by which caravans of merchants brought their ingots of tin from Cornwall to be shipped at what was then the great harbour of Britain, the Rutupine Port, afterwards Sandwich Haven, and then borne overland to Massilia and the Mediterranean shores. Ingots of tin, buried it may be by merchants attacked on their journey by robbers, have been dug up at various places along this route, and both British and Roman remains have been found in its immediate neighbourhood. This tin road, as Mr. Grant Allen calls it, follows the line of hills which runs all through the north of Hampshire, and crosses Surrey and Kent—that famous chalk ridge which a very modern traveller, William Cobbett, has immortalised in the story of his rides to and from the Wen.

Few traces of the Pilgrims' Way are now to be found in Hampshire. Early writers speak of an old road which led from Winchester to Canterbury, and the travellers' course would in all probability take them through this ancient city. Here the foreign pilgrims who landed at Southampton, and those who came from the West of England would find friendly shelter in one or other of the religious houses, and enjoy a brief resting time before they faced the perils of the road. The old capital of Wessex, the home of Alfred, and favourite residence of Saxon and Norman kings, had many attractions to offer to the devout pilgrim. Here was the splendid golden shrine of St. Swithin, the gentle bishop who had watched over the boyhood of Alfred. A hundred years after his death his bones had been solemnly removed from their resting-place on the north side of the Minster, where he had humbly begged to be buried "so that the sun might not shine upon him," and borne by Edgar and Dunstan into the new Cathedral, reared by Bishop Ethelwold on the site of the ancient church of Birinus; although, says the chronicler, the saint himself "protested weeping that his body ought not to be set in God's holy church amidst the splendid memorials of the ancient fathers," a legend which may have given rise to the popular tradition of the forty days' rain and the supposed delay in the saint's funeral. From that time countless miracles were wrought at the shrine of Swithin, and multitudes from all parts of England flocked to seek blessing and healing at the great church which henceforth bore his name.



Winchester: Entrance to Deanery.

Since those early days, Winchester had seen many changes. Under the rule of Norman and Angevin kings, the venerable city had attained the height of wealth and prosperity. In those days the population numbered some 20,000, and there are said to have been as many as 173 churches and chapels within its walls. In spite of the horrors of civil war, which twice desolated its streets in the time of Stephen and Henry III., the frequent presence of the court and the energy of her prince-bishops, had made Winton a centre of religious and literary activity. And, although after the death of Henry III., who throughout his long life remained faithful to his native city, royal visits became few and far between, and the old capital lost something of its brilliancy, there was still much to attract strangers, and strike the imagination of the wayfarer who entered her gates in the fifteenth century. Few mediæval cities could boast foundations of equal size and splendour. There was the strong castle of Wolvesey, where the bishops reigned in state, and the royal palace by the West gate, lately reared by King Henry, with the fair Gothic hall which he had decorated so lavishly. There was the Hospital of St. Cross founded by the warrior-bishop, Henry de Blois, and the new College of St. Mary which William of Wykeham, the great master-builder, had reared in the meadows known as the Greenery or promenade of the monks of St. Swithin. Another venerable hospital, that of St. John's, claimed to have been founded by Birinus, and on Morne Hill, beyond St. Giles, stood a hospital for lepers, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene. There conspicuous among a crowd of religious houses by their wealth and antiquity, were the two great Benedictine communities of St. Swithin and Hyde. And there, too, was the grand

Norman church which the Conqueror's kinsman Bishop Walkelin had raised on the ruins of Ethelwold's Minster with its low massive tower and noble transepts, and the long nave roofed in with solid trees of oak cut down in Hempage Wood. William of Wykeham transformed the nave after the latest fashion of architecture, cut through the old Norman work, carried up the piers to a lofty height, and replaced the flat wooden roof by fine stone groining, but the Norman tower and transepts remain to-day almost unchanged.

So great was the concourse of pilgrims to St. Swithin's shrine in the early part of the fourteenth century, that Bishop Godfrey Lucy enlarged the eastward portion of the church, and built as it were another church with nave, aisles and Lady Chapel of its own under the same roof. The monks had no great love for the lower class of pilgrims who thronged their doors, and took good care to keep them out of the conventual precincts. They were only allowed to enter the Minster by a doorway in the north transept, and, once they had visited the shrine and duly made their offerings, they were jealously excluded from the rest of the church by those fine ironwork gates still preserved in the Cathedral, and said to be the oldest specimen of the kind in England.

Towards the close of the century, in the reign of Edward I., the fine old building still known as the Strangers' Hall was built by the monks of St. Swithin at their convent gate, for the reception of the poorer pilgrims. Here they found food and shelter for the night. They slept, ate their meals, and drank their ale, and made merry round one big central fire. The hall is now divided, and is partly used as the Dean's stable, partly enclosed in a Canon's house, but traces of rudely carved heads, a bearded king, and a nun's face are still visible on the massive timbers of the vaulted roof, black-



Winchester Cathedral.

ened with the smoke of bygone ages. In the morning the same pilgrims would wend their way to the doors of the Prior's lodging, and standing under the three beautiful pointed arches which form the entrance to the present Deanery, would there receive alms in money and fragments of bread and meat to help them on their journey.

The route they took on leaving Winchester is uncertain; it is not till we reach Farnham that we find the line of hills along which the Pilgrims' Way runs, but in all probability they followed the Roman road which still leads to Silchester and London along the valley of the river Itchen. Immediately outside the city gates they would find themselves before another stately pile of conventual buildings, the great Abbey of Hyde. This famous Benedictine house, founded by Alfred, and long known as the New Minster, was first removed from its original site near the Cathedral in the twelfth century. Finding their house damp and unhealthy, and feeling themselves cramped in the narrow space close to the rival monastery of St. Swithin, the monks obtained a charter from Henry I. giving them leave to settle outside the north gate. In the year 1110, they moved to their new home, bearing with them the wonder-working shrine of St. Josse, the great silver cross given to the New Minster by Cnut, and a yet more precious relic, the bones of Alfred the Great. Here in the green meadows on the banks of the Itchen they reared the walls of their new convent and the magnificent church which, after being in the next reign burnt to the ground by fire-balls from Henry of Blois' Castle at Wolvesey, rose again from the flames fairer and richer than before. Here it stood till the Dissolution, when Thomas Wriothesley, Cromwell's Commissioner, stripped the shrine of its treasures, carried off the gold and jewels, and

pulled down the abbey walls to use the stone in the building of his own great house at Stratton. "We intend," he wrote



Exterior of Strangers' Hall, Winchester.

to his master, after describing the riches of gold and silver plate, and crosses studded with pearls, chalices, and emeralds on which he had laid sacrilegious hands, "both at Hyde and St. Mary to sweep away all the rotten bones that be called relics; which we may not omit, lest it be thought we came more for the treasure than for the avoiding of th' abomination of idolatry." Considerable fragments of the building still remained. In Milner's time the ruins covered the whole meadow, but towards the end of the last century the city authorities fixed on the spot as the site of a new Bridewell, and all that was left of the once famous Abbey was pulled to pieces. The tombs of the dead were rifled. At every stroke of the spade some ancient sepulchre was violated, stone coffins containing chalices, croziers, rings, were broken open and bones scattered abroad.

Then the ashes of the noblest of our kings were blown to the winds, and the resting-place of Ælfred remains to this day unknown. A stone marked with the words, Ælfred Rex, DCCCLXXXI., was carried off by a passing stranger and is now to be seen at Corby Castle in Cumberland. To-day an old gateway near the church of St. Bartholomew and some fragments of the monastery wall are the only remains of Alfred's New Minster.

From this spot an ancient causeway, now commonly known as the Nuns' Walk, but which in the last century bore the more correct title of the Monks' Walk, leads, alongside of a stream which supplied Hyde Abbey with water, for a mile and a half up the valley to Headbourne* Worthy. The path is cool and shady, and as we look back we have beautiful views of the venerable city and the great Cathedral sleeping in the quiet hollow, dreaming of all its mighty past. Above, scarred with the marks of a deep railway cutting, and built over with new houses, is St. Giles' Hill, where during many centuries the famous fair was held each September. Foreign pilgrims would look with interest on the scene of that yearly event, which had attained a world-wide fame, and attracted merchants from all parts of France, Flanders, and Italy. The green hill-side from which we look down on the streets and towers of Winchester presented a lively spectacle during that fortnight. The stalls were arranged in long rows and called after the nationality of the vendors or the goods they sold. There was the Street of Caen, of Limoges, of the Flemings, of the Genoese, the Drapery, the Goldsmiths' Stall, the Spicery, held by the monks of St. Swithin, who drove a brisk trade in furs and groceries on these occasions. All shops in the city and for seven leagues round were closed during the fair, and the local trade was entirely suspended. The mayor handed over the keys of the city for the time to the bishop, who had large profits from the tolls and had stalls at the fair himself, while smaller portions went to the abbeys, and thirty marks a year were paid to St. Swithin's for the repair of the great church. The Red King first granted his kinsman, Bishop Walkelin, the tolls of this three days' fair at St. Giles' feast, which privilege was afterwards extended to a period of sixteen days by Henry III.

The great fair lasted until modern times, but in due course was removed from St. Giles' Hill into the city itself. "As the city grew stronger and the fair weaker," writes Dean Kitchin, "it slid down St. Giles' Hill and entered the town, where its noisy ghost still holds revel once a year."

Leaving these historic memories behind us we follow the Monks' Walk till we reach Headbourne Worthy, the first of a group of villages granted by Egbert, in 825, to St. Swithin's Priory, and bearing this quaint name, derived from the Saxon *woerth*—a homestead. The church here dates from Saxon times, and claims to have been founded by St. Wilfred. The rude west doorway and chancel arch are said to belong to Edward the Confessor's time. Over the west archway, which now leads into a fifteenth-century chapel, is a fine sculptured bas-relief larger than life, representing the Crucifixion and the



Roof of Strangers' Hall, Winchester.

Maries, which probably originally adorned the exterior of the church. But the most interesting thing in the church is the

* Hyde Bourne.



Martyrsworthy.

brass to John Kent, a Winchester scholar, who died in 1434. The boy wears his college gown and his hair is closely cut, while a scroll comes out of his lips bearing the words: "Misericordiam Dm̄ inetm̄ cantabo." Next we reach Kingsworthy, so-called because it was once Crown property, a pretty little village with low square ivy-grown church-tower and lych-gate, and a charming old-fashioned inn standing a little back from the road.

Passing through the third of the Worthys, Abbotsworthy, now united to Kingsworthy, a mile farther on we reach Martyrsworthy, a still smaller village with another old Norman church and low thatched cottages, picturesquely placed near the banks of the river, which is here crossed by a wooden foot-bridge. But all this part of the Itchen valley has the same charm. Everywhere we find the same old farmhouses with mullioned windows and sun-dials and yew trees, the same straggling roofs brilliant with yellow lichen, and the same cottages and gardens gay with lilies and phloxes, the same green lanes shaded with tall elms and poplars, the same low chalk hills and wooded distances closing in the valley, and below the bright river winding its way through the cool meadows. "The Itchen—the beautiful Itchen valley," exclaims Cobbett, as he rides along this vale of meadows. "There are few spots in England more fertile, or more pleasant, none, I believe, more healthy. The fertility of this vale and of the surrounding country is best proved by the fact that, besides the town of Alresford and that of Southampton, there are seventeen villages, each having its parish church, upon its borders. When we consider these things, we are not surprised that a spot situated about half-way down this vale, should have been chosen for the building of a city, or that that city should have been for a great number of years the place of residence for the kings of England."

Towards Itchen Abbas—*Abba, à bas*—the valley opens and we see the noble avenues and spreading beeches of Avington Park, long the property of the Dukes of Chandos, and often visited by Charles II. while Wren was building his red-brick palace at Winchester. Here the Merry Monarch feasted his friends in a banqueting-hall that is now a greenhouse, and a room in the old house bore the name of Nell Gwynne's closet. In those days it was the residence of the notorious Lady Shrewsbury, afterwards the wife of George Brydges, a member of the Chandos family, the lady whose first husband, Francis, Earl of Shrewsbury, was slain fighting in a duel with George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, while the Countess herself, disguised as a page, held her lover's horse.

The river winds through the park, and through the over-arching boughs of the fine forest trees we catch lovely glimpses of wood and water. In the opposite direction, but also close to Itchen Abbas, is another well-known seat, Lord Ashburton's famous Grange, so often visited by Carlyle, with finely-wooded grounds where the dark tints of yew and fir mingle with the bright green of lime and beech and silver birch on the banks of a clear lake, and long grassy glades lead up to wild gorse-grown slopes of open down. Still following the river banks we reach Itchen Stoke, another picturesque village with timbered cottages and mossy roofs, and a little modern church with high-pitched roof and lancet windows having a curiously foreign air, stands among the tall pines on a steep bank above the stream. But here our pleasant journey along the fair Itchen valley comes to an end, and leaving the river-side, we climb the hill which brings us into the town of Alresford.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

(To be continued).



Inn at Kingsworthy.

THE STAEDEL ART INSTITUTE AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

FRANKFORT owes its chief picture-gallery and museum entirely to the generosity of a private citizen. Although the Saalhof, an old Gothic building, or rather fragment of building, in the centre of the city, contains what are still by courtesy denominated the civic collections, almost its only treasure—apart from a number of over-scrubbed paintings of the old German schools, and some dusty bric-à-brac of no great interest—is the careful copy, by the Nuremberg painter Paul Juvenel, of what was in all probability Albert Dürer's masterpiece in oil-painting, the famous altar-piece of the 'Coronation of the Virgin,' completed in 1509, for Jacob Heller. This, it will be remembered, having been acquired



No. 1.—St. Catherine of Alexandria. By Cesare da Sesto. From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co., Dornach.

in 1615 by the Elector, Maximilian of Bavaria, perished in the destruction of the Munich Palace by fire in the year 1674. However, in fact, if not in name, it is the Staedel Kunst Institut which is now the chief gallery and the recognised Art centre of the ancient imperial city. This is the posthumous creation of Herr Johann Friedrich Staedel, a rich and enlightened collector, who, dying in the year 1816, left his entire collections of paintings, drawings, engravings, and works of Art, together with a fortune of more than a million gulden, to an institute, to be constituted with these collections as a basis, and to bear the name of the donor.

The scheme included, and still includes, a school for

the gratuitous instruction, in the fine arts proper and in architecture, of the children of needy citizens, it being expressly provided that no distinction should be made in respect of religion, or—a provision less usual in those days than it would be now—in respect of sex. The Institute having been at first established at Herr Staedel's own residence in the Rossmarkt, was next transferred to a house and grounds in the Neue Mainzerstrasse, where its collections rested and accumulated for forty-five years, until it became impossible to confine them any longer within such narrow bounds. Ample funds being at the disposal of the presiding authorities, the present fine structure was consequently erected at the river side, on what is called the Schau-Mainz quai, and solemnly opened in 1878. The once-celebrated Philipp Veit, a contemporary and artistic ally of Overbeck and Cornelius, was among the directors of the Institute, which counted among its inspectors the renowned critic and art-historian, Johann David Passavant, to whom, no doubt, the completeness of the department of prints and drawings is in a great measure due. An admirable system obtains with regard to the exhibition of these, which enables even such persons as shrink from the labour of consulting indexes and fishing out portfolios, to obtain with ease a general knowledge of the history and processes of engraving. Every month, or even more frequently, the contents of the cases in the gallery specially reserved for the purpose are changed; and they contain, as a rule, not miscellaneous collections or historical series, but rather exhaustive sets of examples belonging to the same master or the same school, so that at each successive stage a fair knowledge of the particular artist or the particular school in question can be obtained. Thus there have been recently illustrated, among many other groups, the *Iconographie* of Van Dyck, the Flemish engravers of the school of Rubens, the French engravers of the seventeenth century, the engravers grouped round Watteau, the later engravers of the eighteenth century, etc.

It is proposed on the present occasion to make a few remarks on the remarkable collection of paintings by the Old Masters, putting aside for the moment the modern section, which includes the German school of painting of the nineteenth century in its earlier development, and neglecting perforce also the prints and drawings.



No. 2.—Virgin and Child, with Saints. By Rogier van der Weyden. From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co.

The great glory of the Staedel Institut is its collection of early Flemish pictures; these being, if less numerous, hardly less choice than the magnificent series contained in the galleries of Berlin and Munich. Early German schools are also sufficiently, though not brilliantly, represented, while Italian Art of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is illustrated by some specimens of the highest interest, though not always in the best preservation. Of late years the great ambition of the institution appears to have been to bring together in their principal room a fine collection of Flemish and Dutch pictures of the seventeenth century, so as to complete the large series already in the possession of their museum. The efforts of the authorities (I know not exactly whether the Director be solely responsible or no) in this direction have certainly not been crowned with unvarying success, seeing that some works of doubtful authenticity, and others so over-painted as to be practically valueless, have been acquired. A perfect storm among the *Kunstforscher* was two years ago raised by Dr. Levin,

who boldly, nay, recklessly asserted, without further proof, in most instances, than his unsupported authority, that about two-thirds of the whole collection of pictures of this class were either misnamed, bore false signatures, or had been so tampered with as to lose all interest. Such a proceeding—savouring as it did of self-advertisement—defeated its own object; but few will be found to deny that there is a residuum of truth in what the adventurous German art critic has advanced. There has now been promoted to the post of Director of the Institute one of the ablest and most industrious of the younger school of German *Kunst-Historiker*, Dr. H. Thode, best known through his contributions to the *Jahrbuch der Preussischen Kunstsammlungen;* and under his auspices it may be assumed that greater prudence will be exercised in investing in works of Art the ample resources of the establishment.

Among the old Flemish pictures the place of honour is accorded to Jan van Eyck's 'Madonna of Lucca,' so called because it was once owned by the ducal family of that city. Less marvellous in its finish and profusion of elaborate detail than the famous 'Vierge adorée par le Chancelier Rollin' of the Louvre, or than the important but less beautiful triptych of Bruges, the type of the Virgin is less repellent than in the last-named example, and the modelling both of the heads, the nude parts, and the broadly-cast draperies softer and rounder, but perhaps a shade less searching in its completeness than in the masterpiece of the Salon Carré. The *ordonnance* of the picture resembles most—though on a very much larger scale—that of the little 'Madonna, of Ince-Blundell Hall.' The Virgin, clothed in a splendid red mantle, and holding the divine Infant, is seated on a throne lighted from a window to the left, while before the throne is stretched a carpet which reappears in other pictures of the master and of the school, and seems to have been a studio property of the Van Eycks. We see it again in another 'Madonna and Child,' historically of great importance as the authenticated work of the scarce Petrus Cristus, or Christophsen, as he has been sometimes called. The date 1417, which has been held to prove that the Van Eyck technique had been adopted thus early by his scholars, and that Cristus was at that date already working at Bruges, has evidently been tampered with by the restorers; it should in all probability stand 1447.



No. 3.—Virgin and Child. School of Roger van der Weyden. From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co.

Among the greatest treasures of the whole gallery is the exquisite panel from the hand of Roger van der Weyden, (No. 2) showing under a canopy the Virgin standing with the infant Christ in her arms, having on the one hand St. Peter and St. John the Baptist, while on the other are the physician-saints SS. Cosmas and Damianus. The fleur-de-lys of the city of Florence, which appears below, and the introduction both of the last-named

patron-saints of the Medici family, and of the special name-saints of Piero and Giovanni dei Medici, supply the strongest evidence that this jewel of Flemish art was produced for the great merchant-princes of Florence during Roger's journey through Italy about 1450. Perhaps nowhere else has Van der Weyden painted with such tenderness, such delicacy, such moderation of expression; it is as if he had worked with the determination to show the Florentines all the charms of the Flemish palette, all the certainty and finish of the Flemish execution. A second work, by the same master, of first-rate quality, is the triptych with scenes from the life of St. John the Baptist, of which another original with the same subjects, of dimensions as large again, was in the collection of the King of the Netherlands, whence it passed long ago into the Berlin Gallery. So far as I am aware it is a circumstance unique in the history of early Flemish Art that there should co-exist two originals, identical in design, from the hand of a first-rate painter; and were not the execution of both works so masterly and so little indicative in style of the hand of a copyist, some doubt as to the attribution of the one or the other example to Van der Weyden himself must arise. Yet another treasure of fifteenth century Flemish Art, and this one quite unique, calls for remark. Such a one do the three important sections of the large altar-piece formerly at the Abbey of Flemalle, in Belgium, constitute, on which are delineated (1) The Trinity, painted in grisaille to simulate stonework, after the fashion set by the Van Eycks in dealing with the covering wings of the 'Adoration of the Lamb,' and much followed in Flanders in the fifteenth century; (2) St. Veronica, represented as an aged woman seen in full-face and holding up a transparent cloth with the *vera icon* imprinted upon it; (3) the Virgin standing erect and giving suck to the divine Infant (No. 3). These noble works are rightly put down as belonging to the school of R. van der Weyden. But what gives them, besides the exquisite precision and the 'authority' of the execution, their pre-eminence is that, while preserving free from all adulteration the distinctive character of the early Flemish style, they attain in the delineation of the sacred personages a grandeur and, as it were, a kind of awe-inspiring impersonality, which are not infrequently found in Italian Art of the full Renaissance, but are almost always wanting in the religious delineations of the Low Countries. The St. Veronica—a sibyl rather than a saint—has, with all her harshness of feature, this grand impersonality suggestive of the type rather than the individual; while the representation of the Trinity is one of the most exalted, and at the same time one of the most pathetic in the admixture of the human element, to be found in the whole range of Art.



No. 4.—Virgin and Child, with the Four Fathers of the Church. By Moretto. From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co.

The Staedel possesses examples, though not very first-rate ones, of Gherardt David and Dierick Bouts; viz., by the first an 'Annunciation,' and by the second, 'The Sibyl prophesying to Augustus.' Hans Memlinc's portrait of a man, wearing a red cap and an upper garment trimmed with fur, is of exquisite quality and fine preservation; it is, indeed, worthy to rank with the beautiful male portraits by the same master which adorn the galleries of Brussels and Florence. The 'St. Jerome,' also here ascribed to the Bruges master, is of great beauty and a peculiar mildness and pathos; but the heavy impasto of the execution—especially in the landscape—does not suggest the hand of Memlinc himself.

Again we come to one of the most enviable possessions of the Institute, a masterpiece of Quentin Matsys in portraiture. This is a half-length of an elderly man of *bourgeois* but dignified aspect, soberly yet richly attired in black and brown, and resting his left hand, which holds spectacles, on a book which lies open before him. One knows not whether to admire most the dignified realism of the characterization, or the firm, resolute modelling in all their detail of the homely features. The frame once bore a preposterous inscription designating the per-

son portrayed as that Knipperdolling who was the false prophet of the Anabaptists and for a moment the self-crowned king of Munster. Quite recently M. Henri Hymans has suggested, with some show of probability, but without absolute proof, that the portrait represents Matsys himself at the moment when material success was achieved and old age with its infirmities was bearing down apace.

Narrowness of space forbids me to discuss in detail the early German works, of which the gallery possesses an important series. By the curious Cologne 'Meister des Todes der Maria' is a large altar-piece, the centre panel of which is a 'Pietà' with numerous figures, while the wings show respectively 'St. Veronica' and 'St. Joseph of Arimathæa.' This must be a tolerably late work of the as yet anonymous master, whose style unites so many qualities of the German and Flemish schools of his time, seeing that it is shown to have been produced in 1524. Much finer and better-preserved specimens of his earlier style exist at Munich and Cologne, and of his later and broader manner at Dresden, Genoa, Naples, and Ince-Blundell, in Lancashire. The contention held in recent years by some German savants that he is to be identified with Jan Joest, a painter to be adequately studied only in the town of Calcar—to which he migrated from Haarlem—has lately been very generally given up. By Albrecht Dürer is one wing of an altar-piece showing the suffering Job, over whom his wife pours water; a grand design, marked by unusual suppleness in the rendering of the human figure, but not very carefully carried out. Better preserved and more brilliant in colour is the other wing, 'Die beiden Pfeiffer,' now in the Wallraf-Richartz Museum of Cologne. The connection of the two fragments is rendered certain by the fact that the Berlin Print Room possesses the design for both, drawn on one sheet and conceived as a single composition.

The art of the Cranachs and that of the Cologne portrait-painter Bartholomäus de Bruyn are also here illustrated by several examples.

Among the works belonging to the Italian schools of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are not a few of high historical as well as artistic importance. Florence is perhaps less well represented than her sister cities of the Peninsula. The 'Madonna and Child,' erroneously attributed by the catalogue of 1883 to Francesco Pesellino, is one of the interesting



No 5.—Madonna, Christ, and St. John. By Carpaccio. From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co.

series of works which are classed, though not yet with universal acceptance, in the group, "School of Verrocchio." The more than life-size profile of a Florentine lady, with fantastically dressed hair, given to Sandro Botticelli, and called 'Lucrezia Tornabuoni,' does not impress me with a sense of absolute originality; though the fact that the sitter wears round her neck the famous "Apollo and Marsyas" gem, which was one of the treasures of the house of Medici, and still belongs to Florence, is of course a circumstance which gives it an adventitious interest. A certain dulness and deadness of aspect, marring a noble conception, gives rise to the supposition that it may be an enlarged studio repetition, issuing from the *bottega* of the master, but not from his hand. Historically interesting, as evidence of the strong artificial and *précieux* element in Florentine social life at the end of the fifteenth century, is the fantastic portrait of a young lady, whose hair descends in a shower of golden ringlets, pro-

duced evidently with the most elaborate artifice, the back of the head and neck being covered with a transparent white veil: the painting is otherwise repulsive in its hardness and uninspired eccentricity, and appears to have been much overscrubbed. To the Umbrian school belongs a 'Madonna enthroned with the Infant Saviour, adored by St. Christopher and St. Sebastian;' a little gem, put down here under the head of "Unbekannter Meister," but by Giovanni Morelli no doubt rightly recognised as a work of Fiorenzo di Lorenzo—a painter not otherwise (save perhaps in Berlin) to be appreciated out of the Pinacotheca of Perugia, though our own gallery possesses a large, but sufficiently repellent example from his brush.

The 'Virgin and Child with St. John the Baptist' is a genuine Perugino, belonging to a fine period of the master's practice, but unfortunately restored in one or two places. To Andrea Mantegna is attributed a very curious bust of St. Mark, treated quasi-sculpturally, and placed in a marble niche adorned with fruit-garlands of Paduan fashion; but here again Morelli steps in with undeniable authority, and gives the work to the Ferrarese-Bolognese painter, Francesco Cossa. By a later Bolognese painter, the Raphaelesque Innocenzio da Imola, is an important if not very attractive Assumption of the Virgin.' One of the most remarkable works of Macrino d'Alba, the best painter of the Piedmontese school, is the tempera altar-piece in three sections, the central one showing the Virgin with the Child standing erect on her knee, while on the wings are depicted 'Joachim with the Angel,' and 'Joachim's meeting with Anna.' This work is curious, as showing how far the influence of Mantegna extended even in the extreme north-west of the Peninsula. Full of the true Lombard charm, created by and radiating from the central influence of Leonardo da Vinci, is the exquisite 'St. Catherine of Alexandria' (No. 1), justly attributed to the great master's pupil, Cesare da Sesto. The work is, in all probability, a portrait, and the saint a beautiful Milanese patrician—her attributes, as here painted, being so many extra decorations. She appears habited in a robe of light green, over which flow her long fair locks, the background being a landscape rendered in the cool greenish hues peculiar to the school. In this example of reposeful charm, even the wheel on which the saint leans calls up no painful reminiscences; it is too palpably intended to be an appendage only.

Of altogether exceptional interest is the fascinating and puzzling 'Portrait of a Lady,' elaborately attired in a dark green robe, which indiscreetly reveals much of the beautiful form of the wearer; her figure being relieved against a landscape background of a kindred olive-green tone, which suggests a North Italian master. This picture, which is here with some doubt given to Sebastiano del Piombo, is by Morelli, with the happy audacity which characterizes him, attributed to the Vercellese master Sodoma.

Venice and Brescia are amply and richly represented at the Staedel Institute. If the Antonello and the Giovanni Bellini are more than doubtful, and the Cima da Conegliano only a tolerable specimen, the Carpaccio (No. 5) is one of the most beautiful, one of the most glowing in the sober richness of its colour, with which I am acquainted among the smaller examples of the Istrian master. It is a 'Madonna with the Infant Christ and St. John,' in which the painter has boldly, yet without irreverence, dressed the divine Infant in the quaint Venetian costume of the time—an innovation hardly ventured upon even by the realistic Flemings of the same period. Of two large works by Il Moretto da Brescia which Frankfort has the good fortune to possess, the great altar-piece (No. 4), which shows on a high marble throne the Virgin with the Infant Christ, and at its foot the four chief Latin Fathers of the Church, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and St. Gregory the Great, is one of his most important and one of his most splendid achievements. Even from afar it stands out in virtue of the silvery sheen of its general tone, in which are blended and tempered the rich local hues of the magnificent sacerdotal vestments. More deeply religious and more intense conceptions of the master it would be possible to name—for in truth the Virgin and Child are, as not infrequently with him, rather mechanical—but hardly a more brilliant piece of church decoration.



No. 6.—Portrait of a Child. By Cornelius de Vos (ascribed to Rubens). From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co.

A genuine but not very interesting Rembrandt of the first period is the 'Margaretha Hendrikse van Bilderdyk,' dated 1633, whose spouse, painted as a pendant, is No. 1215 in the Dresden Gallery. Very interesting, on the other hand, is the large canvas by Aart de Gelder, showing a painter (probably the artist himself) in the act of portraying an elderly Dutch lady wearing sober but very rich attire. The picture shows with what remarkable cleverness this pupil of the late time of Rembrandt caught the outward trick of his master's manner, with a certain emptiness, however, both of conception and execution, which deprives his works of serious value. A great rarity is the signed and no doubt genuine portrait of a young man wearing a round grey hat and a red mantle, by Bernhart Fabritius, which need not certainly be skied, where much that is second-rate is *en évidence*. The two portraits by Frans Hals of a burgher and his wife, dated 1638, are—especially that of the man—hasty and not first-rate performances. On the other hand the 'Portrait of a Dutch lady,' erroneously attributed to the great Haarlem master, but really by Jan Verspronck, is of quite first-rate quality, and notwithstanding a certain harshness delights by the sincerity of its incisive characterization. The correctness of the attribution to Verspronck is above all supported by the great similarity of the technique to that of two signed portraits by the same painter which appeared at Burlington House some three winters since.

Among the Flemish pictures I would specially call attention



No. 7.—The Infant Bacchus among the Nymphs of Nysa. By Adam Elsheimer. From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co.

to a delightful portrait of a young child (No. 6) some two or three years old, fastened into a chair, and gazing with round, bright eyes out of the canvas. This, though put down to Rubens, is really by that as yet too little recognised master Cornelius de Vos, who has in the dark ages of criticism been too completely overshadowed by the great Antwerp *chef d'école*, though he was not even his pupil, or altogether of his school. He indeed always retained something of the older Flemish style, tempered by the overwhelming influence of the teaching and example of Rubens.

Last, but by no means least, should be mentioned two admirable specimens of the work of that greatest artistic glory of Frankfort, Adam Elsheimer. The one, 'Paul and Barnabas at Lystra,' is a brilliantly coloured and animated composition of the painter's earlier time. The essence of the true Elsheimer—that power unique in his day of expressing the pathetic side of nature—is better seen in the other and later example, styled 'The Infant Bacchus among the Nymphs of Nysa' (No. 7), a subject in which the figures appear framed in a tranquil forest scene of the greatest beauty. Rome inspired and developed this child of Germany as it did a little later the great Lorrainer Claude Gelée, who owed much to the example of Elsheimer and Paul Bril; as did, indeed, in other directions whole groups of contemporary Italian and Dutch painters.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

LORD TENNYSON'S CHILDHOOD.*



Font in which Tennyson was baptized.

THE first school to which Dr. Tennyson sent his children has been so long destroyed that hardly an inhabitant of Somersby can tell you where it stood or remember the man who kept it. Three-quarters of a century is a long period in a lifetime, and all these years have passed since little Alfred toddled for the first time to the modest building in Holywell Glen, where a teacher named Cadney, within earshot of the noisy rookery, and under the shadow of the beeches, imparted the rudiments to the village boys and girls. It was removed thence to a building on the highway, because of the disturbance to the game, and you may easily imagine what temptations the latter had for the roving youngsters. To this day they are hardly to be restrained from ravishing the wild snow-drops that nod and bloom in white myriads there every spring, or from playing on the streamlet that, bridged here and there by trunks of fallen and bent trees, makes a broken silver line through the middle of the wood. Long ago it was believed that the sick who came to bathe in the well would be healed, and until a comparatively recent date its waters were taken medicinally by visitors. Many a woodland image or metaphor that ripened in "Maud" or the "Lotos-Eaters," might well have been born in this romantic dell where Lord Tennyson went to school as a child, and where in later years he loved to walk and meditate. One of his senior playmates, an aged man named Clark, to whom Dr. Tennyson used to pay a trifle in order that he might coach the boys in arithmetic, wherein they were backward, still lives at Tetford, and has a clear remembrance of the pupils who were nearly as old as himself. But he had no greater insight into the shy and timid Alfred's future than the uncle at Tealby, who said, "My nephew has made a book of poetry; I'd a deal rather heard of his making a wheel-barrow." It was not long before he had to recant this outspokenness.

Cadney's village school, however, was hardly a beginning to the serious instruction of the children. As each reached the age of seven Dr. Tennyson drove with them into Louth, famous for its fine old church "whose cold grey spire appears in the black outline of the trees," and entered his name in the books of the Grammar School, the head master of which at that time was a Mr. Waite, and his assistant a Mr. Dale. It was the Christmas after Waterloo when, as shown by the register, Alfred was entered as a pupil where his brother Charles had been enrolled twelve months before him. There he spent four quiet uneventful years, of which hardly a record remains, though Lord Tennyson remembers being dressed in bright ribbons and walking in procession at the time of the coronation of George IV. But the schoolhouse has been pulled down and rebuilt, those who taught in it are dead, and the Laureate has outlived nearly all the merry companions whose laughter used to ring in the playground. The very few who are left possess only vague memories of the quiet and reserved boys from Somersby, who were content with each other's companionship, and preferred long rambles on wold and marsh to the boisterous frolic of school games. A love of solitude and reverie approaching absent-mindedness appears to have been already developed in Alfred, for it is said he would march into school an hour or two late, and be surprised to find lessons half over. But we have to remember that with boys, and perhaps sometimes also with their tutors, scholastic brilliancy is not of so much account as proficiency in athletic sports, which is the surest basis of boyish respect, and in these the future Laureate was never a great proficient. And again the children may almost have been said to carry their home with them, for Mr. Tennyson to be near them took temporary apartments in Louth while they were there. So for four years Alfred went on very much as the average boy does. Rumour says the excellent Mr. Waite had an old-fashioned belief in the virtues of birch, and much skill in using it, and we may assume that the future poet was not unacquainted with grief. As he left the Grammar School for good, in 1820, or when he was just eleven, it can hardly claim much formative influence on his career.

The eight years that followed were undoubtedly the most important in the childhood of Lord Tennyson. Henceforth, till he and Charles went to Cambridge, which they did in 1828, they were untroubled by any regular attendance at school, and the lives they led show a fine admixture of uncontrolled freedom and carefully directed study. It does not appear that any tutor was ever engaged to devote his whole services to their instruction, which indeed seems to have been chiefly in the hands of the father himself, but there was not a clever



The Summer Residence of the Tennysons at Mablethorpe.

* Continued from page 18.

man in the country-side whose services were not asked in aid. It has been said that the boys were practically allowed to run wild, but the assertion seems founded on nothing stronger than local gossip. The truth was that except when they were at lessons the boys had full liberty to do as they pleased, and inheriting with the artistic temperament a certain Bohemianism of disposition, they dressed carelessly and were at no pains to choose conventional hours for their roaming. Starshine and sunshine were alike to them. It was their delight to be on the wold—

> "When in heaven the stars about the moon
> Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
> And every height comes out and jutting peak
> And valley, and the immeasureable heavens
> Break open to their highest, and all the stars
> Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart."

But the country people knew nothing about that. "He would sit on a gate gawmin' about him" was the description of Alfred's reveries given by old John Baumber, the Rector's neighbour, who might well have been, though the Laureate says he was not, the original of the "Northern Farmer." Others say he used to be met miles from home hatless and plunged in thought; but during the long period in which they have been exposed to the interrogations of American and other tourists, the people of the neighbourhood have doubtless learned to



exaggerate what was nevertheless a well-marked tendency. It was only a small part of the boys' lives that was visible. Within the Rectory school-room, Dr. Tennyson was drilling them in mathematics, and a Roman Catholic priest came regularly to give them a linguistic preparation for the University. Besides these a well-known music master, the late Mr. Smalley, of Horncastle, attended to his side of their instruction. It might have been during the visits paid to Horncastle for this purpose, that Alfred first came to know Miss Emily Sellwood, the daughter of a lawyer and niece to Sir John Franklin, whom he subsequently married, and to whom one of his books was dedicated. One likes to think so because Lady Tennyson, who is an accomplished musician and composer, must have been so heartily in sympathy with the studies that brought him near her. You still may see the house where she lived, with its attic windows looking down on the market stalls. A son of Mr. Smalley's, who in those days was a boy younger than his father's pupils, still remembers how Alfred had then already that passion for tobacco which is almost proverbial, and that made him so congenial a companion to the pipe-loving Thomas Carlyle.

Of the many pleasant breaks in the monotony of life at Somersby, none, we may imagine, came with a sunnier welcome than the annual sojourn at the little seaside town of Mablethorpe. The family always occupied the same white-walled cottage standing between the dunes and the sea, and here the most casual visitor will find a key to some of the poet's most vivid sea-pictures. But for the long dyke that fronts the Wash, its waves would pass on to the fertile meadows that are nearly as low and as level as the sandy coast. It is said that tithes still are paid on a parish whelmed in the deep, like the church at Semerwater, or the submerged city of the Nordensee that inspired the Seegespenst of Heine. Yet the wind continually labours to check the encroachment of the ocean. On any breezy summer day, when the salt wind blows shoreward, and the ebbing tide has forsaken the broad expanse of ribbed and hard sand, it is easy to watch the formation of those "heaped hills that mound the sea" alluded to in "Memory." The sunny dust is driven in a cloud towards the land till it meets some impediment which stays and gathers it out of the wave's reach. By-and-by another wind, or the foot of some heavy sea-bird, or even one of the little warblers whose bed-time chatter in the gorse is familiar to every evening wanderer, carries to the small hillock the seeds of bent or other hardy coast plants, which in their turn spring up and hold the shifting sand with their roots. And so in time are built up the irregular dunes among whose grey hollows and heights the young poet used to play.



My Father's Door.

So, again, although Lord Tennyson, having a full share of that passion for the sea which is a curious note in modern poetry, has sung her "cold grey stones;" the phases visible at Mablethorpe are those which have given rise to the most memorable of his descriptions. No resident by a wild and craggy coast would have made his lover's home look out on—

> "Sandy tracts
> And hollow ocean ridges roaring into cataracts."

But every stormy day, when the tide flows over the mouldering beach at Mablethorpe, it reproduces the picture exactly as it did threescore years ago, when about it wandered the bard—

> "Nourishing a youth, sublime
> With the fairy tales of science and the long result of time."

At other times "the crisping ripples" and "tender curving lines of creamy spray" are gentleness itself, and I daresay that many a time Alfred and Charles, when "the charmed sunset lingered low adown in the red west," falling into the marsh, as it were, and the full moon had already sprung from the eastern waters, like the lotos-eaters, "sat them down between the sun and moon upon the shore."

It is important to understand the character of the Lincolnshire coast, not only because it enters largely into the Laureate's verse, but also for the reason that many of his earlier poems were actually thought out and written in its vicinity. We have seen how already, almost in his years of infancy, he was taken possession of by literary ambition, and the story is familiar concerning the first lines he wrote on a slate, and showed Charles when the rest of the family were at church. The liking for verse gradually developed into the great desire of his life.

And it was helped by a kind of idleness that hung over the Rectory. It was told in the recent memoirs of



Miss Mitford how Alfred's constitutional laziness—and all great men are lazy—was overcome to the extent that he

dug in the garden for a whole day. Beyond question it was mental preoccupation that lay at the root of his dislike of physical exertion. Indolence spells ruin to the man of commerce, but it is not more pernicious than restless active industry is to the poet. The hours idled away by the seaside, when the boy seemed not only lacking in purpose and determination, but wanting energy enough even to take up a sport or pastime for his amusement, yielded rich fruit in the end. That their minds were far from listless when their bodies were inactive is proved no less by the subsequent work than by the scholarship of the Tennysons, one of whom, Frederick, became almost famous as a Grecian. In the meantime verses were their amusement, and alike by the sea and away from it poems by the score were planned and written, to be in most cases read for the delectation of the household, and then abandoned and forgotten.



Entrance to Holywell Glen.

. The publication of the first volume appears to have been due almost to accident. Among other characteristics of Dr. Tennyson, that of holding his money with a tightish grip had a natural place, and the pockets of the boys were often empty. To a coachman who acted as confidential friend and adviser of his young masters belongs the credit of having started the Laureate on his illustrious career. His niece, Susan Epton, the aged nurse, declares that it was he who, when the boys needed money for one of their projects, suggested that they might raise the wind by selling some of the verses they were always making.

The idea was acted upon, and no great difficulty seems to have been experienced in striking a bargain with Mr. Jackson, a bookseller of Louth, who probably calculated on the influence and relatives of the important local families of Fytche and Tennyson, when he actually offered ten pounds, and ultimately gave twenty, for those early verses. It is no easy matter to obtain a copy of the first edition now, but as certain American publishers have reprinted it in a cheap collection of the Laureate's works it is to be feared that more Englishmen are acquainted with the contents than in a self-respecting community ought to be the case. The contents testify to these early efforts being of an immature nature, and compared with those which were to follow were of not much higher promise than the first and never republished essays of Thomas Carlyle. Their highest strains are much more illustrative of the paramount influence of Byron than suggestive of the Tennyson who had much to learn and much to forget before acquiring the great language in which, as no one else has done, he has expressed the intellectual aspirations of the England of his time. Minute students have pretended to trace in the subjects treated foreshadowings of later poems, but as the Laureate never has admitted his first efforts into the authorised editions of his works the



Holywell Glen.

identification of his contributions is a matter of guess-work. Besides, it is probable that another brother had a hand in the pie. There is at present in possession of a Lincolnshire clergyman a fragment of what appears to have been the volume originally presented to the old coachman wherein, in addition to the C and A that are put beside some of the verses, there is at least one marked plainly with "Frederick," so that the author of "Days and Hours" seems to have been an invisible third in the enterprise. It would appear from the motto chosen for the title-page, "Hæc nos novimus nihil esse," that the young authors, however confident they might be of "arriving" at last, were not puffed up by any fancied resemblance of their case to that of Chatterton, or Keats, or Fergusson. But



Between Bag Enderby and Somersby.

when they found that their immediate end was gained and the first children of their fancy were clothed in print, they drove over to the seaside and kept a holiday triumph on the Mablethorpe sands.

The publication of this book may be described as the closing and culminating scene in the childhood of Lord Tennyson. It took place in 1827, so that before entering the University he had only a few months more of boy life to lounge away in Lincolnshire rambles, to muse by quaint gateways entering into ancient homes of lord and lady, to dream under the shadow of the grey village spires, to watch rustic lads and lasses love-making by the hayricks, to hear Harry and Charlie sing to their team. For many a year he was to come back, but it was from a throng of strange faces and new thoughts, after encountering which nothing looks quite the same again. He was to bring Arthur Hallam and wander over the accustomed fields with him, he was to stay and write in ancient halls where the melancholy wail of the curlew floated in through the window, but these events belong to a time when he was not only a man himself but a voice to the manhood of England.

There are no more charming homes in England than the country rectories, but they have at least one sorrowful feature. A clergyman takes up his residence there usually at the very beginning of his married life. Boys and girls come and grow, and build there all the associations of home. Then at last follows death and the stricken priest is laid with the people to whom he has ministered, and the children are wrenched away from their birthplace, in many cases the familiar household furniture being dispersed by the auctioneer, preparatory to the entrance of a new-comer, who at once begins to re-enact the story. It was not quite such an abrupt departure as this with the Tennysons. The father died at the age of fifty-two, on the 18th of March, 1831, but his widow remained at Somersby for some time after that. She lived to a ripe old age, dying at Highgate in her eighty-first year. Every reader of the "In Memoriam" knows Alfred's grief at leaving the place where his

> ". . . . . Boyhood sung
> Long since its matin song, and heard
> The low love language of the bird
> In native hazels tassel-hung,"

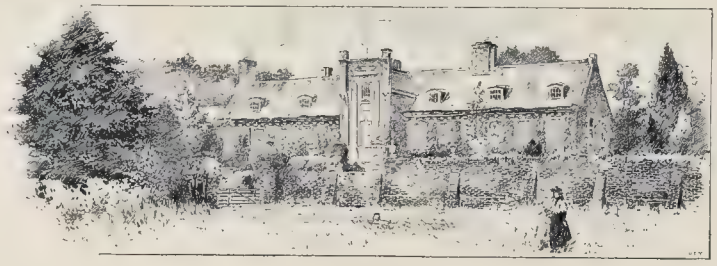
and how bitterly he reflected that not a place but had its memories—

> "No gray old grange, or lonely fold,
> Or low morass and whispering reed,
> Or simple stile from mead to mead,
> Or sheepwalk up the windy wold."

But the decree of fate was simple and inevitable; and this sketch of his childhood may end with his tender and submissive farewell to Somersby—

> "Our father's dust is left alone
> And silent under other snows;
> There in good time the woodbine blows,
> The violet comes, but we are gone."

P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.



A Lincolnshire Hall.

RECENT PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE task of writing upon this subject is so considerable an one, that it will only be possible within the limits of this paper to touch very lightly upon the advances made, and the work done even in so short a time as the last twelve months.

It will be convenient, first, to take Art photography, or the application of photography to picture-making, especially as several reproductions of typical and popular photographs illustrate this article.

Quite lately many changes have taken place in the rendering of landscape photography, and the Whistler of photography finds an exponent in the works and writings of Dr. P. H. Emerson, the author of "Naturalistic Photography," a book which, notwithstanding a considerable amount of heresy in matters photographic, has had the result of setting men to think whether it is essential to pictorial photography that the subject shall be rendered sharp all over. Dr. Emerson accentuates his focus upon a central figure or



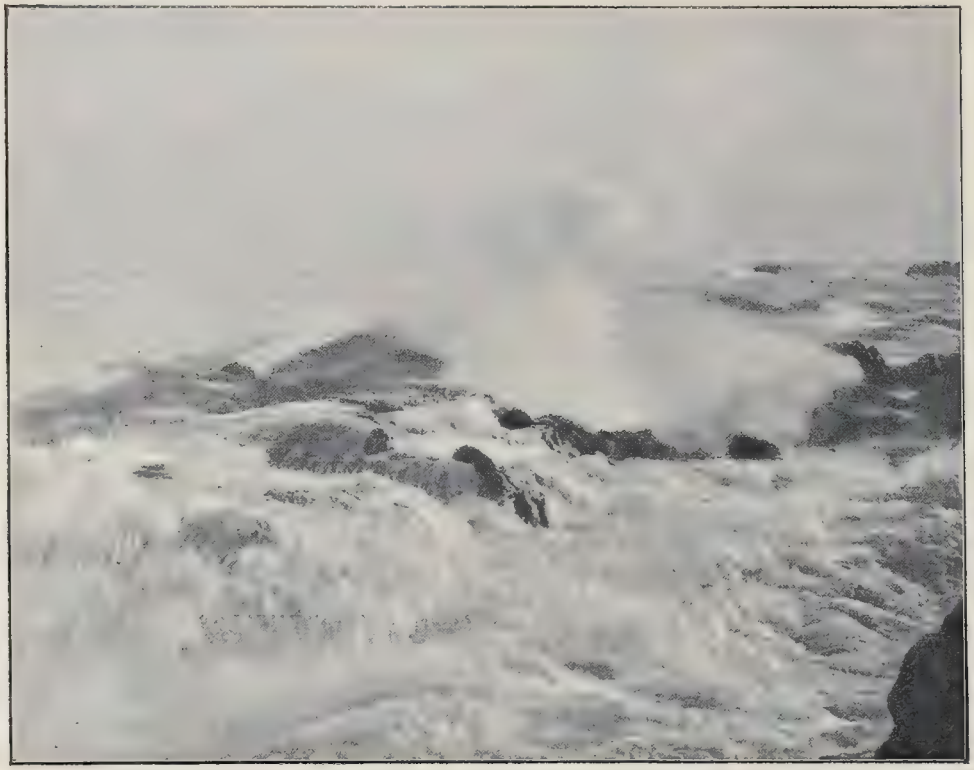
Hoar Frost Scene. By Paul Lange.

object in the picture, and too abruptly, we think, throws the remainder of the picture out of focus; it might even be said that he disregards it altogether. He has had but few followers although his writing has taught the thoughtful photographer much, and it must be owned has led to a very general suppression of microscopic sharpness. The question as to what the eye sees and the impression made upon the mind has been warmly discussed in the photographic journals, and has frequently been the subject of papers read before photographic societies.

The most recent and by far the most exhaustive essay upon the new era in photographic art is contained in a paper lately read before the members of the Society of Arts on "Impressionism in Photography," by Mr. George Davison, the honorary secretary of the Camera Club. Mr. Davison in his scholarly paper followed the thought and work of the "Impressionist"

school of painters, and drew attention to their teachings and examples; he also referred to the "Naturalistic" school, speaking of them as a "more judicious section, who seek a natural and scientific basis for their practice." He says:—"Photography compels to much that is naturalistic. . . . . The naturalistic position, then, is that in so far as a scene appeals to our experience of nature, harmonious and truthful in its light, atmosphere, relations, incident, and action, so far will it affect most powerfully our æsthetic sensibility, and such harmony and truth are only to be secured by a direct reference to nature." The paper, which has been published in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, should be read by all who are interested in picture-making by photography.

As regards practical photography, the constantly increasing number of photographers, and the establishment of photographic societies, has made this branch a possibility, and although in high places some sneer at what they are pleased to call "topographical" photography, such work is extending, and is filling many a gap in the record of this ever-improving age. The making of photographic surveys is being pushed on with great energy, and nearly every photographic society is doing something in order to keep a record of the buildings of historical and other interest which sooner or later will be swept away by the follies of modern municipal growth. The branches of practical work are endless, and although every man who can take a



The Corbière Rocks at Half Tide. By A. R. Dresser.

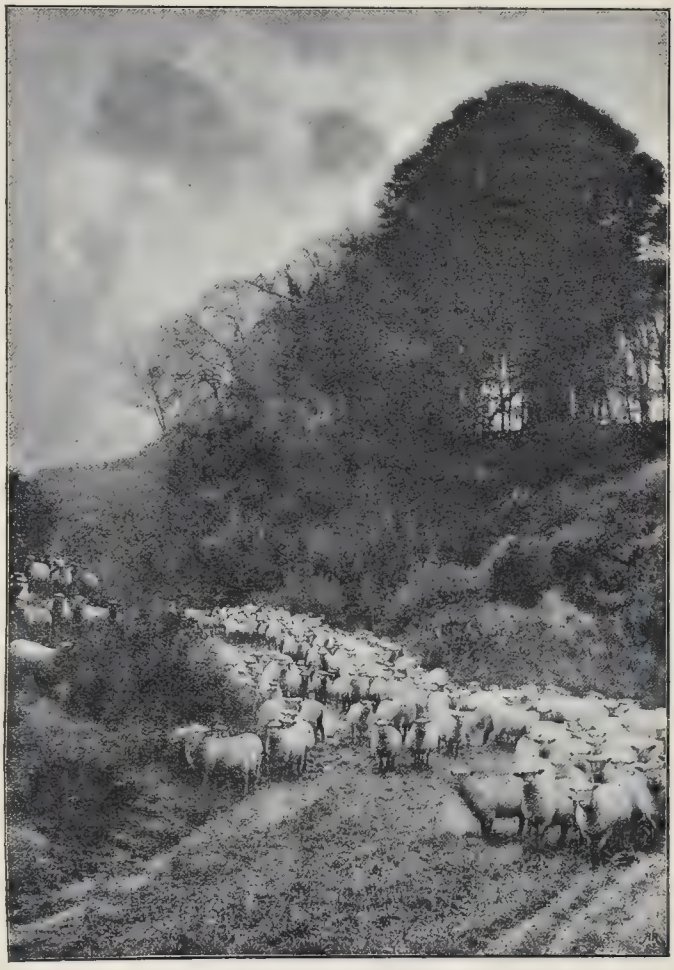
photograph and can master the mere mechanical part of the work may never hope to be an artist or lead a "school," he can do much to help. Let him take up geological, meteorological, zoological, botanical, architectural, or microscopical photography, and so aid his fellow creatures, or let him turn his attention to landscape work, or merely give us a series of views of half timbered houses, old churches, monuments; follow a river from its source to where it joins the mighty ocean, or still more prosaic work with even less call for artistic knowledge, the overhead work at a colliery, the shops of a large engineering works, a ship-yard, etc., etc.; this is all work that recent photography has made possible.

Much improvement has recently been made in printing processes. It is not many years ago that we had only silver albumenised paper. The first to combat the claims of silver was the platinotype printing process, which gave soft greys and rich blacks. This was expensive, and to some troublesome. Then the gelatino-bromide paper was introduced, and was readily taken up by amateurs. With this paper printing by artificial light was rendered possible, and many workers succeeded in printing some admirable pictures, but others got no half tones. Still bromide paper is now very extensively used, more especially for enlargements, making that work extremely easy, and putting within the reach of the worker



La Belle Bretonne. By Arthur Burchett.

with, say, a quarter-plate camera the possibility of producing from his negatives photographs up to 12 by 10. The next bidder for public favour was the gelatino-chloride paper, the use of which enables the photographer to get good detail out of a thin negative. Art education condemned its use, because of the highly glazed surface of the prints when finished, so commerce provided yet another paper, or rather got over the difficulty by squeegeeing the print when wet on to a sheet of ground glass, which gave to it, when dry, a matt surface. The most recent change or advance has been the use of, in many cases, home sensitised Whatman's rough surface drawing paper. Prints upon this paper are to be seen in every exhibition, and although a certain amount of roughness may be permissible, we rather feel with Mr. Newman that this roughness is being



Through the Driftwood to the Fold. By J. Gale.

carried too far, and that the breaking up of the surface by the granulation of the paper to secure light may be carried to excess. We must confess a preference for gelatino-chloride matt surface paper toned to a warm sepia.

Another application of photography has recently been introduced, printing on silk; and the effects for centres of doyleys is to use the hackneyed expression "too sweet."

Recent photography would not be complete without a reference to the "Diazotype process," a method of photographic dyeing and printing which has been invented by Messrs. Green, Cross and Bevan. By this process designs, positives, can be produced upon cotton, wool, silk, linen, or practically any fabric. We have before us a specimen, a portrait of a lady, printed on a piece of red twill. For commercial purposes this process opens up an enormous field, and it is not too much to predict that in the near future we

shall have dress stuffs enriched with photographs of "places we know," and possibly portraits of "those we love."

The vehicle which carries the sensitive emulsion has also been almost revolutionised. All who read these pages will know that glass has for many years been the vehicle upon which the emulsion has been coated. This, it is confidently asserted, will before long be superseded; already we have the Eastman stripping film, an emulsion coated upon paper; the celluloid film, an emulsion coated upon celluloid, which can be developed and manipulated in identically the same manner as glass; but the film that is to revolutionise photography is the transparent rollable film of the Eastman Company. This film, which is, of course, coated with a sensitive emulsion, is rollable, and is sold in a continuous band of say 48 or even 100 exposures. It is therefore possible to go out and expose the whole of the spool without having any need to open the camera, except, of course, to uncap the lens. To the artist and traveller such a medium is invaluable, and there is no doubt that the rollable film will come into universal use within a very short time, both for indoor and outdoor photography.

Another advance in recent photography is photography by



Off to the Seaside. By Lyd. Sawyer.

artificial light. By the use of magnesium powder burnt in properly adjusted lamps it is possible to photograph the guests at a banquet or a ball. Mr. Robert Slingsby took a very successful "flash light" photograph of the members of the Solar Club and their guests quite recently, upon the occasion of their giving a dinner to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the formation of the Club.

Photography as an aid to journalism would be a good title for an article of the same length as the present one, but its use and application is so recent that we must devote a few lines to pointing out the strides that have been made. Five years ago the very illustrations that are given in this article would have required a most serious outlay, and it would not have been possible to have secured so faithful a rendering as are now given by what are called half-tone blocks. These are produced with great despatch. In our own experience we have had a printing block produced from a photograph in thirty-six hours; but that is not the only way in which photography is an aid to illustration. In papers such as the *Daily Graphic* it is found impossible, owing to the rapidity with

which the paper is printed, and the texture or low quality of the paper itself, to give a satisfactory print from a half-tone block; consequently the artist uses the photograph as a guide, and quickly sketches from it a drawing with strong and well-defined lines, from which is made the commercial "line-block." It rarely happens that the artist that does this work takes the actual photograph or that he was ever near the ceremony that the illustration represents. We know a gentleman, a skilled photographer, who executes many commissions for the illustrated journals; he will attend, say, a review, and with a hand camera, using the rollable film before referred to, take his photographs, develop them at a friendly photographer's or in a portable dark room, fix them, place them between blotting paper to dry, and catch the first express to town. By the time he reaches the printing offices of the paper his negatives are dry, the artists are ready and eager for work, a bromide print from the negatives is quickly taken, in a few hours the sketch and block is made, and with your breakfast cup, presto! an illustration of the scene at the "Review on the Blankshire Downs," by our special artist.

The photographs reproduced in this article received much attention and appreciation from all visitors to the recent Exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain. Mr. J. Gale's 'Through the Driftwood to the Fold,' is an excellent example of the careful and exact work of which he is a master. Owing to the fact that he was on the bench of judges, his photographs were marked "not for competition;" had that not been the case, we venture to say that he would have again been awarded the Society's medal. The photograph 'La Belle Bretonne,' by Arthur Burchett, in the opinion of many, was the finest portrait study in the exhibition, and it certainly has been most popular. It was selected for reproduction in the *Graphic;* and prints from the negative are being sold in large numbers. In the reproduction in this journal the graceful easy pose and the natural beauty of the model with bright dark eyes is rendered with much faithfulness. A photograph of quite another kind is the 'Hoar Frost Scene,' by Paul Lange, President of the Liverpool Amateur Photographic Association; it has possibly one fault, the intense white of the foreground. As a study in photography no picture has received more commendation than 'The Corbière Rocks at Half Tide,' by A. R. Dresser. This gentleman is an enthusiastic worker, especially with the hand camera, and the photograph now under review is an enlargement from a quarter-plate negative taken in a hand camera. As a lantern slide, the beauties of the breaking waves and the boiling surf are seen even to greater advantage than in the photographic print. Mr. Lyd. Sawyer, a professional photographer in Newcastle, is a worker of considerable talent, but his best work has certainly been done on Tyneside, and the photograph 'Off to the Seaside' is an admirable example of his rendering of the atmospheric effect of the "Smoky Tyne." He recently exhibited at the Camera Club a very large collection of his work, in connection with the "One-man" Exhibitions which are there held periodically. His photographs also afforded subjects for the illustrations in a recent number of *Sun Artists*, an illustrated journal published quarterly, devoted to selected photographs of amateurs and professionals reproduced in photogravure.

I will refer to yet one more advance made within the last twelve months; one which I personally take some credit for bringing under the notice of those interested in the advancement of coloured illustrations. I refer to chromo-colotype work. I had the good fortune to place myself in communication with Mr. F. Bligh Bond, who has been interesting himself in that practically unsolvable problem, "Photography in Natural Colours." He has certainly got far on towards colour-correct photography, at least so far as the being able to render the gelatine dry plate sensitive only to certain rays of the spectrum, viz., yellow, blue, and red. He was able to place in my hands the three negatives all exposed upon the same subject, but each sensitive only to one of the colours above named. These were printed from and each treated as an ordinary colotype plate, but inked up with their respective colours, the result being the publication in the *Photographic Quarterly* of the first chromo-colotype in the world, printed from colour-correct negatives.

There is very much more to be said about "Recent Photography," but already as much space has been filled as was allotted to me for this article; I can therefore only trust that it will not be thought that "the best remains unuttered."

CHARLES W. HASTINGS.

LA PROMESSA SPOSA.

FROM THE PICTURE BY HENRY WOODS, A.R.A.

THE Venetian girl is still the subject of artistic attention. Perhaps her chief charm is that she may be so treated as to seem realistic, whereas she is all the while undergoing just that touch of exaggeration that takes her out of the range of facts. The conventions that pretended all kinds of bygone, picturesque, and improbable things about the natives of Italy have at last been cast aside. Perhaps Mr. Keeley Halswelle is the last man in England who pretended that Roman women wore *tovaglie*, or had Roman noses, or the grand figures of tradition. But there are lesser conventions that have sprung up under the hand of Mr. Luke Fildes, Mr. Henry Woods, and the painters of their following. Their Venetian girl is a far more brilliant creature than she is in fact, with hair touzled, stays unlaced, after a fashion that sounds, but does not look, like the truth. The obvious answer is that the truth would be not only less charming, but less pictorial than this slight degree of fiction. Mr. Henry Woods' technical qualities are fine enough to second him in anything, however fresh, or even audacious, that he might attempt. Atmosphere, *ensemble*, movement, light, and vitality—he has them all. He knows the turn of life in a figure, the look of life in a face, the truth of life in the air. His execution, moreover, is never dull. He is a painter who should be stimulated to go a little farther. All schools, great and small, need periodically to do what the French call *se retremper*—to undergo a checking, pulling up, revision, possibly renewal. The "Venetian school," very fresh a few years ago, already needs to be thus braced.

SIR JAMES D. LINTON, P.R.I.

LESS perhaps as a frequent and sometimes testy critic, than as an old friend of the subject of the present article—and one therefore who may have an understanding of his aims—the Editor of the *Art Journal* has asked me to write something of what is in my knowledge respecting J. D. Linton. To be considered fairly, he will have to be considered not only in his position as a painter, but as an organizer of artistic effort and an upholder of English Art. As a master of English Water-Colour in a particular line—as one steeped to the lips in the best of its traditions, and yet himself of a most marked individuality—his place as an artist is a peculiar one; but of late years Linton has been before the public not only as a painter, learned and refined, but as a continual and pertinacious advocate and furtherer of the claims of the masters of the medium in which his own best work—like the best of David Cox's and Dewint's, like the best of William Hunt's and Cotman's and Girtin's—happens to have been accomplished. To Linton and to that energetic and genial and ever convinced comrade by whose side he is so often to be seen, planning rash departures and meditating important steps—I need hardly name James Orrock—it is in a great measure owing that the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours to-day exists and flourishes, and that a gallery for the nation's permanent possessions in Water-Colour Art is before long, as one hopes, to be reared or opened in London.

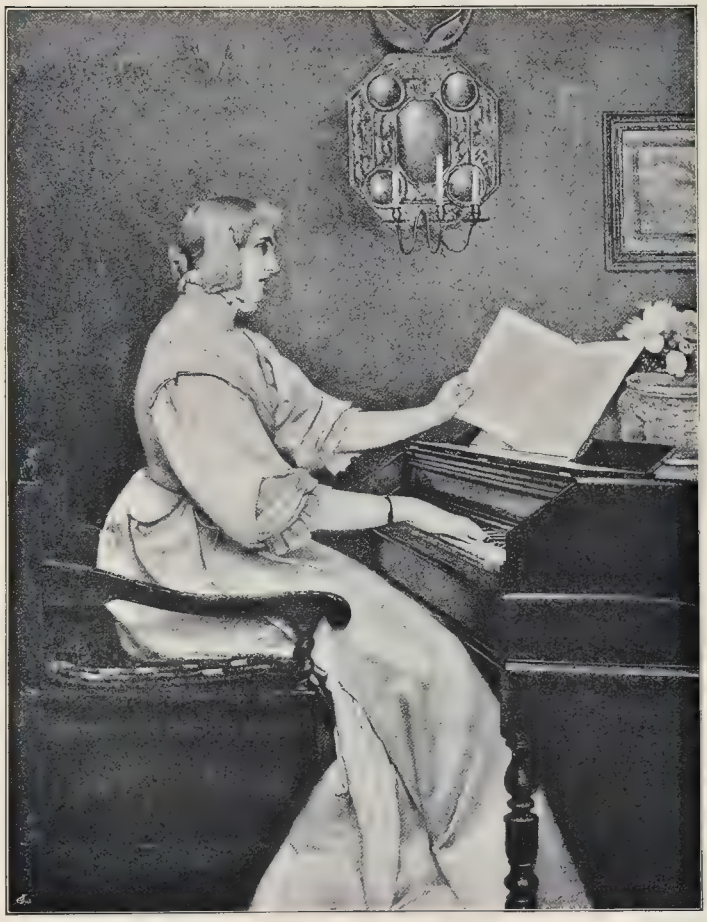


Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I.

Linton was born in the unromantic neighbourhood of the "New Road"—the Euston Road, in other words—just fifty years ago—that is, in the year 1840. Probably the first wish that he cares to remember—the first of which he may justifiably be proud, for the wishes of the wholly infantine mind are, as a rule, for more material things—was the wish to be a painter. In this, as boyhood advanced, his father was not prepared to precisely cross him; but, as a man of prudence, he was bound to insist upon precautions. Like a royal prince of the house of Hohenzollern, the youthful Linton was informed that he must learn a trade. It turned out, however, that it need not be exactly a trade. Well aware of the entirely precarious position of the artist of that date—especially of the outsider in water-colours, the young man who had entrance to neither of the two close Societies—Linton's father felt bound to forbid an exclusive devotion to Art, but in the pursuit of an artistic handicraft salvation might be found, and the youth was apprenticed, or articled, to a firm of glass-stainers. Here he had, from the first, every reason to be concerned with the problems of design, and he attended Art classes—Leigh's in Newman Street particularly—with steadiness in the evenings; and, when he was "out of his articles," worked for a whole three days a week at the then bread-winning craft, and on the other days devoted himself to the preparation of drawings for the frame, the exhibition, and the parlour-wall.

At twenty-three years old Linton exhibited for the first time; and for awhile he had the benefit of the newly-started "General Exhibition of Water Colours" at the Dudley Gallery in Piccadilly—an institution which fulfilled its particular service, and then practically collapsed; all the best of its exhibitors having gradually been drafted off into one or other of the two organized and close Societies. From that little Dudley Gallery the imaginative genius of Albert Goodwin betook itself to the "Old" Society, as it was then habitually called. From the same place the not then finally accomplished art of James D. Linton betook itself to the "New" Society, opposite Marlborough House. Were it not that the New Society—which had been founded in 1831—was less endowed than the Old, all would have been well with young Mr. Linton, as one of its members. For, irrespective of the difference in the accumulated properties of the two bodies, which concerned only the artists, the buyers of water-colours, who now distribute themselves everywhere—who pick up a drawing at any of the dealers, or at the "one-man" shows which are now so popular—the buyers of water-colours at that period, I say, knew practically both the "Old" and the "New" Gallery equally well, and the great dealer's gallery of Mr. Vokins, and great was their eagerness (as I have been told by Linton and others who remember it) to be the first to get admission on those "private view" days which

were then more strictly days of private views than they can now claim to be. The gates of the Old and of the New Society had, just before the opening hours, the aspect of the pit door at a theatre in vogue. At the appointed time, buyers bustled inside—who was to have the first choice of the Dodgsons, say, and who the Hines? All this I narrate because it will explain the importance to the water-colour painter of that period of belonging to one of these Societies. It is important, of course, to-day, as bestowing at least some measure of prestige; but, in those old days, without it publicity and pay were hardly possible. Nowhere practically but in the two Societies could the water-colour painter enjoy the comfort of the presence of what used to be called the "patron," and the scarcely less substantial



"Alice Lisle." From the Water-colour in the possession of G. J. S. Loch, Esq.

advantage which accrues to him through the effort of the critic, through the benevolence and the ability of the better part of the Press.

It was in 1867—the year in which he was married, but several years before he came to that house on Haverstock Hill from which he has now in part shifted to a studio in the Cromwell Road—that J. D. Linton was admitted to the New Society. His work at that time, I must consider immature in its accomplishment, though it had the interest of labour founded to begin with on fine traditions, and something of the charm of an original system to boot. And, however immature, the work did show what now in its perfection remains among the greatest of its characteristics—the sensitiveness of this painter to very subtle harmonies and very noble splendours of colour. It pointed already to the day at which it would be possible to say, without any manner of doubt, that it was not by imaginative conception nor by dexterous presentation of literary story, that this painter

would be best remembered—that it was not by these that he would establish his fame. It would be, in chief, by that which artists speak of as "quality"—the indescribable charm of touch and texture—by the fulness of the chords of colour which he would employ, and by their learned and beautiful variety, so that, story apart (and he can tell a story when he cares to, as the 'Queen of Scots' and the 'Gil Blas' of our illustrations sufficiently prove), his work is fascinating inch by inch, through the perfection of the realisation of steel and jewel, of silk and satin and ermine, of faded velvet upholsteries, of grey-green tapestry backgrounds, of pearls in blonde hair, and of the pearl or peach colour of young and untroubled flesh. Anticipating events a little, we find ourselves hitting at once upon, and declaring, the characteristic qualities of this painter's art. Even from the symptoms, so to say, of his youth, one's diagnosis may be made. This man is to be a follower, after his measure, of the secular art of Venice, which gave us Veronese and Tintoret; of the secular art of Holland, which produced Metsu and Terburg; and of that art of England which gave us Wilson and Etty, Cattermole and William Hunt.

But leaving criticism of this sort for awhile, let us go back in orderly fashion to the life-story. That, however, is exceedingly uneventful. It is of necessity quite without piquancy—a story of unchequered work and of social and artistic progress—and, had it piquancy, I should suppress that here. A beautiful and elaborate drawing wrought in 1873, and illustrating the subject of the Beggars' Feet, washed on Maundy Thursday, won for its painter the Gold Medal of the Philadelphia International Exhibition. By this time J. D.



Scene from "Gil Blas." From the Water-colour in the possession of G. F. S. Loch, Esq.

Linton was visibly to the front, but ten years passed before he was elected first president of that Institute of Painters in Oil which he had done so much to establish—a Society, it will be remembered, that overlaps but by no means coincides with that other Society with which Sir James Linton's name is most especially identified—the "Royal Institute," formerly the "New Society of Painters in Water-Colours." The Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, whose history (much more eventful than the personal history of its present president) some Mr. Roget of the future must undertake to write—had been passing through troubled waters, during the time when the artistic reputation of several of its best members—J. D. Linton, Thomas Collier, Wimperis, Orrock, Charles Green, Fulleylove—was in act to be made or confirmed. Things were going ill with it in its narrow tunnel-like chamber, opposite Marlborough House. Bold spirits were perceiving that a move was inevitable, and it was sought—successfully, thank Heaven!—to make the move in a fashion that should give something of wider scope and of lasting encouragement to the particularly English branch of Art. Linton had a great hand in the successful conduct of the Institute, as it made its move to Piccadilly, as it housed itself in splendid quarters, as it opened its school, as it bade us to banquets that have been agreeable, and to dances that have been historic, as it at one and the same moment received Royal favour and made for itself a new and a great public of visitors and buyers.

But Linton was not actually president, in the earlier part of the time of which I speak. He had the vice-chair. The chair itself was filled by Louis Haghe, and a veteran of admir-

able art and of noble presence—the famous Mr. Leitch, one of the last masters of the science of composition, a painter of style, for whose memory Linton and his peers of to-day entertain the most respectful affection—was influential in the Institute's councils. But Haghe passed away, and Leitch passed away in the fulness of years, having served their Art and their Society. Linton succeeded to the President's chair in 1884, and in 1885 was made a Knight Bachelor, in recognition both of the excellence of his art and of the energy and tact of his service.

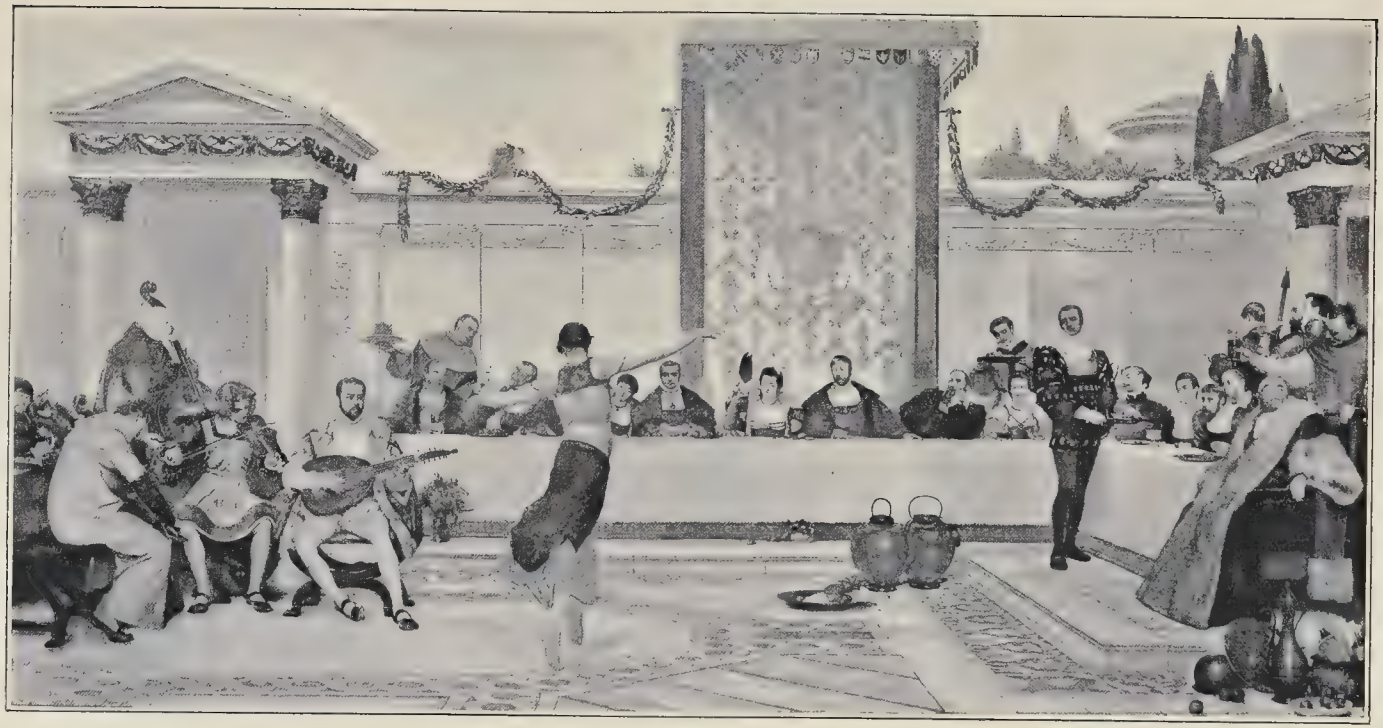
The first year that the Institute's Exhibition was held at the new building, the subject of my present paper showed one of the finest, largest, and most attractive drawings he had ever executed. That was the drawing of 'The Admonition,' of which I am fortunate enough to possess the finished sketch. Linton had been taken to task by some people—for even a chorus of praise must needs be at times interrupted—he had been taken to task, I say, for the too frequent blackness that was observable in his works. As regards some of his works in oil, there was probably some foundation for this charge; but in water-colour, so far as I have seen, his shadowed spaces have always been luminous. Anyhow, he is among the wise ones, who do not assume as a matter of course that an unfavourable criticism is always likewise an untrue one. He saw, perhaps, that there was at least a pitfall ahead, and he determined—for so I read it, though I do not speak with his authority—to paint a large important drawing in a light, or high, key. And this was 'The Admonition,' which exhibits so many of his



The Abdication of Mary Queen of Scots. From the Picture in the possession of W. S. Hobson, Esq.

characteristics—the extent to which he can be dramatic, for instance—a priestly crowd bursts in upon and threatens to silence the unhallowed revelries of prince and poet and mistress—and his love of pageantry, and his feeling for the beauty and *insouciance* of the young, and his feeling, too, for the dignity and solemnity of the Church's functions, and above all perhaps, his skill in ordered composition and in the attractive yet never obtrusive representation of splendid textures. A study from the marbles of the high altar of St. Mark's—for Linton had now been in Venice as well as in Spain—helped him, I remember, to a background for this interesting scene of conflict between the powers of the Church on the one hand, and the ministers to Pleasure on the other.

Admirable as this important water-colour is—and I have mentioned it not as standing quite alone, but as typical of a certain class—there are yet good judges who hold that it is in single-figure pieces (each figure wrought on a somewhat larger scale than any one figure in 'The Admonition') that Sir James is seen at his very best. Such judges at all events have no difficulty in gloating over the examples that most commend themselves to them; for such single figures are numerous. They bear sometimes fancy titles. An 'Olivia,' it may be, or a 'Clarissa,' without thought of Goldsmith or of Richardson; or they are linked together by their connection with a common scheme. They are part of a vast illustration of the *dramatis personæ* of Sir Walter Scott, for instance (and Sir Walter is a



The Banquet. From the Picture (one of a series of five) in the possession of C. Jacoby, Esq.

novelist to whom Linton vows an allegiance as faithful as and far more explicable than was ever Balzac's). Or, again, they are parts of a series devoted by Linton and his friend James Orrock to the record of the fortunes of that Scottish Queen who is most of all a heroine of romance. They are the Queen's Maries. I should be sorry for my own part to pronounce positively either that the painter excels in single-figure pieces or that he excels in dramatic groups. Wonderfully unemotional as a whole—wonderfully little a prey to the mere feeling of the moment—he is yet, of course, unequal; and this necessary inequality, has the result sometimes of endowing a dramatic subject with the whole of its fire, sometimes of leaving it a little cold and uninspired. And sometimes a single-figure piece will fall below the usual level; and sometimes it will remind us, more than we have ever been reminded before, of the sober triumphs of the Seventeenth-Century Dutchmen—of the restful splendours of Gerard Terburg and Gabriel Metsu.

As an oil painter, Sir James Linton has had on the whole a more dubious, though certainly an honourable, success. He has many great gifts, but it is perhaps not too much to hint again that the greatest of his gifts—the one on the possession of which he may at all times count most certainly—is the gift of "quality." You cannot put quality into canvas eight feet long. Now Sir James Linton's best known achievement in oil painting is the series, on a big scale, of 'Incidents in the Life of a Warrior.' These decorate a vast drawing-room somewhere in the North-Midlands. I believe they are at Nottingham. The series, as a *tour de force*, is exceedingly interesting. Need I say that it is admirably conceived, admirably drawn—in a word, highly artistic? I hope not. But it is a *tour de force* for all that. To do it quite naturally, Linton would have wanted a larger share than has fallen upon him of Veronese's mantle. The 'Dance,' with its suave long figure that floats almost in air, is one of the finest examples of it. But it may be that into certain small oil pictures—dainty heads, shown last year, for example, at the New Gallery—Linton has put his more individual characteristics: serenity of beauty, and—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase—"quality."

Lately Sir James has added to the service he has done for English Art, by piping with his friend Orrock—who, around the walls of Jericho, blows always the louder trumpet—to the end that artistic prejudices may cease, and that in our national collections the essentially English art of water-colour shall be represented not only with appropriate honour, but with appropriate fulness. And this must indeed come about. Then will Sir James Linton rejoice to know that the big public has got some little inkling of the truth, plain long ago, of course, to the person who gives himself the trouble to really think about Fine Art—the truth that in Art there is no merit whatever in the practice in any particular medium or in the practice upon any particular scale. Meissonier must be remembered with his limited and well-filled inches, as long as Pietro da Cortona with his splendid acres of decorated wall. Quentin Latour, with his handful of coloured chalks, bringing before us in vivacious drawings the physiognomy of all the Eighteenth Century in France, holds his own with our own Sir Joshua, with his more august medium, with his subtle and magnificent palette of carmine and amber and gold. And so it will be with water-colour. And when the great insensitive public, which understands the Arts so little, honours Peter Dewint as the equal of John Constable, and honours Girtin as a hundred times superior to Creswick, that desirable change in universal opinion must be laid partly to the door of the sterling yet fascinating master of the newer and English medium, to whom I have devoted these few pages I trust of sympathetic, but I know of necessarily inadequate, record.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE LATE SIR JOSEPH EDGAR BOEHM, R.A.



Sir J. E. Boehm, R.A.

THE close of a year in which the deaths of persons connected with the Art world were singularly few as compared with those of eminent leaders of other professions, was marked by the demise of Sir Edgar Boehm, R.A., Sculptor in Ordinary to the Queen. The event, which was painfully sudden, took place in the studio in the Fulham Road, where the deceased sculptor had worked for so many years with so much material success. So unexpected was it that he had informed his attendant that he expected a visit from Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, who had formerly studied the art of sculpture with Sir Edgar at his studio. Overwork and the blow he had received by the death of his wife early in the year had told severely on a constitution never robust, and had accelerated the disease of the heart to which he finally succumbed.

Joseph Edgar Boehm was born at Vienna in 1834, of Hungarian parentage. He was trained as an artist from the beginning, deriving no little help from his father, a well-known collector of works of Art. Together they travelled in Italy, and there the boy's taste for sculpture definitely declared itself. He came to England in 1848, and remained in this country three years, spending much time in the study of the Parthenon marbles in the British Museum. In 1853, at the age of nineteen, he received his first Imperial prize in Vienna, and from that time worked hard in designing and executing coins and medals. From the year 1859 he lived some time in Paris, and in due time became a successful exhibitor at the London Exhibition of 1862, after which he abandoned coins and medals, and gave his mind to por-

trait busts and statuettes, chiefly equestrian. These attracted the attention of the Queen, and Boehm rapidly rose in favour with the Court and with the public. His success may be said to have been established in the year 1869, when he was commissioned to execute a colossal statue of the Queen, together with a monument of the Duke of Kent in St. George's Chapel, and to execute bronze statuettes of all the Royal Family for Her Majesty. These were followed in 1872 by the well-known and excellent statue of John Bunyan for Bedford.

Boehm was elected an A.R.A. in 1878, his election being followed soon afterwards by what is probably his best work, the statue of Carlyle, which was cast in bronze and placed on the Thames Embankment at Chelsea. By the time that this statue was exhibited, it may be said that his place in the estimation of the public and of his brother artists was assured. Commissions poured in upon him from the Royal Family, from the Government, and from private persons. Among the many works which he executed after this date it is enough to mention—colossal statues of Lord Napier of Magdala and of Lord Northbrook for Calcutta; a marble statue of King Leopold I. of Belgium for St. George's Chapel; a recumbent figure of Princess Alice and her child, for the mausoleum at Frogmore and for Darmstadt; and a statue of the Prince Imperial. Boehm's outdoor statues in London, executed about this time, included William Tyndale, the Reformer, for the Thames Embankment, and Lord Lawrence for Waterloo Place. In the latter case, being dissatisfied with the effects of the first statue, Mr. Boehm, at his own expense, replaced it by another. In 1881 he was appointed Sculptor in Ordinary to the Queen; and in 1882 he became full Academician. On the death of Dean Stanley he was charged with the making of his tomb. This beautiful statue was repeated for Rugby Chapel.

More recently Boehm (who was created a baronet in 1889) has been prominently before the public as the maker of the new Wellington statue at Hyde Park Corner, and of the Jubilee coinage, but neither of those can be called very successful. The Wellington statue was engraved in the 1889 *Art Journal*, p. 93.

Sir Edgar Boehm enjoyed one of the most successful careers of modern times; but he was not a great sculptor. He knew his business, and he knew what his patrons and the public demanded of him, and he met their demands respectably. He produced work that the man in the street could understand perfectly; work that was always intelligent, but work that seldom rose to greatness. In private life he was kindly, courteous, and affable; he knew his own limitations better, probably, than anybody else did, and he accepted his success modestly and not without diffidence.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEW.

WITH reference to the first part of the article upon Lord Tennyson's Childhood which appeared in our last number, a friend of the family, and one who knows their history, points out that it is an entire error of Mr. Graham's to say that Lord Tennyson was not exceptionally remarkable for early promise. As a boy he wrote poetry that his father, who, the article shows, was a man well qualified to judge, rated very highly, and a poem of his written when he was fourteen still exists. He was the foremost of the family in all literary efforts, and brothers and sisters deferred to him from the first.

On the occasion of the distribution of prizes to the students of the Royal Academy, Sir Frederick Leighton said he found it difficult to apply any comprehensive epithet to the work, because the competition was very varied in quality, and in one or two of the categories he did not see quite all the zeal and achievement he should perhaps like. In other cases, however, most excellent results were achieved. In painting the figure from the life, the quantity sent in was not great, and the quality was not so high as one might like to see. In landscape, however, the competitors were numerous, and the competition contained so many good works that he should have been extremely embarrassed in giving his award had he been called upon to take any share in the voting or in the verdict. The Armitage competition was also very good, and the equivalent of the Armitage in sculpture was excellent; but perhaps most satisfactory of all, and to him especially gratifying, owing to the deep interest he took in it, was the competition in design for mural decoration. He thought that this competition was larger than in previous years, and although no doubt one particularly tender and charming design had absorbed and gathered to itself a large preponderance of votes, there were nevertheless other works of considerable excellence which were much admired and appreciated. The Academy had decreed the execution at its own cost of the work of the winner of this contest. Another competition which he had much at heart was modelling in relief, combining figure with ornament. This was a class which appeared to him to be very important, because it offered a considerable opening for young sculptors. Everything was important that offered an outlet to the imaginative and designing powers of sculptors in a country where that art was appreciated. The chief prizes were:—Landscape painting—Creswick prize (£30), Ralph Peacock. Cartoon of a draped figure—Silver medal and prize (£25), H. G. Riviere. Design for the decoration of a portion of a public building—Prize (£40), A. C. Weatherstone. Model of a statue or group—Silver medal, W. Willis.

Mr. John Lewis Roget is engaged upon a history of the "Old Water-Colour Society." In addition to a record of the proceedings of the society and the contents of its exhibitions, it will contain biographical notices of all its deceased members and associates, and also an account of the practice of water-colour painting in England during the last century.

The receipts of the Liverpool Autumn Exhibition amounted to about £3,000, which slightly exceeds those of the previous year. One hundred and seventy pictures were sold, valued at rather more than £6,000.

The new gallery in the Musée du Trocadéro, which has been for some time in course of arrangement, is now open to

the public. The casts from the antique lately in this museum are to be placed in one of the galleries of the Louvre. To the Louvre also another new gallery is being added. It will be devoted to mediæval and modern bronzes.

The coalition of the two Paris Salons will not take place this year. The Société des Artistes Français will open its annual exhibition in the Champs-Elysées on May 1st, as usual; on the same day the Société Nationale intends to open its gallery in the Champ de Mars.

We have received from the Autograph Company an autogravure of the picture by Herbert Schmalz, 'Zenobia's Last Look on Palmyra.' The reproduction is a good representation of the original, which at the time it was exhibited appeared to us somewhat wanting in force. It has since been acquired for the National Gallery of Melbourne.

To his considerable series of handbooks Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare has recently added three volumes, dealing with North-Eastern, South-Eastern, and South-Western France, the first of these including Paris. Much of the material for the Southern volume first appeared in these pages, and our readers are therefore as competent as the writer to form an opinion concerning it. There is an assured demand for these books, and most of them have run to several editions, but these French issues have one peculiarity which presumably must militate very much against their success; they contain paragraph after paragraph of quotations from French authors in the original tongue; their use therefore to any but linguists is circumscribed; but linguists would probably prefer the French guides, than which more comprehensive ones do not exist: the class to which Mr. Hare's volumes will apparently mostly appeal are those who like to feel that their guide is a compatriot who has recently been over the ground himself, and can indicate to them the most comfortable resting-places. As to this, we presume that Mr. Hare can speak with authority, although a glance at the Paris hotels shows that his information as regards these is not up to date. The Grand Hôtel du Louvre is spoken of as one of the three largest hotels, whereas the one now known by that name is of quite secondary importance, that to which he refers having been absorbed some two or three years ago by the Magasins du Louvre; nor is the large new hotel at the St. Lazare Terminus mentioned, or that very good house the Athénée. It is, however, an enormous task which the author has undertaken, and it would be a sheer impossibility to prevent mistakes occurring.

We reproduce on this page the Pastoral Staff recently presented to the Bishop of Chester by the Duke of Westminster on behalf of the subscribers. It is silver gilt, is of Gothic design, with niches, pillars, and canopies, figures, and scroll and leaf work. The crook proper forms a closed circle, with the group of the Virgin Mary and the Child in the centre. Vine-leaves and grapes surround the ridge, forming crockets, and the crook, dividing towards the centre, spreads into branches, with leaves and grapes overshadowing the figures and filling in the open space. It rests on a tower hexagonal in plan, with richly crocketed pilasters, canopies, and pierced windows of double tracery, and carries in its six niches the following figures: S. Chad, Bishop of Lichfield, the parent see; S. Anselm; S. Oswald; Abbot Richard, first Abbot of Chester; S. Werburga; Bishop Pearson—all with their attributes and name scrolls. Above the roof of the tower and on the base and stem of the crook, S. Paul and S. Peter are placed in similar niches. The tower rests on a large-shaped boss, with rich mouldings, delicate flower and leaf work in repoussé, and has on its central bands six quatrefoils in blue enamel, with small flowers overlaid, and above and below it twelve large topazes cut and set to follow the hexagonal plan. Below it ends in a fluted ferrule, with delicate leaf borders, a band of six differently-coloured agates, and the following inscription engraved:—"In Usum Episcoporum Cestriensium hunc Pastoralis Officii, Baculum Dedicaverunt Clerici et Laici Fideles. A.D. MDCCCXC. 'Pasce Oves Meas.'" This forms the upper part, which fits over the staff proper of wood, covered with silver-gilt plates, and several rich mouldings dividing its length. The work was designed by Messrs. Bodley and Garner, and has been executed by a foreign firm, Messrs. Barkentin and Krall, of Regent Street, London.



Pastoral Staff presented to the Bishop of Chester.

OBITUARY.—Besides the death of Sir Edgar Boehm noticed on another page, we have to record the decease of Mr. Charles Keene, the well-known *Punch* artist, who had been in failing health for three years past; of Dr. Keine Schliemann, the explorer of ancient Greek and Trojan sites; of William Bell Scott, painter and writer; of John Lewis Brown, a well-known exhibitor at the French galleries; of Richard Fisher, of Midhurst; and of Auguste Louis Ottin, the sculptor, pupil of David d'Angers and winner of the Grand Prix in 1836. 'Acis and Galatea surprised by Polyphemus'—one of his best works—decorates the Medici Fountain in the Luxembourg Garden.



FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE CHANTREY BEQUEST



At Venice. By François Flameng.

FRANÇOIS FLAMENG.

A FEW days ago, on reading an article upon the works now being executed at the Sorbonne, the oft-recurring name of François Flameng reminded me of many things. The writer showed us the young artist working at his great decorative pictures among masons, wall-painters and locksmiths, amid clouds of dust, creating a Larochefoucauld or a St. Simon from his model in Louis XIV. costume perched on a barrel. Then followed a description of his pictures—Abelard; Richelieu, so full of originality; and Rollin the poet; 'Sorbon;' and 'St. Louis;' 'L'imprimerie;' 'La Renaissance,' etc., etc. The critic pointed out the wonderful arrangement in these great panels, and how appropriate they are to the Sorbonne, this centre of learning, this sanctuary for all that is beautiful in science and letters; in short, he gave honour where honour was due, and placed François Flameng in the foremost rank; and while reading, the idea came to me that I should speak of this artist as I knew him, and recall the far-away memories of an old friendship.

Looking back across twenty years, I see our old college again, the Lycée Louis le Grand, with its cold and weather-stained walls, its sombre courts, and its half monastic, half military, and always sadly monotonous life. Then into this great calm the war suddenly came, and disasters, and the sound of siege and cannon disturbed our labours.

But we continued them unceasingly until the end of the autumn session.

I cannot even now look back without deep emotion to a December evening in '70. I remember the intense cold, the ominous sound of cannon, and our laborious working at Greek translation; and then at the end of the lesson our tutor rose, and speaking in a voice which seemed to vibrate through the room, exhorted us always to remember those terrible hours, to love our country, and to prepare for the future. We spent our playtime in making lint, while our masters, now partly soldiers, paced drearily up and down in the snow, which made our old walls seem even blacker than usual.

One day we were much excited by the appearance of M. J. Simon, one of the Ministers. Could he possibly have come to tell us the war was ended? We ran to the windows and looked anxiously at the black group of masters in the courtyard. The great man was speaking, but, alas! only to say we must leave the Rue St. Jacques; the shells were raining down on the Sorbonne and on the Latin Quarter. There was no time to lose, and indeed many of us were light-hearted; it meant liberty, unexpected holidays, and, above all, we should be able to look for ourselves—to look close at this hideous but terribly interesting thing which people called war—to see at last the cannon which we had hitherto only heard grumbling beyond our walls.

Soon after this the Commune scattered us to the four corners of Europe, and Flameng went to Brussels, where he studied in the galleries after the pictures of Rubens, Hals, and Rembrandt, copying these masters with great delight. Four years after we were to meet as young men, palette in hand, perched on high stools, in Cabanel's studio at the École des Beaux-Arts. Cabanel's! the word recalls a pleasant time and many old friends, especially the most famous among them, Bastien Lepage, with his anxious eyes, his square head, his hair cut in twelfth-century fashion, and thin beard. Already he was a different man to him whom we had seen marching proudly on the ramparts of Paris during the siege, blowing a bugle at the head of the 83rd Battalion. Quiet and thoughtful, seeking after new ways of doing things, which in those days mystified us exceedingly, developing a peculiar style of his own, which has since greatly influenced French Art. Poor Bastien, he was a rough diamond, perhaps, but a diamond none the less. Then there were Gervex, Raphaël Collin, Buland, Carrière, Dawant, Moreau de Tours, and many others. Flameng came, and from the first was a very free-and-easy and irregular pupil; part of the teaching he found irksome, he wanted to go his own way, and so it happened that beside the most charmingly clever sketches, were others quite the reverse, showing how dull he sometimes found his daily task. Cabanel, who was particularly taken by Flameng, soon saw that an original and interesting painter would develop from this seeker after ideas, this abstracter of quintessences, and on Wednesdays, when our work was corrected, he preached his young disciple many a sermon. This good man, abused by so many, and understood by so few, was nevertheless, and will remain, the model of masters; carrying the love of eclecticism perhaps a little too far, he encouraged each one of us in our several ways to develop any originality we might possess; thus it came to pass that in Cabanel's studio might be seen the most ambitious and vivid



A Stolen Tête-à-tête.



Asking the Way.

colourists side by side with the most timid and colourless draughtsmen.

The moment our august chief appeared on the threshold, all noise ceased as if by magic and a religious quiet prevailed. His progress then commenced. Passing from one to another, borrowing here a palette, there a piece of chalk, with his left hand leaning on an umbrella, his hat pushed back on his head, and his eyes half closed, Cabanel with a few firm and delicate touches straightened the bent figures, making them live again, and criticising in a low voice as he worked. We all trembled before this judge who combined such severity and kindness, and were overjoyed by the smallest encouragement. He concealed under a grim exterior great timidity and much good-nature, and moved majestically among us like an ancient master among his followers. No sooner did he disappear, however, than the noise recommenced, the pipes were re-lighted, and the model jumped off the table to warm himself before the old iron stove.

Poor Cabanel, who has so lately got his due—we loved him while we had him, and missed him terribly when we lost him.

In spite of his success Flameng was not happy at the school. A certain nervousness, hidden by a rather moody exterior, made his life in the studio unpalatable to him. I remember many stupid tricks of which he was the object. But at his home he worked well under the direction of his father, M. Leopold

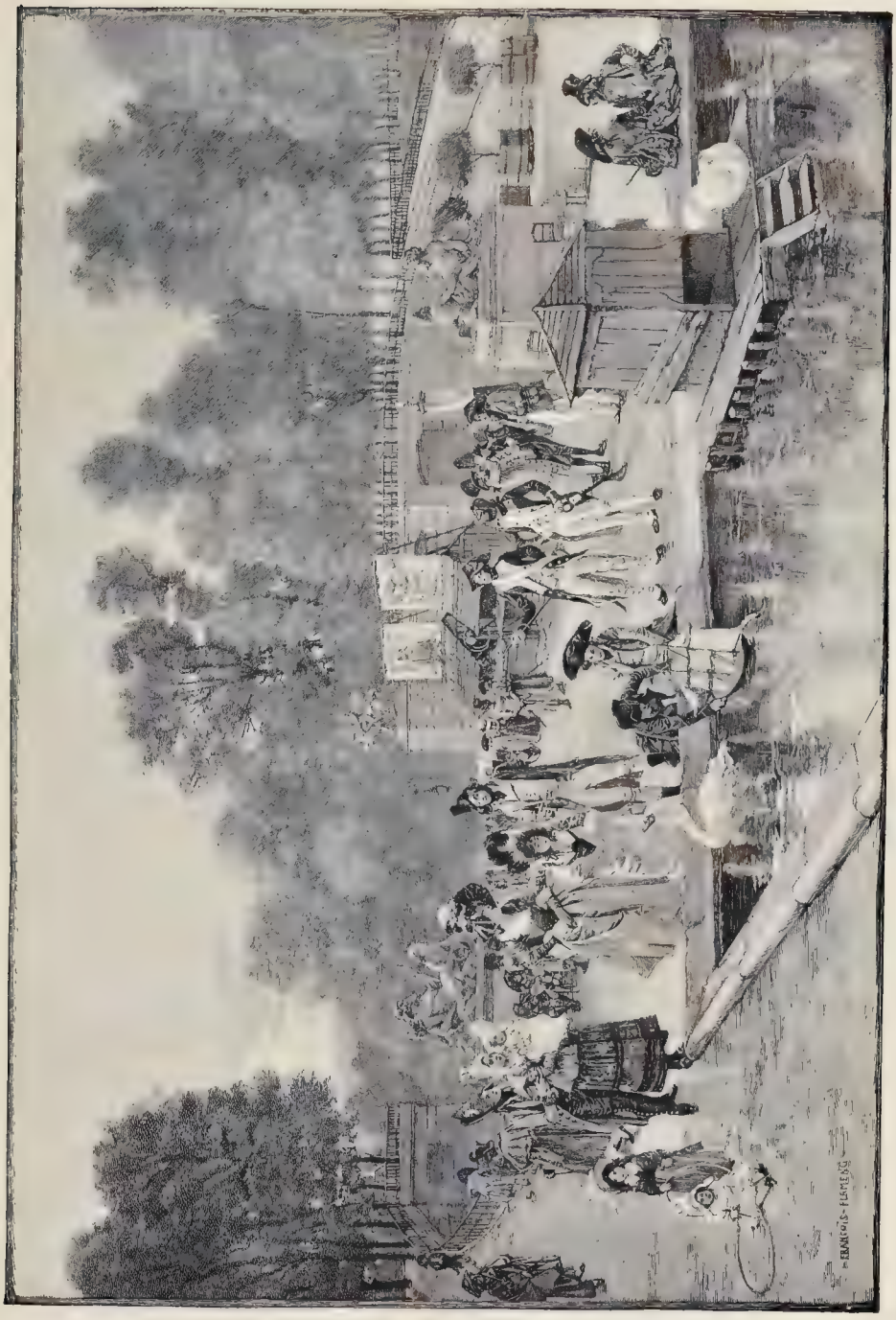


Studies for the decoration of the Sorbonne.



Dolce far niente.

Flameng, the eminent engraver. In this quiet haven, given up to work, Art, and the study of the beautiful, he learnt to be a painter, working furiously, piling canvas upon canvas,—painter and engraver by turns. And every year, as two comrades, father and son went away together to visit and study the collections of Europe. It was during one of these tours in Holland that they met Fromentin, the most refined and cultured of connoisseurs, and great good luck it was thus to talk with the author of the "Maîtres d'Autrefois;" "Dominique," a perfect book only too little known, "Un Été dans le Sahara;" and "Voyage dans le Sahel." Fromentin, with his great round eyes peering through spec-



The Pond of the Tuileries.

tacles, scrutinised and dug and dissected pictures like an anatomist, looking at them from every point of view, turning them upside down, examining even the varnish, the texture of the canvas, trying to analyse the smallest tricks of execution, it was quite like a course of artistic chemistry, and while some masters were demolished outright, others were exalted to the skies. Holbein's always remained the summit of perfection.

In 1875 Flameng exhibited his first picture, 'Le Lutrin,' and in 1876 the portrait of a woman in black. After this a term of military service interrupted his studies for a while, but in 1879 he exhibited 'L'Appel des Girondins.' Every one must still remember the striking composition of this picture: in a low dimly-lit room the Girondins are assembled drinking their last toast to liberty. With this picture began a series of historical pictures, 'La Prise de la Bastille,' and best of all, 'Les Chouans à Machecoul,' which brought down an avalanche of abuse more or less unjust, the critic having discovered a political intention where the artist had only found a good subject. Then came a 'Camille Desmoulins,' followed by a quantity of work ignored by the public and scattered to the four corners of America. In 1879 'Les Girondins'



Grolier visiting the Printing Office. Decoration of a Chimney-piece in the Grolier Club, New York.

having gained him the Prix de Salon, Flameng went to Italy, where he studied the great Florentine masters, Boticelli, Masaccio, Ghirlandajo, Benozzo-Gozzoli, etc. "The crude and commonplace is the ideal nowadays," he wrote about this time; "in passing through the Salon one is depressed by the poverty of conception and the prosaic crowds of unnecessarily dirty peasants, and drunken workmen, neither of which are pleasant subjects to look upon or reflect upon. At the same time nothing is more interesting than the modern in Art, but then it must be distinguished by character and—I hesitate to use the much-abused word—style. The old Florentines were very marked modernists inasmuch as they passed their time in reproducing what they saw,—but with what grandeur, with what science! When one enters the choir of Santa Maria Novella, in Florence, and sees Ghirlandajo's frescoes, one is struck by their great reality and truth, their perfect straightforwardness and simplicity, which is always beautiful. To my mind, the ideal picture is the one in which the beauty of form and colour remain while the means which has produced it is lost sight of; let us then try to cast away these trammels which have bound us, and to pass into that quiet land of

beauty and poetry where Ingres and Corot reign supreme." Are not these lines the best explanation of the Sorbonne pictures? After one has admired their clever execution, there remains around them an atmosphere of archaism and philosophy which is of more worth than their beauty, valuable though that be.

Furthermore, François Flameng has a gift extremely rare in these days of specialists, and that is his versatility, which can adapt itself to every form of Art. His power of composition and arrangement, which makes his pictures in the Sorbonne such a remarkable collection, appears again in his illustrations for Victor Hugo's books, and in quantities of microscopic sketches.

A short time ago François Flameng exhibited at the Mirlitons, a small panel, 'Bonaparte, Officier d'Artillerie, dans son Galetas de Valence,' a gem of colour. Last year he sent to the Salon 'L'Armée Française en Hollande,' one of his best pictures.

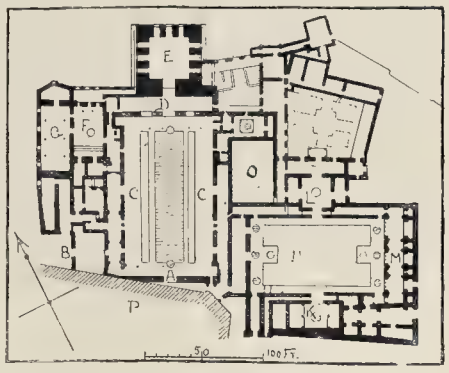
François Flameng lives in the Rue d'Armaillé, in a queer big house standing in a garden; his house is filled with curiosities, and the works of modern and ancient masters. Here, away from the strife of tongues, he works from morning till night, without break or repose, happy and contented with his lot. His method, though perfectly simple, is not in everyone's power. When a picture idea comes to him he lights his pipe, stretches himself on a sofa and turns his idea well over in his mind, never stopping till his picture stands clearly before his eyes. How delicious are these hours of thought and planning for any one with his power! and yet these things are considered of small account in the eyes of many painters and critics. People no longer paint pictures, they paint suggestions; but it is after all a matter of fashion. Happily the study of the beautiful is undying, and perhaps some day justice will be awarded to those artists who hide their lack of ideas under great pretence of a peculiar style. Flameng has understood that in the search for truth there must be no stopping, so he works continuously, never disheartened, never contented, always beginning again and struggling to mount yet higher. The sympathy of some, the friendship of a few, and the intimacy of many, support him; and it is a great pleasure to me to say what a good friend I have found in this talented artist, one of the best of the young school, a man to be relied on, François Flameng.

GEORGES CAIN.

THE ALHAMBRA.

A FRENCH architect, Girault de Prangey, who about sixty years ago published a folio volume of remarkably fine illustrations of Moorish architecture in Spain, alludes to Granada as being, "like Naples, Edinburgh, and Constantinople, a city which owes to its climate, position, and monuments, an originality without a rival." The comparison with "Auld Reekie," especially in regard to its climate (*à son ciel*), seems at first sight a comparison of opposites, yet that there is a certain degree of excuse for it, the general view of Granada accompanying this article will show. Like Edinburgh, it is a city situated at the foot of a hill, the height of which is crowned by a fortress; for the Alhambra is built within the walls of a line of fortifications, and the very site it occupies was probably originally occupied by buildings of a fortified character, the place, according to Ford, being mentioned by an Arab poet of the ninth century as "Kal'at Al-hamra," which is, being interpreted, "The Red Castle," and considering the suggestive nature of the ground for a stronghold, it may have been a fortified station in the hands of one or another people for centuries before that. The Moorish princes who in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries erected the palace, which is one of the most precious archæological treasures of Europe, did not, as far as the exterior treatment of the building was concerned, at all belie the past history of the site. The square masses of the Alhambra which crown the height are as bold, stern, and architecturally uninteresting as a battery; it was part of the genius of the people, perhaps part of the policy of the ruler, to turn to the gaze of the public this stern and uninviting exterior, the mask of an interior of voluptuous and dream-like beauty, the very name of which has become a kind of romance, and the partial injury of which by fire recently sent a kind of shiver through the whole civilised world, which saw itself threatened with a loss which no wealth could replace.

Granada itself is another name of romance, about which there cluster undefined visions of semi-barbaric splendour, of dusky faces and gorgeous panoplies, of chivalry and cruelty side by side, of all that tide of fierce and warlike and luxurious life which the wave of Mahommedan conquest bore with it on whatsoever shore it broke. In the times which, from our point of view, are so full of romance, however, the interest in Granada was of a different and exceedingly practical kind. It was the military key of the situation as between Moors and Spaniards, after the earlier bold incursions of the Moors up to



Plan of Alhambra Palace.

A. Ancient Entrance.
B. Modern Entrance.
C. Sala de la Alberca.
D. Sala de la Barca.
E. Sala de los Ambajadores.
F. Patio de la Mezquita.
G. La Mezquita.
H. Patio de los Leones.
K. Sala de los Abencerrages.
L. Sala de las dos Hermanas.
M. Sala de Justicia.
O. Baths.
P. Palace of Charles V.

and beyond the Pyrenees had been finally repulsed, and they were left to contest their footing in the south of Spain. In this constant strife between Moslem and Christian, Moor and Spaniard, which lasted, more or less fitfully, from the close of the eleventh to the close of the fifteenth century, the possession of Granada was the main object of the Spanish arms, and its ultimate reduction by Ferdinand and Isabella was practically the death-knell of the Moorish power in Spain. As an ancient saying went, Granada "was the arm-hole of the shield" to Spain, whoever grasped that firmly grasped the whole shield. Small wonder then, that the Moorish alien, when concerned to hold his own against St. Ferdinand at the close of the thirteenth century, a nominal vassal, but really a turbulent and powerful antagonist, should have done his best to make an effective stronghold on the height above Granada, the traditional seat of a fortress for many an age before, and perhaps still exhibiting suggestive reminiscences of the warlike structures of former days.

The palace to which especially the title "Alhambra" has come to be applied, occupies a portion only of a fortified enclosure of considerable extent on the crown of the hill. In the general view, it is the middle group of buildings, with the large square tower in front with the top of a pyramidal roof just showing above the battlements. In the rear of the whole group is seen the heavy square mass of the Renaissance palace of Charles V., forming a nearly straight sky-line



Sala de los Ambajadores.

behind the irregular conglomeration of the Alhambra buildings. How little the exterior aspect of these latter suggests the rich and fanciful beauty of the interior, the reader will at once realise when he learns that that same stern square tower, forming the highest object against the sky in front of the Alhambra group, is the outer mask of the "Hall of the Ambassadors," the interior of which, with its exquisitely rich and minute decoration, is shown in another of the illustrations accompanying this article. There could not be a more typical illustration of that curious tendency of Oriental architecture, illustrated to this very day in the dwellings in many Oriental cities, to turn all its beauty inwards, presenting to the outsider only the bare walls which often, as in this case, form the outer husk or case for an internal architecture of almost dreamlike beauty and delicacy. This inward and self-infolding tendency is not found in all Saracenic architecture; the Taj Mahal and some of the Mogul Palaces of India, for example, are almost as rich externally as internally. This outwardly plain and uninteresting character of a house inwardly rich and beautiful is a kind of anti-social architectural characteristic. It means either sloth and self-indulgent luxury, which wishes to enjoy its own delights without disturbance from its neighbours, and presents them accordingly with no outer inducement to enter its portal; or it means strife and contention, and dread of attack from

without, which thus closes up its wealth within bare walls showing only little threatening loopholes to the outer world. In the Alhambra both these influences combined. The palace, however gorgeous within, was to be a fortress outwardly to overawe the enemy, in expression, even if not in act; and a set of rulers who, while they posed as leaders of the faithful, had left far behind the original comparatively plain and healthful ideal of Mahommedan life and conduct, might very probably think it prudent to keep their gorgeous and luxurious life a secret from the crowd in the city below.

The general arrangement of the principal apartments of the palace will be best understood by reference to the small ground plan annexed, in which some minor details are necessarily omitted. The plan shows only the buildings of the Alhambra palace itself. The block at the lower left-hand portion, lying out of parallel with the Moorish buildings, is the north-east wall of the palace of Charles V., which forms, as before observed, the background to the Moorish buildings in the general view. The history of the commencement of the Alhambra palace is obscure, and rather matter of tradition than of precise record. Its first foundation and commencement are attributed to Ibnu-l-Ahmar, a prince of considerable power among the Moors in Spain at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Gayangos, the author of the historical account which accompanies Owen Jones's splendid illustrative book, quotes a Moorish chronicler, Ibnu-l-Khättib, to the effect that soon after the occupation of Granada by the Moors, "The Sultan Ibnu-l-Ahmar built himself a palace within the citadel or fortress of the Alhambra." The buildings, however, give, in the varieties of their architectural treatment and decoration, a

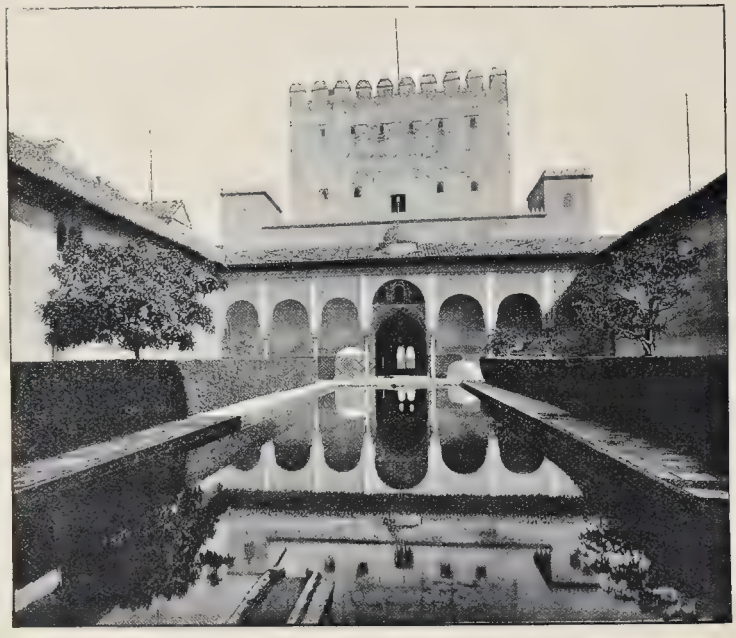


The Castle of the Alhambra.

strong confirmation of the generally entertained idea that the building of the whole palace, as we now see it, was spread over a considerable period, perhaps more than a century, and that various successive rulers had a hand in it. Mahommed, the son of Ibnu, is another of the accredited builders, and Fergusson adopts him as the original founder, though without giving any reason for his opinion. Yusuf, who died in 1354, is credited with the erection of the principal entrance gate to the enclosure of the fortress, and with a great deal of decorative work in the palace; and Fergusson assigns the Court of Lions to the date 1325-33, under the rule of Abu Abdallah. As compared with the Court of the Alberca, there is internal evidence of its being the later of the two, partly from its greater elaboration of ornament and richer architectural character generally, partly in the fact that the Alberca court is on the central line of the plan, and that the principal entrance to the palace was at its southern extremity; in fact, a mere reference to the plan will show that if the two courts were not contemporaneous, the Alberca must have been the first in order of construction.

The principal entrance gate to the enclosure of the fortress, "Puerta de la Justicia," attributed to Yusuf, is a square unadorned mass, showing the usual horse-shoe arch, with a horizontal relieving arch built into the wall over it; otherwise as stern and devoid of decoration as the exterior of the Alhambra buildings generally. An open hand, sculptured on the keystone of the arch, has some symbolic meaning, variously interpreted by various writers, all of whom are possibly wrong. The original main entrance to the actual palace (A) is now curiously "cornered," owing to the contemptuous manner in

which the ugly Renaissance palace has been built across it, and the visitor enters now through the side door (B) into the Court of the Alberca—more correctly, probably, the Court El Birkeh, "the pool," on account of the rectangular pond which occupies its centre. The best portion of this court, architecturally, is at the southern end, and is not visible in our illustration; it consists of a ground-floor arcade, similar to that seen at the upper end of the court, over which is a row of low arched windows filled with lattice-work; and over that a second arcade, or loggia, with the same thin columns and rich wall decoration in the spandrels of the arches. The side walls are perfectly plain. The architectural function of this court, in fact, is that of a great forecourt or hypæthral ante-chamber, the main climax of which is the Hall of the Ambassadors under the ponderous tower beyond—the same tower which is so conspicuous in the general view; at the end of the vista is seen one of its two-light windows, glittering bright through the deep shadow of the hall. In spite of the long plain walls at the sides, and though the architectural detail is hardly equal to that of the Court of the Lions, the magical influence of still water in connection with architecture renders the *coup-d'œil* the most picturesque and striking to be found in the Alhambra. The close-clipped hedges are modern; Girault de Prangey's view shows only some weedy ragged masses of flowers and other vegetation along the sides of the pond; the formal hedges suit the architectural composition exceedingly well, and form a happy addition to the effect. The trees at the side give the court the other name



Patio de la Alberca, or El Birkeh.

by which it is known, "Patio de los Arrayanes," "Court of the Myrtles."

The arcaded corridor across the upper end of the court has received the title of "Sala de la Barca," for which the explanation has been invented, probably in modern times, that the long vault had some fanciful resemblance to an inverted boat. There can be little doubt that the name was derived from the frequent recurrence of the word "Barkah," "Blessing," in the ornamentation, and that "Barca" is a corruption from "Barkah," just as "Alberca" is a corruption of "El Birkeh." From this arcade access is gained through a richly decorated doorway to the "Sala de los Ambajadores," of the rich decoration of which the illustration gives some idea. The lower portion of the wall decoration is an example of that apparently complicated form of decoration peculiar to Arabic Art, formed by the crossing of a series of double lines dividing up the space into an entanglement of repeated geometric forms, which are broken up and varied by the manner of applying the colour, so as to prevent the appearance of uniformity, and increase the apparent complication of the design. When the principle of this ornament is once mastered, its effect of complication disappears to some extent, and with this some part of the respect one at first feels for the effect, which is after all somewhat mechanical, and may be rather called contrivance or ingenuity than design in the proper sense, though its effectiveness as a manner of breaking up and giving richness to an otherwise bare wall surface is undeniable. Unlike most other portions of the Alhambra architecture, the Hall of the Ambassadors, with its thick walls and deeply recessed windows, combines something of monumental

effect with richness of detail, and is, in spite of its small dimensions, one of the finest portions of the interior. The recent fire took place mainly at the upper end of the Alberca Court, and the Hall of the Ambassadors was in great danger; its richly decorated ceiling, composed of little more than lath and plaster, would have yielded to the first touch of fire. This is not the original ceiling, which is recorded to have been destroyed, along with the fall of a brick arch, which formerly existed over the hall.

To the left of the Alberca, near the upper end, are the two apartments called the Mezquita, or Mosque, and the "Patio de la Mezquita," which forms an open anteroom to it. The end wall of the *patio* is covered with exquisitely delicate geometrical diaper; the rest has been denuded of its decorative glories, and the whole place has been much knocked about. The so-called mosque, with its two rows of columns, and beams encrusted with lace-like ornament, is one of the most remarkable apartments in the building, but it is very improbable that it was ever a mosque, an idea which has probably arisen from the fact that Charles V. adopted it as the chapel, and fixed a Renaissance altar in it. A true mosque must face towards Mecca, which is near about south-east from Granada; and the mosque is almost always either a square area internally, or if a parallelogram, the longer side would face Mecca, to allow more room for worshippers; and if there were a forecourt, the sacred or Mecca side would



Patio de los Leones.

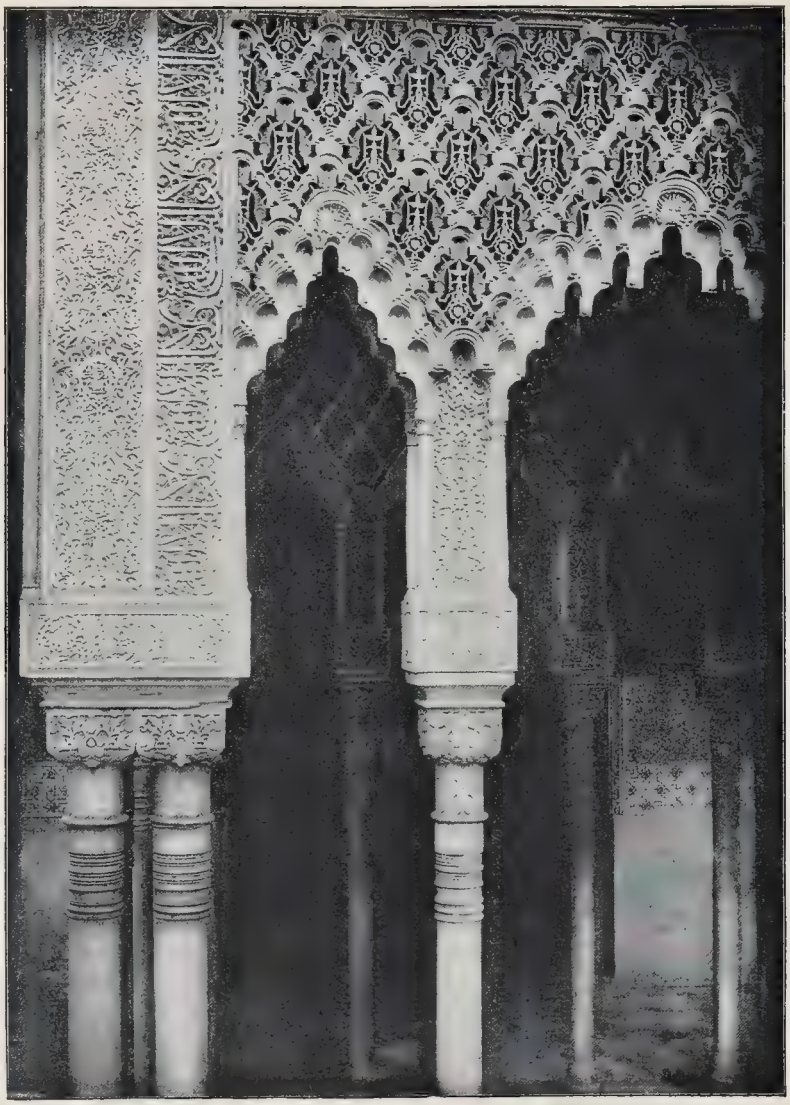
always be on the further side from the entrance from the court. In this case the side opposite the courtyard faces westward, and the south-eastern wall is an end wall. It is known traditionally that there was a mosque of exceptional beauty at the Alhambra, and Fergusson acutely suggests that it may have occupied part of the site now occupied by Charles V.'s palace, and that the oblique line of this may have followed the old line of the mosque, which would probably be "orientated" quite irrespective of parallelism with the rest of the building. We have tested this on a Mercator map, with the compass north, and the line of the palace wall, produced, passes very nearly through Mecca, so that there seems considerable probability in Fergusson's suggestion; and to build a palace on the site of the Moslem temple would have seemed to the Christian emperor a very direct way of wiping out the most notable relic of the faith of the Moslem invaders.

The "Patio de los Leones," of which we give two illustrations—a general view and a portion of the details of the decoration—derives its name from the nondescript animals with legs like broomsticks, which support the central fountain basin. The stumpy unmodelled legs of these "lions" have, however, a certain decorative affinity with the thin lamp-post-like columns of the arcade, which are not in themselves by any means admirable from an architectural point of view, and in which the mouldings below the capital are bad and clumsy in profile. The detail illustration gives some idea of

the richness and delicacy of the decoration, and also shows the decorative use of inscriptions, which is carried to perfection here—

"That haze which seems
Floating about the panel, if there gleams
A sunbeam over it, will turn to gold,
And in light-graven characters unfold
The Arab's wisdom everywhere."*

Like the Alberca, the Court of Lions is essentially a state forecourt to chambers and galleries reached through it. To



Details, Patio de los Leones.

the south is the "Sala de los Abencerrages," so called in memory of a scene of butchery, compared with which Regnault's brutal but powerful painting, 'An Execution in a Moorish Palace,'† represents but a kind of passing incident

* "Sordello." Book i.

† Regnault was a passionate admirer of the Alhambra, in which, as one of his letters testifies, he would spend whole days: and there can be little doubt that its architecture, coupled with the ghastly story of the slaughter of the Abencerrages, suggested the subject of his picture.

of bloodshed; the whole family or clan of the Abencerrage having been, according to tradition, decoyed into this hall, and their heads struck off successively on the margin of the fountain basin. At the eastern end is the "Sala de Justicia" (so called from a painting on the ceiling apparently representing a council of Moorish dignitaries); a beautiful apartment which, like the Sala de los Ambajadores, though in a lesser degree, combines architectural solidity with rich detail, the buttresses projecting internally giving it an appearance of monumental stability which is certainly wanting in the



Wall Decoration, Sala de las dos Hermanas.

light and airy arcades of the two great courtyards. Lastly, on the northern side is the "Sala de las Dos Hermanas," "Court of the Two Sisters," fancifully so named from the two great slabs of marble, of corresponding size and colour, let into the pavement. We give an illustration of part of the exquisite decoration of this room, taken high up on the wall; the conventional foliage-like forms are partly gilded, partly of white picked with blue, a red ground showing between. This portion of the decoration is a good illustration of the kind of abstract ornament, with a principle of growth in it, but with

no realistic imitation of nature, to which the Moslem artists were led by the prohibition of the portrayal of natural forms; though it must be admitted that some portions of the decorations of the Alberca Court approach very closely to natural leaf forms. The artist who decorated the "Dos Hermanas" has left in the ornamental inscriptions of the room the words, "Study attentively my beauty, and thou wilt receive the benefit of a lecture on decoration."

A certain amount of disillusion is perhaps experienced by most visitors to the Alhambra. Ideas have been formed of a glory and sumptuousness of colour such as once indeed existed, but it is now dimmed by the hand of Time; and evidences of dilapidation and of bungling repairs are apt to strike a chill on the spectator who sees only with the outward eye. It is to the imaginative nature alone that the Alhambra reveals her full magic and pathos, as the beautiful but silent and forsaken abode where once there surged the most "fiery fount of life" of which human history has left any record since the Christian era.

The illustrations to this article were selected from a series of excellent Spanish topographical and landscape photographs published by Mr. F. Gschwend, of Madrid.

H. H. S.

THE PILGRIMS' WAY.*

II.

NEW ALRESFORD, a clean, bright little town, with broad streets planted with rows of trees, boasts an antiquity which belies its name, and has been a market-town and borough from time immemorial. Like its yet more venerable neighbour, Old Alresford, it was given by a king of the West Saxons to the prior and monks of St. Swithin at Winchester, and formed part of the vast possessions of the monastery at the Conquest. Both places took their name from their situation on a ford of the Arle or Alre river, a considerable stream which joins the Itchen below Avington, and is called by Leland the Alresford river. In the eleventh century New Alresford had fallen into decay, and probably owes its present existence to Bishop Godfrey Lucy, who rebuilt the town, obtained a charter from King John restoring the market which had fallen into disuse. At the same time he gave the town the name of New Market, but the older one survived, and the bishop's new title was never generally adopted. The same energetic prelate bestowed a great deal of care and



New Alresford.

considerable attention on the water supply of Winchester, and made the Itchen navigable all the way from Southampton to Alresford.

In recognition of this important service, Bishop Lucy received from King John the right of levying toll on all leather, hides, and other goods which entered Winchester by the river Itchen through the canal which he had made, a right which descended to his successors in the see. South-west of the town is the large pond or reservoir which he made to supply the waters of the Itchen. This lake, which still covers about 60 acres, is a well-known haunt of moor-hens and other waterfowl, and the flags and bulrushes which fringe its banks make it a favourite resort of artists who visit this charming country. Old Alresford itself with its gay flower-gardens, tall elms, pretty old thatched cottages grouped round the village green, may well supply them with more than one subject for pen and pencil. New Alresford was at one time a flourishing centre of the cloth trade, in which the Winchester merchants drove so brisk a trade at St. Giles' Fair. The manufacture of woollen cloth was carried on till quite recent times, and Dean Kitchin tells us that there are old men still living who remember driving

Continued from page 38.

with their fathers to the fair at Winchester on St. Giles' day to buy a roll of blue cloth to provide the family suits for the



At Old Alresford.

year. But New Alresford shared the decline as it had shared the prosperity of its more important neighbour, and suffered even more severely than Winchester in the Civil Wars, when the town was almost entirely burnt down by Lord Hopton's troops after their defeat in Cheriton fight. The scene of that hard-fought battle, which gave Winchester into Waller's hands and ruined the king's cause in the West of England, lies a few miles to the south of Alresford. Half-way between the two is Tichborne Park, the seat of a family which has owned this estate from the days of Harold, and which took its name from the stream flowing through the parish, and called the Ticceburn in Anglo-Saxon records. Of late years a *cause célèbre* has given the name of Tichborne an unenviable notoriety, but members of this ancient house have been illustrious at all periods of our history, and the legend of the Tichborne Dole so long associated with the spot deserves to be remembered. In the reign of Henry I., Isabella, the wife of Sir Roger Tichborne, a lady whose long life had been spent in deeds of mercy, prayed her husband as she lay dying to grant her as much land as would enable her to leave a dole of bread for all who asked alms at the gates of Tichborne on each succeeding Lady Day. Sir Roger was a knight of sterner stuff, and seizing a flaming brand from the hearth he told his wife jestingly that she might have as much land as she could herself walk over before the burning torch went out. Upon which the sick lady caused herself to be borne from her bed to a piece of ground within the manor, and crawled on her knees and hands till she had encircled twenty-three acres. The actual plot of ground still bears the name of Lady Tichborne's Crawles, and there was an old prophecy which said that the house of Tichborne would only last as long as the dying bequest of Isabella was carried out. During the ages which followed, nineteen hundred small loaves were regularly distributed to the poor at the gates on Lady Day, and a miraculous virtue was supposed to belong to the bread thus bestowed. The custom was only abandoned a hundred years ago, owing to the number of idlers and bad characters which it brought into the neighbourhood, and a sum of money equal in amount to the Dole is given to the poor of the parish in its stead.

Whether any of our Canterbury pilgrims stopped in their course to avail themselves of the Tichborne Dole, we cannot say, but there was a manor-house of the Bishops of Winchester at Bishop Sutton, near Alresford, where they would no doubt find food and shelter. Nothing now remains of the episcopal



Ropley Church.

palace, and no trace of its precincts is preserved but the site of the bishop's kennels. Tradition says that the Pilgrims' Way

lay through the parish of Ropley, a neighbouring village where Roman remains have been discovered, and a little further on the same road, close to Rotherfield Park, is an old farmhouse which still bears the name of Pilgrims' Place.

A few miles to the right of the road is a place which no pilgrim of modern times can leave unvisited; Selborne, White's Selborne, the home of the gentle naturalist whose memory haunts this rural scene. Here he lived in the picturesque house overgrown with creepers, with the sunny garden and dial at the back, and the great spreading oak where he used to study the ways of the owls, and the juniper tree which, to his joy, survived the Siberian winter of 1776. And here he died, and lies buried in the quiet churchyard in the shade of the old yew-tree where he so often stood to watch his favourite birds. Not a stone but what speaks of him, not a turn in the village street but has its tale to tell. The play-stow, or village green, which Adam de Gurdon granted to the Augustinian Canons of Selborne in the thirteenth century, where the prior held his market of old, and where young and old met on summer evenings under the big oak, and "sat in quiet debate" or "frolicked and danced" before him, the farmhouse which now marks the site of the ancient Priory itself, founded by Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester in 1232, he has described them all. How the good Canons grew lazy and secular in their ways after a time, and how William of Wykeham found certain of them professed hunters and sportsmen, and tried in vain to reform them, and how the estates were finally handed over to the new college of St. Mary Magdalene at Oxford, by its founder William of Waynflete — Gilbert White has told us all. And the Hanger, with those wooded slopes, which rises from the back of his garden, and that "noble chalk promontory" of Nore Hill, planted with those beeches which he called the most lovely of all forest trees, how familiar they seem to us for his sake! Still the swifts wheel



Chawton House, near Alton.

to and fro round the low church-tower, and the crickets chirp in the long grass, and the white owl is heard at night just as when, a hundred years ago, he used to linger under the old walls and watch their manners with such infinite care and love.

One of the "rocky hollow lanes" which lead towards Alton will take us back into the road, and bring us to Chawton, a village about a mile from that town. The fine Elizabethan manor-house at the foot of the green knoll, and the grey church peeping out of the trees close by, have been for centuries the home and burial-place of the Knights, and on the south side of the chancel a black and white marble monument records the memory of that gallant cavalier Sir Richard Knight, who risked life and fortune in the royal cause, and was invested with the order of the Royal Oak by Charles II., after the Restoration. But it is as the place where Jane Austen, in George Eliot's opinion, "The greatest artist that has ever written," composed her novels that Chawton is memorable. The cottage where she lived is still standing a few hundred yards from the "great house," which was the home of the brother and nieces to whom she was so fondly attached. She and her sister, Cassandra, settled there in 1809, and remained there until May, 1817, when they moved to the corner house of College Street, Winchester, where three months afterwards she died. During the eight years spent in this quiet home, Jane Austen attained the height of her power and wrote her most famous novels, those works which she herself said cost her so little, and which in the Laureate's words have given her a place in English literature "next to Shakespeare." "Sense and Sensibility," her first novel, was published two years after the move to Chawton. "Persuasion," the last and most finished of the immortal series, was only written in 1816, a year before her death. Seldom, indeed, did so great a novelist lead so retired an existence. The life at Chawton, so smooth in its even flow with the daily round of

small excitements and quiet pleasures, the visits to the "great house," and walks with her nieces in the woods, the shopping expedition to Alton, and the talk about new bonnets and gowns, and the latest news as to the births, deaths, and marriages of their numerous relatives in Kent and Hampshire, is faithfully reflected in those pleasant letters of Jane Austen, which her great-nephew, Lord Brabourne, has lately given to the world. There is a good deal about her flowers, her chickens, her niece's love affairs, the fancy work on which she is engaged, the improvements in the house and garden—"You cannot imagine," she writes on one occasion, "it is not in human nature to imagine, what a nice walk we have round the orchard!"—but very little indeed about her books. Almost the only allusion we find to one of her characters is in 1816, when she writes to Fanny Knight of Anne Elliot in "Persuasion." "*You* may perhaps like the heroine, as she is almost too good for me!" Anything like fame or publicity was positively distasteful to her. She owns to feeling absolutely terrified when a lady in town asked to be introduced to her, and then adds laughingly, "If I am a wild beast I cannot help it, it is not my fault!"

Curiously enough, the Pilgrims' Way, in the later course of its



Farnham Castle.

path, brings us to Godmersham, that other and finer home of the Knights on the Kentish Downs, a place also associated with Jane Austen's life and letters, where she spent many pleasant hours in the heart of her family, enjoying to the full the beauty of the spot and its cheerful surroundings. But Chawton retains the supremacy as her own home and the scene of those literary labours that were cut short, alas! too soon. "What a pity," Sir Walter Scott exclaimed, after reading a book of hers, "what a pity such a gifted creature died so early."

From Chawton it is a short mile to Alton, famous for its breweries and hop gardens, and its church door, riddled with the bullets of the Roundheads. Our way now leads us through the woods of Alice Holt—Aisholt—the Ash Wood; like Woolmer, a royal forest from Saxon times. Both, in fact, were formerly part of the great woodland district of Anderida, or Andred's Weald, which spread over a large part of the three counties of Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire. Alice Holt was renowned for the abundance of its fallow deer, which made it a favourite hunting ground with the Plantagenet kings, and on one occasion Edward II., it is said, gave one of his scullions, Morris Ken, the sum of twenty shillings because he fell from his horse so often out hunting, "which made the king laugh exceedingly." Here, too, after the battle of Evesham, Edward, Prince of Wales, defeated Adam de Gurdon, one of Simon de Montfort's chief followers. He is said to have challenged the rebel baron to a single combat, in which Gurdon was wounded and made prisoner, but the victor spared his life and afterwards obtained a royal pardon for his vanquished foe. A wild rugged tract of country, Alice Holt

was a chosen haunt of robbers and outlaws, the terror of the wealthy London merchants who journeyed to St. Giles' Fair, at Winchester, with their goods; and in the fourteenth century the wardens of the fair kept five mounted serjeants-at-arms in the forest near Alton, for their protection at that season.

Leaving Froyle Park, Sir Hubert Miller's fine Jacobean house, on our left, we pass Bentley Station, and, following the course of the river Wey, join the Portsmouth road just before entering Farnham. This town, which takes its name from the commons overgrown with fern and heather still to be seen in the neighbourhood on the Surrey side, is now surrounded with hop gardens. It was among the earliest possessions of the Bishops of Winchester, and formed part of the land granted to St. Swithin, in 860, by Alfred's elder brother, Ethelbald, King of Wessex. The castle-palace, which still looks proudly down on the streets of the little town, was first built by that magnificent prelate, Henry of Blois, but none of the original building now remains except the offices, where some round Norman pillars may still be seen. Farnham Castle was razed to the ground by Henry III. during his wars with the barons, and suffered greatly at the hands of the rebels in the time of Charles I., but was afterwards rebuilt by Bishop Morley. Queen Elizabeth paid frequent visits here, and on one occasion, while dining in the great hall with the Duke of Norfolk, who was suspected of planning a marriage with Mary Queen of Scots, pleasantly advised the Duke to be careful on what pillow he laid his head. The lawn, with its stately cedars and grass-grown moat, deserves a visit, but the most interesting part of the building is the fine old keep with its massive buttresses and thirteenth-century arches, commanding a wide view over the elm avenues of the park, and the great extent of wild commons which stretch eastward on the Surrey side. Prominent in the foreground are the picturesque heights of Crooksbury, crowned with those tall pines which Cobbett climbed when he was a boy, to take the nests of crows and magpies.

Farnham, it must be remembered, was the birthplace of this remarkable man, and it was at Ash, a small town at the foot of the Hog's Back, that he died in 1835. All his life he retained the fondest affection for these scenes of his youth. In 1825 he brought his son Richard, then a boy of eleven, to see the little old house in the street where he had lived with his grandmother, and showed him the garden at Waverley where he worked as a lad, and the tree near the Abbey from which he fell into the river in a perilous attempt to take a crow's nest, and the strawberry beds where he gathered strawberries for Sir Robert Rich's table, and took care to eat the finest. Among these hills and commons, where he followed the hounds on foot at ten years old, and rode across country at seventy, we forget the political aspect of his life, his bitter invectives against the poor-laws and paper-money, the national debt and the System, and think rather of his keen love of nature and delight in the heath, the miry coppices, the wild woods, and the forests of Surrey and Hampshire. And now he sleeps in the church of Farnham, where he desired to be buried, in the heart of the wild scenery which he loved so well.

Just under Crooksbury, that "grand scene" of Cobbett's "exploits," lies Moor Park, the retreat of Sir William Temple in his old age. There we may still see the gardens which the statesman of the Triple Alliance laid out after the fashion of those he remembered in Holland, where he and his beloved sister, Lady Gifford, used to admire the works of nature; and his heart lies buried under the sun-dial. Here Swift lived as his secretary, and learnt from King William III. how to cut asparagus; here he wrote the "Tale of a Tub" and made love to Stella, Lady Gifford's pretty black-eyed waiting-maid. The memory of that immortal love-story has not yet perished, and a house where she lived, near the gate of Waverley Abbey, is still known as Stella's Cottage. Here, too, just beyond Moor Park, on the banks of the Wey, are the ruins of the first Cistercian house ever founded in England, often described as "le petit Cîteaux," the mother of so many other abbeys.

Farnham is in Surrey, but its hop-gardens retain all the characteristics of Hampshire scenery, and it is only when we have left the old town a mile or two behind us that we begin to realise that we are in Evelyn's "sweet county." Then the road ascends the narrow chalk ridge known as the Hog's Back, and runs along the crest of this curiously shaped hill as far as Guildford. Although no actual traces of the pilgrims' steps are to be found along this road, tradition points this out as their way, and there seems little doubt that this was the course of the ancient British track along which the Cornwall merchants brought their tin to the Kentish coast.

All along the southern slopes of the Hog's Back, bright little hamlets stud the sides of the hill. First comes Seale with its fine old church and ivy-covered manor-house of Shoelands bearing the date 1616 on the porch. A little farther on we reach Puttenham, and then Compton. Here, prettily situated at the foot of the Hog's Back is a Norman church which boasts a unique feature in the shape of a double-storied chancel. The east end of the church is crossed by a low semicircular arch enriched with dog-tooth ornament and surmounted by a wooden arcade said to be the oldest piece of woodwork in England. Both the upper and the lower chancels have piscinas, and an outer staircase formerly led to the upper chapel. A mile to the west of this singularly interesting church is Loseley, the historic mansion of the More and Molyneux family, which I shall describe in my next paper.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

'THE DOG IN THE MANGER.'

ETCHED BY JAMES DOBIE, FROM THE PICTURE BY WALTER HUNT.

MR. WALTER HUNT'S charming little group from the life of the shed and the farmyard, which we give as our frontispiece this month, was promptly recognised by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest as one of the most able and promising pictures in the Academy of the year 1886. The painter has given the most intelligent observation to all the characteristics of form and surface of the little animals he has painted, and his picture, with its deep places and partial lights, makes an excellent subject for etching. The most obviously—and at the same time most legitimately—"picturesque" subjects left in English life are to be found in two places — the farmyard and the shoeing forge. However much and often painted, these scenes will not become altogether hackneyed, inasmuch as they exist for their own uses simply, and with no intention of posing to the painter. They are real life, and their sincerity is not impaired by the little conventional look that Art has given them.

THE CHIEFS OF OUR NATIONAL MUSEUMS.

No. I.—THE NATIONAL GALLERY. SIR FREDERIC BURTON.

IF an Englishman were to be asked by the intelligent foreigner who has come to be recognised as the type of bewilderment and curiosity, which of the great public institutions of his metropolis he regarded with the greatest pride, he would probably hesitate in reply between the British Museum and the National Gallery. The varied magnificent collections of the former, their vast extent, the prodigious age of some of them, their admirable order and arrangement, combine to excite that awe which is an element of admiration and of pride. The vast number of the books and curiosities appears, even to the least informed persons, to be a legitimate source of vanity and gratification. On the other hand the National Gallery is certainly more in evidence; it challenges attention from its unrivalled situation on the "finest site in Europe;" the costliness of its contents is periodically forced upon public notice in Parliament and elsewhere, and moreover it is far more "the thing" to be thought to be knowing about "Art" than to have the history and learning of the ages, as represented by the Bloomsbury treasure house, at one's fingers' ends.

Considering the number of visitors to the National Gallery every year—they are, we are officially informed, considerably over half a million—it sounds somewhat of a paradox to say that the collection is, speaking generally, far less known than it deserves to be. The English people, of the "cultivated classes" as they are called, who pay visits, in some cases yearly visits, to the Louvre, the Uffizi Gallery, or the Rycks Museum, are to be counted by thousands; and those who are not able to converse glibly and discuss with more or less knowledge the exact position of famous works at Madrid, at Dresden, or in the Vatican, are voted in educated company somewhat out of the movement. It is probable that out of each of these thousands a dozen or so are habitual visitors to their own collection, and are aware of its significance as the National Art treasure-house. But few even of these know by what means it has attained this supremacy; how, in fact, it has grown to this stature, apart from the munificence of the State, which is another word for "the ourselves," that has endowed it.

It is unnecessary here to repeat the history of the National Gallery. How, up to the year 1824, considerably under seventy years ago, it had no existence; how the purchase of some forty pictures from Mr. Angerstein for £57,000 in that year was, so to speak, its nest-egg; how Sir George Beaumont, Mr. Holwell Carr, the British Institution, and other munificent benefactors began at once to augment the original purchase by gifts; how it has since been enriched by the noble bequests of the late Samuel Rogers, Mrs. Green, Wynn Ellis, Robert Vernon, J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Jacob Bell, and others; how the alternate generosity and parsimony of Parliament, but the former only too seldom, has brought the collection into its present condition; how it was housed first in Mr. Angerstein's house, in Pall Mall, and subsequently in Wilkins's commonplace and undignified building, unworthy as it is, in every respect but one—its unrivalled site; often rearranged, adapted, and finally, in 1887, nearly doubled in size by the additions of several noble apartments. These things are among those generally known. Less so are the affairs of its management and direction; whose are the fingers that have formed this great enterprise; whose the busy feet that have gathered in its treasures from the four winds of heaven, the brains that have suggested, organized, and controlled its progress.

The principal facts concerning the early management of the National Gallery may be very briefly stated. They are to be found in the report of the Royal Commission appointed to enquire into the past and future of the Gallery, presented to Parliament in 1853. My Lords of the Treasury were the persons in whom the Gallery and its contents were vested, and their first step was the appointment of Mr. Wm. Siguier as "keeper," with a salary of £200 a year. In the following July the Treasury constituted a committee of six gentlemen to control, or, as it turned out, to be controlled by, Mr. Siguier; and this committee promptly appointed another gentleman, Colonel Thwaites, as assistant-keeper and secretary with a salary of £150 a year. A year later the "committee," apparently by the simple form of a resolution, changed their description to "trustees," though it does not appear that any trust whatever was constituted—but no matter. So things went on until 1843, when Mr. Siguier died, and in his place was elected the first important officer the Gallery ever owned, Mr. C. L. Eastlake, R.A., who became keeper and secretary. From this appointment may be dated the awakening of genuine interest on the part of the public in the National Gallery. Questions began to be asked in Parliament, all manner of grievances were alleged—particularly as to the cleaning of the pictures, whereby great damage and loss of value had, it was said, ensued. Jobbery, and other grave misdemeanours were freely charged against the officials, and the outcome was the most important event in the history of the National Gallery, namely, the appointment, in 1852, of some thirteen gentlemen as a Royal Commission to enquire into the past, present, and future of this National Collection. Of these Commissioners it is interesting to note only two now survive, namely, Lord Wemyss (then Mr. Charteris) and Lord Warwick (then Lord Brooke).

What may properly be described as the modern history of the National Gallery begins with this Royal Commission, and with the revised management which resulted from it. The report and the evidence fill a large quarto volume, adorned with plans and enriched by contributions from the curators of foreign galleries. Much of it is even now lively and entertaining reading, for the controversies connected with the subjects it treats of are ever new. It was followed very shortly afterwards, in the year 1855, by a long but admirably condensed Treasury Minute, which recited the recommendations of the Royal Commission, and stated the extent to which my Lords had resolved to act upon them. By it the Board of Trustees was constituted, and the officers appointed, without

any "ex-officio" members as had been expressly urged. The proposal to remove the collection to Kensington Gore, strenuously demanded by the Commission, was, however, shelved; and in the result definitely abandoned. The officers were to be a Director with a salary of £1,000 a year, a Keeper and Secretary, and a travelling agent, of whom more anon.

It is no small testimony to the care and forethought bestowed upon this famous Minute of 1855, that it has remained in force to this day as the charter of the constitution of the National Gallery. Quite the most important clauses are those which define the duties and position of the new director. His was to be the responsibility for the selection of pictures and their arrangement in the Gallery after purchase. He was to record the history of every acquisition, and carry it on from year to year. He was to give preference to pictures offered from abroad for the practical reason that the country would be enriched by their importation. The Italian school was indicated as the one most worthy of the director's attention. No loans of works of art were either to be accepted or made; their removal was absolutely prohibited. The director was to be a member of the Board of Trustees, and instead of being a subordinate was to be practically the dominant member; for in case of difference arising between him and the trustees, they were not to override his decision, but to record their dissent in a protest to be presented to Parliament in his annual report. The meetings of the trustees were directed to be held on the first Monday of every month during the Parliamentary session, and oftener if necessary. These were the main conditions of the office, and they remain in force to this day; but it may be noted that subsequently a special Act of Parliament has regulated the conditions under which loans and exchanges may be made from time to time at the discretion of the Board.

The Minute, however, went further than this, for it decreed that the first director of the National Gallery should be Sir Charles Eastlake. Now Sir Charles was not without experience of the labours and anxieties of the post. Under the old *régime* he had been keeper, as we have seen, from 1843 to 1847, when the unsatisfactory condition of things had induced him to resign. He had been succeeded by Mr. Thomas Uwins, R.A., a gentleman who combined with his keepership the position of Surveyor of the Royal pictures. Mr. Uwins was "retired" by the new constitution and died in 1865. At first the appointment of Sir Charles Eastlake excited some remark from the fact that the new director was already what, in other circles, would have been described as a pluralist. In addition to the newly created office, he had held for five years the Presidency of the Royal Academy, and for a longer period the Secretaryship of the cumbrously described Royal Commission for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in the new Palace of Westminster. There is little doubt that it was in no small degree owing to the favour with which his work in the latter capacity had been regarded at Court, and especially by the Prince Consort, that he obtained the new office. However that may have been, his appointment was amply justified by its results, and the expressions of self-congratulation by my Lords in the Minute were generally endorsed by connoisseurs. Sir Charles Eastlake was a clever and accomplished artist, and an excellent man of business; sufficiently independent and self-reliant not to minimise his position; sufficiently a courtly and kindly gentleman to avoid undue insistance upon it. He had a clear head, and was a fine judge of Art: he had read and travelled much and to good purpose. He had made "Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts," in what were the first literary periodicals of his day—the two Quarterlies. Whether, as some asserted, his taste lacked catholicity or not, at all events he enriched the Gallery with many of its finest and most notable examples. He retained his office, greatly to the public advantage, until his death in 1865, when he was succeeded by Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Boxall, a Royal Academician.

Boxall was an extremely able and cultivated man, and he was fastidious to a degree very seldom met with. In his own work, which was principally in portrait painting, he was especially so. He had a great dislike to critics and criticism, and it may be doubted whether his nature was sufficiently robust or energetic for the multifarious cares and anxieties that fall upon the person who fills the post of director. An admirable example of his powers as an artist may be seen in the Forster Collection at South Kensington. The principal event by which his administration will be remembered was the purchase of the picture attributed to Rembrandt, 'Christ blessing Little Children.' It gave rise to a violent controversy. The storm of criticism which it excited may hardly be said to have subsided even yet. Upon the whole the director's critical judgment can hardly be said to have been vindicated.

In 1874 came Sir William's retirement, to be followed shortly afterwards by his death. He was succeeded by the gentleman of whom, and of whose work at the Gallery, it is the purpose of this article to treat—Mr. (now Sir Frederic) Burton. Mr. Burton had been trained in a very different school to that of either of his two predecessors. He was best known to the outside public as a painter in water-colours. He was born in Ireland in the year 1816, and educated at Dublin, and there too his artistic studies began. In his twenty-second year he was elected Associate of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and two years later full Academician. In the latter year (1839) his picture, 'The Blind Girl at the Holy Well,' was published in a large engraving by Ryall, for the Art Union of Ireland, and in 1840 'The Fisherman's Drowned Child' was also selected, and was engraved in large by Bacon. He exhibited at the Royal Academy for the first time in 1842. Then followed prolonged Continental tours, during which the principal foreign galleries were revisited, and a stay made at Munich and other parts of Bavaria, Mr. Burton's pencil being always busy. Meanwhile (in 1855) he had been elected an Associate of what is still affectionately called the "Old" Society of Painters in Water Colours, and in 1856 a full member. This connection terminated in 1870, only to be renewed a few years later, when (in 1886) Sir Frederic Burton, as he then was, received the compliment of honorary membership. In 1874 Sir Frederic was appointed to the Directorship of the National Gallery; he was knighted 1884, and received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Dublin. He had become F.S.A. in 1863.

To the visitor to the National Gallery who would properly appreciate the fruits of Sir Frederic's long and fruitful service it may fairly be said, in a famous word, "*circumspice.*" Year by year the galleries, the churches, the private collections, the dealers' stores of Europe, have been laid under contribution for our own and our posterity's enrichment, as the mention of some of the principal works which have been acquired during Sir Frederic Burton's tenure of his present office will sufficiently prove. Such are the two large pictures

by Luca Signorelli; the 'Virgin of the Rocks,' by Leonardo da Vinci, from Charlton Park; the Blenheim Raphael, commonly known as the 'Madonna degli Ansidei,' secured at a cost of £70,000 and of seven months' strenuous labour on the part of the Director, in 1885; the great equestrian portrait of Charles I. by Van Dyck, from the same source; the noble full-length male portrait by Moretto da Brescia; the full-length and half-length portraits (1,022 and 1,024) by G. B. Moroni; the important altar-piece by Ercole di Giulio Grandi; two small but exquisite pictures by Ercole di Roberto Grandi; a triptych by the Umbrian master Niccolo da Fuligno; a highly characteristic work by Pontormo; two fine examples of Ubertini; the large altar-piece by Matteo di Giovanni; a beautiful Bonifazio Veronese; the 'Vision of St. Helena' by Paul Veronese; the Holbein and the Velazquez from Longford Castle, which have been so recently fully described in these pages (see page 1); the portrait by Antonello da Messina; and the 'Crucifixion' by the same. These are of course numerically but a small proportion of the additions since 1874.

To his labours connected with the acquisition of these and similar works, Sir Frederic Burton has added others. One of his first cares was to facilitate the exhibition to the public of the noble collection of drawings bequeathed to the nation by the late J. M. W. Turner. Previously to this, but a small proportion of these could be seen at one time, by a person or a party who were required to obtain a ticket for the purpose. With the consent of the Government departments, the large room formerly occupied by the library of the Royal Academy, the only space available on the premises, was prepared and fitted up with desks, and, by the aid of Mr. Eastlake, the Secretary and Keeper, a large portion of the Turner drawings were arranged in them and on the walls, those in the desks being changed at intervals for others, so that the entire collection is exhibited in rotation. Amongst the drawings on the walls is the entire series of the *Liber Studiorum*.

Another important feature in Sir Frederic's administration has been the glazing of very nearly the entire collection of paintings—only a few pictures now remaining to be covered with glass. Something, too, should be said of the entire re-arrangement and classification, according to "schools," of the contents of the gallery, which was accomplished in 1887, a matter which, long aimed at, first became possible when the last series of new rooms were added to the building. The value of this classification to students and all persons interested in Art can hardly be overstated. Finally, there was given to the public by Sir Frederic Burton early in 1889 what is practically an entirely new catalogue of the National collection, so far as the foreign masters are con-



Sir Frederic Burton. From a photograph by Messrs. Chancellor, Dublin.

cerned. This, be it said, was no part of the Director's official duty. It was a voluntary and laborious work of love. Had Sir Frederic Burton established no other claim upon the gratitude of his countrymen than the completion of this monumental work, he would not have left himself without witness. Some such work had, in the Director's view, become an absolute necessity, in consequence of the progress of historical research and that free criticism which has been characteristic of the past quarter of a century throughout Europe. The great labour involved in its preparation may be conceived when it is remembered that it contains nearly three hundred memoirs of painters whose works are represented on the walls. The publication of this catalogue, a stout pamphlet of nearly six hundred pages, was one of the notable events in the world of Art during last year (1890). It will be recollected that it was followed by a smart shower of that criticism which Sir Frederic would be one of the last to complain of, one of his strongest beliefs being that his countrymen have a right to judge of the public acts of its servants. One objection was to the grouping of the pictures in the catalogue under their painter's name rather than in the order of their location in the gallery, so that the visitor was to refer through the index to the page on which the artists' works appear, for an account of it. A second was the way in which the artists, so far as the large majority of visitors are concerned, were renamed. Whenever possible, the proper, or surnames, of the painters were those under which they were catalogued. For a picture by Michael Angelo the reader had to look under Buonarotti, for Claude under Gelée, and so on. This was held to savour of scholasticism or pedantry. Standing manfully to his guns, Sir Frederic rejoined that he only followed the precedent of the universal language of Art and the custom of the leading galleries of Europe. Eventually, however, a concession was made which satisfied the majority of the critics, and both the names were placed on the picture-frame and, generally speaking, in the catalogue. It is, however, interesting to learn that this is the course which Sir Frederic had always intended should be taken, and that the "re-naming" was the result of an accidental misunderstanding of his instructions. He had always intended that both names should appear upon the frames.

It will thus be seen that the life of Sir Frederic Burton, though prolonged, has not been more than ordinarily eventful; but, on the other hand, it is quite obvious that the most stirring incidents of it are not such as are recorded in Blue Books "Minutes," and biographical dictionaries. Even the chase and capture of some much-coveted masterpiece, exciting and laborious as it may be, is only recorded there in a solitary line, with a very matter-of-fact set of figures to sum it up. It will be remembered that among the staff of the newly-constituted National Gallery, we made mention of a travelling agent, who was then and there appointed in the person of Mr. Otto Mündler at a yearly salary of £300. In the opinion of the Trustees and the Director, the arrangement was an admirable one. Mr. Mündler executed his commission not only to their satisfaction, but with surprising ability and knowledge. Unfortunately, the Treasury took another view of the matter, and after about three years they withdrew the grant, and put the whole responsibility of scouring the Continent for treasures upon the Director, who already was fully occupied. Excepting during a hasty summer holiday, snatched with difficulty, Sir Frederic Burton is to be found every "lawful" day at his post in Trafalgar Square, quartered in an apartment whose window looks into the famous *place* indeed, but is otherwise of a singularly bald and unattractive sort, and might easily be mistaken for the ante-chamber of a cemetery chapel. The visitor is tempted to exclaim with Jaques, "O knowledge ill inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatched house." Here, however, it is that those multifarious labours for the behoof of our national collection are for the most part carried on. Here, too, in all probability is to be found, upon an easel to catch the light, the latest suggested acquisition for it. Since the commencement of Sir Frederic's administration of the National Gallery, upwards of three hundred and fifty pictures have been added to the collection; namely, by purchase, one hundred and forty-three of the great Continental schools, and thirty-six British; and by donation or bequest, one hundred and forty-six foreign, and forty-three British. Furthermore, although, strange to say, the National Gallery has no power to purchase drawings or works in water-colour, it may accept donations of these, and, since 1874, many such valuable works have been thus acquired *plus* those mentioned above.

Of the so-called "foreign" pictures acquired since 1874, it is important in any estimate of Sir Frederic Burton's life and work, to note that no fewer than fifty-four are by Old Masters of various schools who had not hitherto been represented in the gallery at all; and of the British school ten pictures are by artists not before represented. There are besides a considerable number of fine works which have been selected for their intrinsic merit, and as examples of certain schools, though they remain at present without definite attribution.

The present Director has, indeed, often insisted with much force, that not the value of a picture, nor its beauty, nor its "importance"—in the usual sense of that term—constitute an unanswerable claim in it to a place in a truly National collection. Every painting purchased should have a reason, not for its existence, but for its acquisition. It should be a link in the history of its painter and of Art. It should be evidence. In a private collection, where the ruling motive is the gathering together of a cluster of gems, the case is different. Every collector is moved by his own idiosyncrasy and personal taste; he "lives with" his pictures, and selects them as he would his friends or companions, because they are attractive and agreeable to him—*voilà tout*. In a National Gallery other considerations are involved, and it must frequently happen that a painting of great individual merit is passed over, and one of less intrinsic worth preferred. This happens for one of many reasons, such as that the painter of the former is already adequately represented. It is superfluous to add that such motives do not occur in the case of presents or bequests, but only in cases where the director and his colleagues are acting as Trustees of the National funds. At the present moment the great requirement of the National Gallery is one which seems fated to be the "constant" in all enterprises of the kind, in England, at all events, namely, additional space. The contention of those who have always urged that if the country would only supply rooms for their exhibition, pictures would inevitably be provided by patriotic gifts and bequests, has been amply justified. Several of the galleries are filled to repletion, room is still wanted, and the extraordinary anomaly exists, that while the Government provides means for the increase of the collection, it is ever late and behindhand in providing space for the due exhibition of the works acquired. The national encouragement of Art is, however, too large a subject to discuss at the close of an article like the present.

J. F. Boyes.

THE PROGRESS OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

No. 2—LACE.

TRADES dependent for their welfare on the caprice of fashion necessarily have a wide and various experience. Periodically they enjoy prosperous years, and periodically they suffer penurious years, the fat periods bearing a proportion of the losses incurred by the lean periods; they also have the commoner experience of mediocre years standing alone, neither asking nor giving assistance. That time, not very many years ago, when the Greek style was the vogue, when dresses were cut low in the neck, and sleeves stirred in the breeze; when the *modiste* and the milliner loved the flowing line in gowns, and large, umbrageous hats, with rounded curves and trailing trimmings, was the palmy hour of the lace trade. And for the recurrence of those golden years lace manufacturers wait patiently, confident of their return, when the true proportions of the present glorification of primness and neatness in dress, as contrasted with the more flamboyant and graceful style, that still suffers from the past extravagance of the æsthete, shall be understood. Whatever their individual tastes may be, manufacturers look forward to the time, which at present seems far distant, when woman shall have grown tired, as assuredly she will, of tailor-made gowns with their severe lines.



Fig. 1.—Imitation Chantilly Silk Lace. Messrs. Kirkbride & Co., Nottingham.

Real or hand-made lace—at that prosperous epoch of the imitation article some ten to fifteen years ago, when Nottingham, the centre of the industry, had, by the intelligence and enterprise of her sons, earned her right to a position in the very van of provincial cities—was already far on in its decadence. Thirty years ago the real lace trade flourished exceedingly, as it had flourished for centuries in every civilised country of the world, the high prices easily obtained for good specimens making it an extremely profitable undertaking. It was an aristocratic trade, requiring great skill and knowledge of a peculiar kind handed down from generation to generation; in fact, so complex and so delicate were some of the rarer makes of pillow lace that an expert workwoman, labouring twelve hours a day, could hardly finish more than a third of an inch in a week. For lace of this extremely fine character, a thread of great tenacity was employed, spun in damp cellars from specially-grown flax, costing as much as £240 a pound. Pillow lace, one of the two distinct classes into which real lace is divided, is manufactured, as its name implies, with the help of a large stuffed cushion into which pins are stuck according to the arrangement of the pattern, the lace thread being plaited around the pins from a number of small bobbins, the name given to the small cylindrical piece of wood on which the thread is wound. The manufacture of "needle point," the other variety of real lace, is more complicated, and varies considerably in detail. The developments from "pillow" and "point" lace were many and ingenious, the

varieties generally deriving their names from the cities where they were made; thus, we hear of Venetian point, Genoa point, Brussels, Chantilly, Mechlin, Alençon, Valenciennes, Honiton, and many others.

So much has been written about the history of lace, and so wide is the ground covered by its manufacture, that it were idle to attempt to even touch the fringe of the subject in the limited space at our disposal, more especially as the trade in real lace is now only a very minor industry.

Authorities differ as to the exact date when lace first appeared as an article of commerce in England, but it occurred, probably, towards the close of the fourteenth century. By the reign of Elizabeth, this royal finery had blazed forth into considerable popularity, and had even found its way to the general shops and stores of provincial towns. The bulk of the lace used was procured from foreign sources, but it would seem, from a custom officer's report in the reign of Charles I., that during the sovereignty of that monarch this reproach was in a fair way of being removed. "The invention," the officer reported, "of making Venice gold and silver lace within the Kingdom is come to that perfection, that it will be made here more cheap than it can be brought from beyond seas." In the reign of William and Mary, enormous sums were expended on lace; the Queen's lace bill for the year 1694 was discovered by Mrs. Palliser to have amounted to no less than £1,918. Real lace remained in high favour through the reigns of Anne and the earlier Georges, and buyers spasmodically strove to be patriotic in their purchases; one of those true Britons was George III., who on the marriage of his sister, the Princess Augusta, to the Duke of Brunswick, ordered that all the laces worn at the marriage should be of English make; little attention, however, was paid to the royal decree. Towards the close of last century the wearing of lace fell into disfavour; indeed, so unfashionable had the fabric become, as an article of attire, that many collections of great value were at the death of their respective owners handed over as rubbish to dependants. It was some time before real lace again became the fashion, but when the trade did turn, its last state was no less splendid than its first. For many years now the real lace trade has been under a cloud. A British industry that in the past has given employment to thousands and thousands of lace-makers in Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Northamptonshire, Devonshire, and many parts of Scotland and Ireland, is now hardly sufficient to support a few derelict hundreds.

Though the manufacture of real lace in this country is almost as dead as the crinoline, or as gigot sleeves, it is not wholly a lost industry, as Brussels, Torchon, and Maltese are still sold; these varieties are manufactured principally on the Continent, and are hardly procurable in England save at some leading West-end houses, who make it a *spécialité*. There are also large stocks in the City of Torchon lace, which have a considerable sale. Most of this Torchon lace is only worn on garments that are not visible to the eye in public places. Now and again the industry flickers into a brief activity when some millionaire elects to create a sensation with a daughter's trousseau, but the healthy manufacture of this article, for specimens of which the Elizabethan costumiers ransacked Dresden, Valenciennes, Mechlin, Brussels, and other historic towns, is gone like yesterday's snow. Even had fashion not vetoed its continuance, the real lace trade, by reason of its costliness and the slowness of its production, could never have taken a position among the leading industries of this country. That was reserved for the imitation of hand-made lace, which rose and waxed into vigorous strength as the star of its elder waned to decadence. The imitation lace era dates from the time when Mr. John Heathcoat at Tiverton, and Mr. James Fisher at Nottingham, set up bobbin-net machines for the purpose of making plain nets. When Jacquard invented the machine which bears his name, a means of adapting it to the bobbin-net machine was discovered, which enabled a pattern to be produced on the plain net, of a simple and elementary nature certainly, but still a pattern. The great possibilities of the new industry only became really evident, however, some years later, when Mr. Lever, who has since earned a fortune by his invention,

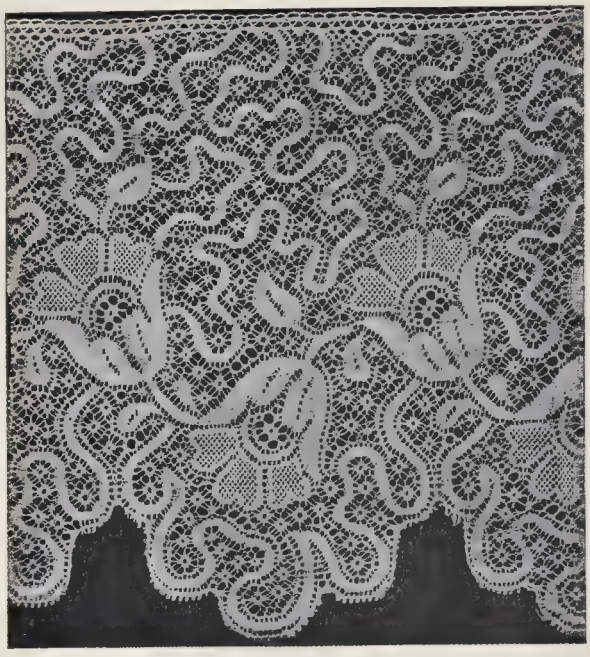


Fig. 2.—Imitation Verona Lace. Messrs. Cuckson, Hazledine, and Manderfield, Nottingham.

produced the "Lever" machine; a wonderful invention, which remains to this day the basis of the imitation lace machine. On this parent machine all additions and improvements have been based, and of which it has been said that it can do everything but speak.

From the day of the introduction of the first "Lever," the ingenuity of inventors led them on from triumph to triumph, as they began dimly to see how lucrative an industry their achievement would establish. The public, too, always eager for novelty, became interested in the new cheap finery, so delicate, and yet within the reach of the most moderate purse, and the men of Nottingham, shrewd and capable as the sons of that great midland town always have proved themselves, did not allow the risk of loss to clog the wheels of a healthy enterprise for speculation. They cast their bread on the waters and it returned them after a few days a hundredfold. Imitation lace became the vogue, it sold in enormous quantities, and in the late sixties had filtered through all classes, from duchess to serving-maid. The Nottingham manufacturers, and also those of Calais, whose lace machines were all supplied by Nottingham, poured into the London markets endless supplies, which were eagerly purchased by the whole-



Fig 3.—Imitation Spanish Lace Dress Flouncing, 45 inches wide. Messrs. Stiebel Kaufmann & Co., Nottingham.

sale houses, and sold by them to shippers and to retail dealers.

Manufacturers who were fortunate enough to hit upon popular patterns made their fortunes; machines ran night and day, and even then were often unable to meet the demand. Workmen from the surrounding districts crowded into Nottingham, the town prospered exceedingly, and capitalists, envious of the success of the lace-machine proprietors, rushed into the business. Greybeards were not lacking who shook their heads, and dropped ominous hints that such prosperity could not last; but their prophecies were laughed to scorn, and "twist hands," the generic name for workmen in charge of machines, earned their five and six pounds a week, hired dog-carts on Sundays, and drank champagne of brands as good as their masters. Years flew by, the seventies had gone the way of all other decades, the eighties were drawing to their meridian, and still the trade prospered till the Nottingham lace manufacturers began to think the millennium had arrived. But the evil day was at hand, and it approached in that insidious, diffident manner which evil days favour.

First, however, it is necessary to say a few words about the different styles of imitation lace, although to mention them is but to run over the various kinds of real lace, for the patterns and styles



Fig. 4.—Imitation Brussels Lace. Messrs. Birkin Brothers, Nottingham.

of the one have been copied with wonderful accuracy from the patterns and styles of the other.

Briefly, all imitation laces may be classed under the two heads of silk and cotton, used for trimming bonnets, hats, dresses, furniture, lamp-shades, and a hundred other things. Each pattern is usually made in a set of three widths, ranging from two to five inches. A decade past the widest width of a pattern was designed principally for dresses, being festooned in flounces down the skirt; but a few years ago a fashion set in which has had a considerable run, of using a single width of lace, from thirty-six up to fifty-four inches, for the draping of a dress. Fig. 3 is an illustration of a Spanish lace flouncing of this character, forty-five inches wide, manufactured by Messrs. Stiebel Kaufmann & Co., of Nottingham. Of graceful design and thorough execution, it is a notable example of a silk lace designed by a designer trained in the Art school of Nottingham and executed throughout by British workmen. The Queen was so pleased with this particular flouncing that she ordered a dress to be made from it. Another specimen of good Nottingham Spanish lace has lately been made by Messrs. Henry Mallet and Sons, which we have not space to illustrate. This pattern was selected by the committee who were deputed to choose a representative black silk Nottingham lace as a wedding present for the Duchess of Portland.

The imitation silk lace trade proper is divisible into two classes, the Spanish—rich, heavy—(the material of the Queen's flounce) and the Chantilly—a lace made of a much lighter thread, and altogether more delicate and gossamer-like than the other. Her Majesty's patronage will, probably, help to restore the popularity of Spanish lace, which of late years has been somewhat elbowed out of the market by Chantilly. Of this lace we give two specimens by Messrs. J. Kirkbride & Co., of Nottingham (Figs. 1 and 5), and we have no hesitation in saying that Calais could not produce a lace combining more of the essential excellencies of the fabric than do these specimens.

Though the silk lace trade has had its fluctuations, its good and bad years, the history of its manufacture during the last decade has been comparatively uneventful. Prices were not so high, or the bulk sold so great, last year as in the year 1885, but that is merely a question of fashion, and next year may be better than 1885 and 1890 together. The broad road of the silk lace trade has run into many by-ways, and leapt, sometimes with but negative success, over obstacles not strictly within its province. Silk laces have been made, principally for millinery, in all the colours of the rainbow, manufacturers vying with the manufacturers of ribbons and artificial flowers, as to who should produce the most delicate and the greatest number of tints. Silk lace has been woven with wool; it has also been woven with gold thread and a hundred ingenious designs and combinations have been designed in nets for veils and dresses.

Thus the silk lace trade; but the career of the cotton lace trade, in these later

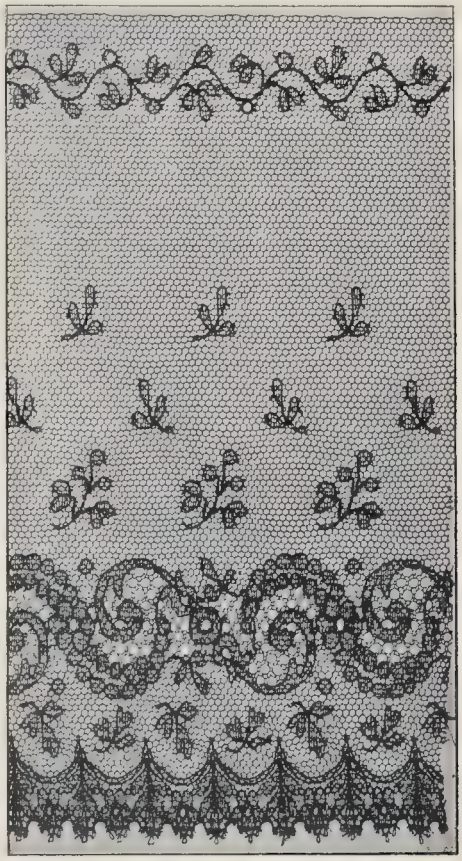


Fig. 5.—Imitation Chantilly Lace. Messrs. J. Kirkbride & Co., Nottingham.



Fig. 6.—Imitation Malines Lace. Messrs. Mallett & Co., Nottingham.

times, has not been so uneventful. About ten years ago, as we have already remarked, the Nottingham lace men said one to another, "Lo! the millennium." But while they were building themselves great houses in "The Park," and lining the streets of their town with buildings worthy the achievement of her citizens, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, only discernible to keen, far-seeing eyes, was climbing up the horizon of the lace world. It took the form of a new kind of lace embroidered on a net, the pattern akin to a flower, the Edelweiss flower, and it was written that this new lace "made in Germany" should, during the next few years, take the Nottingham cotton lace by the throat, worry it, and leave it gasping on the ground with hardly a kick left. The English manufacturers made the mistake of despising this puny rival; in fact, it is generally reported that the new embroidering machine for making the Edelweiss lace was offered in the first place to Nottingham manufacturers and refused.

Had they taken the matter in hand at once, the Nottingham manufacturers might possibly have learnt their trade over again, and beaten the German on his own ground. But they waited, hoping the new style of lace which had crept into the London markets as gently and insidiously as a snake slips into a pan of milk, would die of its own inherent weakness; they waited in vain. The new article took the public by storm, and it is not pleasant to think of the enormous sums, in the past few years, that have been paid to German manufacturers. It is easy to prophesy after the event and say that the Nottingham makers should have given the new invention their very serious attention, even to the extent of laying down expensive plant. But that would have meant a complete revolutionising of the trade, and a comparative sacrifice of existing plant in which enormous sums of money were invested. The Nottingham men preferred to stick to their guns, hoping that the new invention would soon die by the very vagaries of that fashion that had made it possible. But nothing of the kind happened. One year, two years, three years passed, and each season found the new lace more popular, till in the end it almost entirely ousted the Nottingham cotton lace from the market.

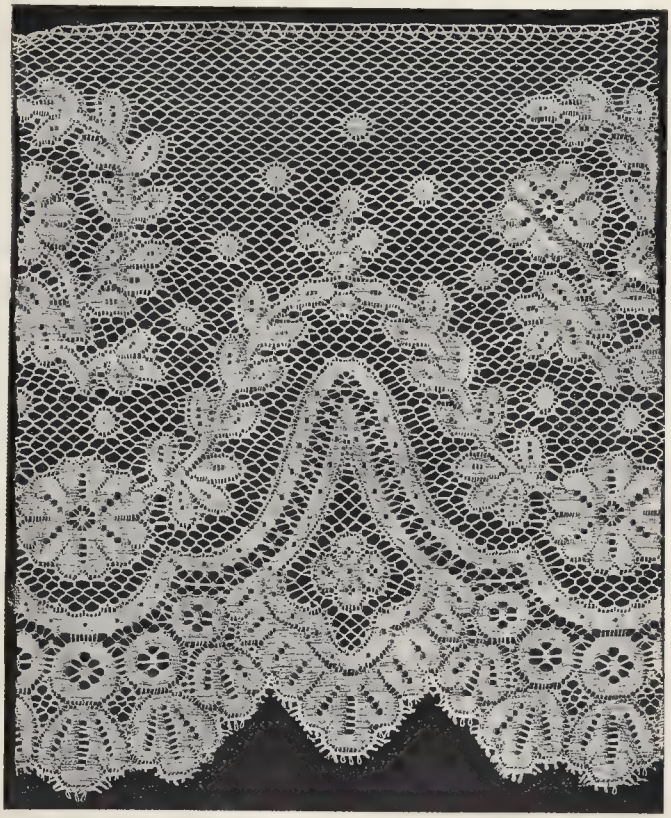


Fig. 7.—Imitation Valenciennes Lace. Messrs. Whitt and Bates, Nottingham.

Edelweiss lace differs from Nottingham lace to this radical extent—that while in the latter the net or groundwork and the pattern are woven at the same time, the pattern of

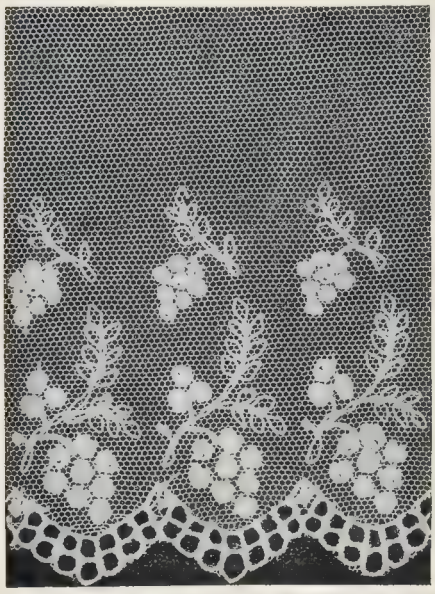


Fig. 8.—German Edelweiss or Oriental Lace.

the Edelweiss lace is simply broidered on to a net already made, generally in Nottingham, and sent thence to Saxony. Its swift popularity may be traced to two causes—beauty of design and cheapness. As to beauty of design, the "Lever" machine cannot compete with the embroidery or Edelweiss machine, for the simple fact that to the former it is only possible for the thread in making the pattern to work forward, while in the Edelweiss machine the thread can work both forward and backward.

As regards cheapness of manufacture, the Trade Union of Nottingham had drawn up a scale of payment for lace workmen at every stage of the production of the article, and thus it was impossible for the masters, whose men belonged to the Union, in this crisis of stress to lower their prices to the scale by means of which the Germans had conquered the market.

That frugal and honourable nation managed their success excellently. The sight and the handling of English gold encouraged them to more strenuous efforts and led them periodically to the swing-doors of the banks; Circe, in the guise of a livery-stable proprietor, or a vendor of old wines, overcame them not. The longer they worked at the making of this Edelweiss lace, the more money they received, and that suited them. Many of them have looms in their own cottages, worked by a pedal, and when the man is tired his wife can go on with the work, and when she is tired a daughter, and so on. At stated times he is visited by the agent, who bargains for the lace that is finished, and as there is no sword of Damocles, in the form of a Trades-Union scale, dangling over his head, the agent buys at his own price, and Nottingham can only look on and wonder. It must be no small satisfaction to the lacemakers of the Fatherland to know that they have not only supplanted the Nottingham manufacturers, but also those of Calais, and that knowledge is the most poignant *amari aliquid* in the cup of the Frenchman's regret.

Fig. 8 is an illustration of the Edelweiss lace. Numbers of designs are, of course, made, but the one we have chosen is a very fair example of the style. Fig. 9 illustrates another kind of cotton lace, invented by a clever manufacturer in St. Gall, in which we have been beaten by the Germans. In the great range of laces made on the Lever machine, Nottingham easily holds her supremacy, as the varieties shown in Figs. 2, 4, 6, 7, by such well-known firms as Birkin Brothers, Cuckson, Hazledine and Manderfield, Henry Mallett & Co., Whitt and Bates, sufficiently testify. These firms, and others also, have lately produced many beautiful designs, which want of space only prevents us from illustrating.

It were foolish to say that the present condition of the British lace trade is satisfactory, but manufacturers have the satisfaction of knowing that a change of fashion may occur at any moment, and then they will reap the reward of their patience during the last few years. Signs of improvement are not lacking. Also are there whisperings of a reorganization of masculine dress, with a return to the Georgian ruffle, than which there is no more graceful or fitting adjunct to the masculine hand; in fine, a return to the rational

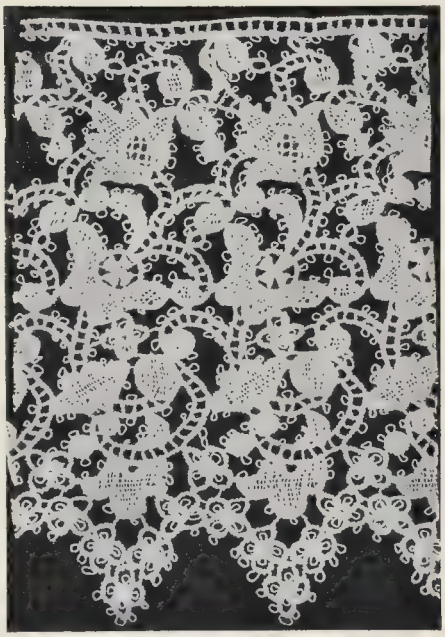


Fig. 9.—German Guipure Lace.

ideas of other days, when man, like woman in these times, was not ashamed to dress.

C. Lewis Hind.

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

THE Hanover Exhibition, somewhat awkwardly metamorphosed into the Exhibition of the Royal House of Guelph, is a remarkable artistic and popular success; coming though it does immediately after the Stuart and Tudor displays, with which it cannot, of course, compete in that peculiar romantic interest which time alone can confer. Of George I. the best and most authentic portrait is the uninviting one by Hirschmann; while the careful and characteristic full-length originally named 'Sophia Dorothea of Zell,' is now held to represent Caroline of Anspach, the admirable but too indulgent consort of George II. One of the best performances of the wearisome and conventional Sir Godfrey Kneller is the 'Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, with Lady Fitzharding;' and another unusually vigorous piece of portraiture by him is that of George II.'s mistress, Baroness Kielmansegg, Countess of Platen and Darlington, a lady plentifully lacking refinement, while boasting considerable personal attractions of a purely physical order. Rarely has more been made out of very unpromising subjects than by Gainsborough in his well-known companion full-lengths of George III. and Queen Charlotte, from Buckingham Palace; the latter portrait, which shows the homely-featured queen in a full court-dress of white and gold, being in point of execution among the painter's masterpieces. One of his most masterly and best-preserved sketches is the 'Anne Luttrell, Duchess of Cumberland,' from Windsor; while his overcleaned and restored portrait of George IV. in early manhood proves once more that, at that period of his life, the "first gentleman in Europe" possessed exceptional personal attractions.

The same monarch, somewhat later in life, but still as Prince Regent, is portrayed by Sir William Beechey, whose half-lengths of the Princesses Amelia and Sophia, though ill-drawn and painted with an unpleasant touch, have considerable *naïveté* and charm. Queen Caroline's agitated, frivolous life was almost at an end when she sat to Lonsdale for the vulgar portrait contributed by the Corporation of London—a canvas of exceptional interest, notwithstanding, as having been presented by her to that body in 1820, no doubt in gratitude for the support received in her last quarrel with the King. As a pendant to this picture hangs the portrait of her daughter, the adored Princess Charlotte, who does not appear to advantage in an *Empire* costume. Some of the most fascinating portraits to be seen here are those of queens of the left hand, the irregularity of whose position has wisely not been allowed to exclude them from the exhibition. We should not perhaps rank among these 'Lady Craven, Margravine of Anspach,' exquisitely done by Romney, seeing that she became, as we believe, the legitimate spouse of the Margrave. Here, however, are two favourites of George IV., the unfortunate Mrs. Fitzherbert in two exquisite sketches by Reynolds and Gainsborough respectively; and 'Perdita,' by her true name Mrs. Mary Robinson, in a splendidly glowing canvas by the former master. William IV.'s fair friend, Mrs. Jordan, is here too, but not in one of Romney's delightful character-studies. Of the divine Emma Lyon, or Hart, Lady Hamilton, two beautiful though slight sketches by her worshipper, Romney, appear—neither of these being among those best known to the public.

Among portraits of statesmen we may single out the 'William Pitt' of Romney, showing the future Prime Minister as a pretty fair-haired youth, and Gainsborough's famous portrait revealing the leader of men in the self-sufficiency of his precocious maturity. Charles James Fox shows in a faded half-length from Eton College, attributed to Reynolds, but more probably by Opie; and in a curious piece of historical genre, in which he is seen—a very Daniel Lambert in size—haranguing the House of Commons. Gainsborough's half-length of Canning as an Eton youth in Vandyke dress is also here.

A remarkable group of portraits commemorates England's greatest period of naval glory and supremacy. Here are Earl St. Vincent, by Sir W. Beechey; the brothers, Viscounts Bridport and Hood, the one by Abbott, the other by West; and Admiral Sir Charles Hardy, by Romney—a lesser luminary, but a much finer picture than any of these. The centre of this special display is occupied by a portrait of Lord Nelson, by J. F. Rigaud—a pleasing rather than a really characteristic performance; but the true personality of the hero is better seen in a modest little full-length by Guzzardi, painted in 1799, in which the homely features and already maimed form are depicted without affectation or disguise. Our military heroes play a much more modest part in the exhibition. The portraits of the Iron Duke are a half-length by Hoppner, in which he shows, young and supercilious, as the Colonel of 33rd Foot; and the well-known conventional full-length by Weigall, in which is depicted the familiar Wellington of later years, whose physiognomy is stamped in the memory of every Englishman. Here too is Sir John Moore, of Coruuna memories, in what purports to be an original, but is only a copy, of a half-length by Sir Thomas Lawrence. With an unnecessary *chauvinisme* is introduced a mediocre portrait of Napoleon (by Phillips), which, surrounded by the likenesses of his arch-foes, faces, tragic and solitary even in this feeble version, an equally mediocre presentment of Marshal von Blücher, wearing huge iron-grey moustaches.

To most people the South Gallery, with its display of poets, musicians, painters, and actors, must be the magnetic centre of attraction of the Guelph Exhibition. If some of the portraits of our great masters of prose and verse are so characterless as to leave no impression, either on eye or mind, others revive, by their power of sympathetic characterization and suggestion, all our crowding memories. To the former category belong those feeble pieces of conventionality, the 'Matthew Prior' and the 'Pope' of Sir Godfrey Kneller; the anonymous and darkened 'Gray' and 'Charles Lamb;' the weak 'Campbell,' 'Southey,' and 'Coleridge,' by Phillips; and the large piece by Pickersgill, in which Wordsworth (in 1831) looks rather the elderly college dignitary than the poet. J. Severn's posthumous portrait of Keats (painted in 1832) has at any rate sincerity and sympathy, though it does not equal the little pencil portrait by Hilton; while the curiously

amateurish 'Shelley,' and the feeble profile of 'Chatterton,' although beneath criticism as paintings, are not lacking in a certain sentimental interest. The pseudo-romantic 'Byron' of Westall has been so universally popularised by engraving as to have fixed for ever, so far as the general public is concerned, the type of the poet; but it is probably not so true as the fat Byron shown in a little miniature by Gioffoi (*sic*). One of Reynolds's most magnificent performances is the audaciously realistic 'Gibbon,' with its unsparing rendering of small pudgy features, and an almost comical *embonpoint;* and not less wonderful, the subtle, masterly half-length of 'Lawrence Sterne.' The 'Oliver Goldsmith' and the 'Dr. Johnson' are fine pieces of characterization by the same master, but not up to his high-water mark of technical excellence. One of the noblest pieces of portraiture in the whole exhibition is Raeburn's 'Sir Walter Scott'—a surprisingly dignified and yet perfectly sincere and realistic presentment of his great countryman.

Among the musicians may be seen Handel by Mercier, and again by Hudson; Haydn by Hoppner; Dr. Burney in the replica of a famous portrait by Reynolds. The painters—limned chiefly by themselves—form quite a little "Painters' Gallery." True, the so-called 'Hogarth,' by himself, is not a famous performance, and the 'Reynolds' a singularly unfortunate and inferior specimen of a well-known type; but the 'Gainsborough' is a masterpiece of unexaggerated characterisation, and the 'Romney with his Father' an uncanny and fascinating piece of self-presentment. Constable is not notably well portrayed, but the 'Morland,' from his own brush, is characteristic, if weak in execution; while Wilkie and Lawrence have, each in his own peculiar way, presented admirably their view of themselves—Wilkie with much self-knowledge, Lawrence with a large measure of conventional dignity.

As in life, so after death, the actors and actresses command here a full measure of attention, even though they are brought into close competition with the great luminaries of literature and art just mentioned; and this is easily accounted for by the fact that their mobile interesting physiognomies have at all times attracted the great masters of the brush. Mrs. Siddons, in the famous portrait belonging to the Duke of Westminster, in which Reynolds has presented her as the 'Tragic Muse,' dominates the South Gallery, and the great *tragédienne* appears again in a full-length from Warwick Castle, wrongly attributed to the same master, and perhaps an early work of Martin Archer Shee. Garrick's penetrating glance fascinates the spectator in a faded but still admirable portrait by Reynolds, as in the well-known 'Garrick and his Wife' by Hogarth, from Windsor Castle. Foote is portrayed by Reynolds, Quin by Gainsborough, Fawcett in an admirable bust-portrait by the too little appreciated Shee. Among the actresses and singers, besides those already mentioned, are to be found Mrs. Billington, by Hoppner (?); the radiant 'Miss Linley (Mrs. Sheridan) with her young Brother,' one of Gainsborough's most irresistible performances; 'Mrs. Pritchard'—Johnson's "inspired idiot"—by Pine; and 'Harriet Mellon, afterwards Duchess of St. Albans,' in a pretty piece of affectation by Sir William Beechey.

The twenty-second of the annual exhibitions of works by the Old Masters at the Royal Academy stands on the whole worthily by the side of its predecessors. Of three portraits of large dimensions attributed to Velasquez, we can only accept as genuine the small equestrian presentment of the Conde-Duque de Olivarez, which is a replica on a reduced scale of the great canvas at Madrid. This, if it is wanting in the master's usual intense vitality, is a splendid piece of colour, showing his hand especially in the rugged Spanish landscape and in the white war-horse. The 'Infanta Maria Theresa' is by an imitator who has undergone Flemish as well as local influences; while the 'Philip IV.' is nothing more than an old copy of the beautiful portrait at the Dulwich Gallery. A superb example of Murillo's art is the great 'Allegorical Subject: Faith elevating the Eucharist,' which was once in that same church of Sta. Maria la Blanca, at Seville, which originally contained the famous 'Immaculate Conception' of the Louvre. The English pictures form an exhibition—and a very splendid one—all to themselves; including as they do a historical series illustrating the rise and progress of English water-colour, this being one of the finest and most distinctive sections of the whole collection. Hoping that it will be possible to give a more detailed account of it on a future occasion, we must confine ourselves to pointing out that, while Copley Fielding, Cattermole, Rossetti, and Pinwell are unaccountably absent, Cozens, Girtin, Varley, Cotman, David Cox, Barret, De Wint, William Hunt, and Turner himself (though in a less degree than on some former occasions) are seen to very high advantage. Moreover, two special groups of drawings have been brought together, the one comprising many of the best among the wonderfully elaborate Oriental studies of John Frederick Lewis, the other bringing back once more to the recollection of his admirers the pathetic and exquisite art of Frederick Walker.

CHARLES SAMUEL KEENE.

THE loss of Charles Keene, whose inimitable contributions to the pages of *Punch* have gained their author admirers the whole world over, has left a blank unlikely to be filled.

Charles Keene belonged to a race of artists which is becoming rare. Though a link with the past, he was, possibly unconsciously, the inaugurator of a "new departure." Even the lightest and apparently most facile of his happy aspirations were the outcome of careful study; though his was the art which successfully conceals the semblance of effort, the expressive realism, which is the keynote of his productions, was the result of his invariable practice of "going to nature." The definition of genius as "the power of taking pains" was fully exemplified in Keene's instance, since all his sketches are thoughtful studies from life. In this way his art improved up to the end. He evidently came to humorous delineation with a serious resolve to "keep to life," and he as resolutely carried out this intention as if it had been his sole ambition to train for those higher professional honours which the Royal Academy might with justice have extended to him.

In the days when Keene first had the opportunity of be-

coming a contributor to *Punch*, his predecessors and colleagues were accustomed to draw on their own fancies, and trust to their memory for most things. Gillray and Rowlandson, after their probationship, the Cruikshanks, Seymour, Alken, and "Phiz," when the brief eras of their art apprenticeships were over, seemed to trouble models as little as possible; to this circumstance is attributable the marked and rapid decadence of their work when the prime of their powers was past. Henning, Kenny Meadows, Alfred Crowquill, Doyle, Thackeray, and the early illustrators of *Punch*, did not, as a rule, trouble to draw from life; John Leech, in all points in advance of his contemporaries, gifted with ready fancy, quickness of observation, and faculties of memory, was, it is understood, mindful of the necessity of consulting nature; he seems to have accustomed himself to make "lightning notes" of figures, attitudes, animals, garments and their folds, and was, in fact, incessantly studying after his own rapid fashion, with consequent improvement in his art, while his backgrounds are recognised and appreciated as delightfully fresh and faithful excerpts from nature.

Leech's colleague and ultimate successor, Charles Keene, was, however, the first of his generation to consistently apply to humorous delineation the practice which should prevail in serious art; and his recourse to the employment of models for every requirement has endowed his works with vivid realism, and a value that is permanent. Generations hence his productions may be consulted with advantage, for in them will survive the actual aspects of the folks who helped to make society between 1850 and 1890.

It was at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, where "Mr. Punch's



Old Lady.—"Threepence? Why, I've ridden this way a hundred times and never paid more than twopence!"
Conductor.—"A hundred times, mum. Let me see! Then you owe the Co'pany eight an' fourpence, mum. Would you like to settle with me now, mum, or shall I——?" (*Old Lady retires precipitately.*)

Original "Punch" Study. Lent by Mrs. Edwin Edwards. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew.

Trophy" was a welcome feature, that critics of other nationalities than our own commenced to recognise and appreciate Keene's art at its proper estimation. In addition to his admirable *Punch* work there was on view, and accessible to visitors, "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," "fully illustrated" by his hand; the verdict of Continental judges was that nothing could transcend the genial humour, the fidelity of the art with which the personages are characterized; as in all his efforts there is abundant fun, spontaneous, unforced, without exaggeration or grimace, while an absolutely truthful adherence to nature is yet their predominant quality.

The community at large is under obligations to so rare an artist who has unaffectedly held the mirror up to nature. Certain it is that, if we would study the pleasant paths of studio-life as it was some five-and-thirty years ago, we can find no one so expert and companionable as Keene.

Of all the artist's favourite topics—and they are many, varied, and distinctive—his volunteers, his cab and omnibus drivers and conductors, his waiters, his policemen, his well-to-do middle-class citizens and their "better halves," his plutocrats, military swells, troopers, and what not—all the personages of the "Comedy of Human Life" in the latter half of the nineteenth century—Keene's revelations of artist-life must most commend themselves to any one who passes in review the designer's raciest specialities.

From the days of the pre-Raphaelite fraternity, we have the

amiable weaknesses of artists, their delights and tribulations, the trials of models, the hopes and fears, the "glorious uncertainties," turned, without offence, to harmless pleasantry.



Original "Punch" Study. Lent by Mrs. Edwin Edwards. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew.

With the rising prosperity of the profession we note the development of the dealer, the critic, the amateur, and the collector. In short, materials for a history of Art may be garnered at ease from something over thirty years of Keene's professional skits alone.

In an early *Punch* drawing, dating back to the "fifties," we have the neophite puzzled out of his sober senses by the recommendations of the "ancient school:" "What our artist has to put up with."—*Old sage loq.* "I should give it a glaze of pure blue, and then fetch it up with Indian red, and lamp-black for the high lights. See what I mean?—Perdoose Tone!" Considerably later on, in the same spirit, we find the antediluvians blocking the way; there is the hanging committee, with the workman holding a picture for inspection—it being upside down—an unusual circumstance, let us hope—has somewhat obfuscated the tribunal. *Academy Porter.* "I thought it was a pretty pictur', sir—risin' artis', sir—wery 'ighly spoke of by Mr. Rusk." *One of the Council.* "Shtuff and nonshenth, sir! seems to me entirely deshtitute o' pershpective! What's the good of our according you the privilege of selection if you hang such rubbish as this! it's rejected, sir; mind that!"

Returning to the artist, it is well known that he was reluctant to have his original sketches shown or offered for sale; in 1889, when an "Exhibition of the Works of the English Humorists in Art" was held at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Keene explained this objection and declined to contribute; fortunately the artist was persuaded to relent to the extent of permitting a large and interesting collection of his studies, in the possession of Mrs. Edwin Edwards, an old and intimate friend, to be framed and exhibited at the last moment. These sketches from life were a revelation in their way; his contemporaries, and some of his colleagues, were fairly amazed at the conscientious pains with which even the smallest designs were worked out.

Keene, who died at Hammersmith January 4, 1891, was born at Duval's Lane, Hornsey, August 10, 1823. He received his early education at the Old Grammar School, Foundation Street, Ipswich, and shortly after the death of his father in 1838, at the age of sixteen, came up to the metropolis, and at once began to show marked talent for Art.

After some experience of the inside of a solicitor's and also of an architect's office, the artistic bent of his nature was recognised by his being apprenticed to the Whympers, when he was set to work to draw on wood, and during the term of his apprenticeship he designed various illustrations for the firm.

It must have been on the completion of his articles that Keene's eagerness to acquire artistic proficiency led him to join the Clipstone Street life-school, where, as a fellow-student, he enjoyed the friendship of John Tenniel, his future colleague. The life-school subsequently removed to Langham Place, where he became a constant visitor and student. He soon was "well afloat." At this time and for a long time subsequently he occupied as a studio an attic floor in an old house in the Strand, nearly opposite Norfolk Street. Here, beyond his drawings for *Punch*, he produced illustrations for other publications, and notably for *Once a Week*, under the same proprietorship.

Later on Keene relinquished this studio situated in the bustle of the Strand for the gravity of Baker Street. His next removal was to Chelsea, where the remainder of his successful career was passed, and where he died.



Original "Punch" Study. Lent by Mrs. Edwin Edwards. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew.





Passing Days

J. M. STRUDWICK.

IT cannot be said that we are suffering at present from any dearth of persons able to draw and paint. Even in the old Academic days, when drawing and painting were as painful and unwholesome as tight-lacing, and much more difficult, there were always plenty of men who could master them. But now that "naturalism" has sanctioned the comparatively easy, healthy, and congenial practice of representing the things we see as we see them, and accepted that end as a justification of the means in all cases, technical skill that once would have seemed prodigious is becoming commonplace. It is the same in all the arts. Violinists who have sat at the leader's desk in famous orchestras for twenty years are eclipsed by girl students; lads in the crudest imitative stage compose "symphonic poems" in which the orchestra is handled with a resource of which Cherubini had no conception; pianists from the Weimar school learn enough in two years to put out of countenance their elders who drudged for ten over Czerny and Clementi; in literature the advance is so enormous that the press is kept going by unskilled hands and casuals, who yet turn out more readable work than the experts of the Delane and Tom Taylor period; minor poets are expected to versify better than Pope or Byron; the mere routine of architecture transmogrifies our shops and villas past recognition; and our Art students, after a couple of seasons in Paris, return with a technique which gives them but too good ground for deriding many of our Royal Academicians as obsolete bunglers. When one thinks of how tempting the artistic professions appear to young people who hate business (small blame to them under existing conditions), and who have neither aptitude, diligence, nor means to qualify them as doctors or lawyers, it is appalling to see the ease with which a highly plausible degree of executive power can be developed in the hands of persons who may, nevertheless, have no more real vocation for pictorial art than a circus horse has for dancing. In that case, when they take up painting as a profession, they are only good handicraftsmen spoiled. Fill the next Academy with their works, and no doubt a considerable advance on the present standard of execution will be the result. It does not follow in the least that the proportion of true pictures to wasted canvases will be raised a single fraction. The spring forward from the workmanship of a quarter of a century ago to that of to-day is certainly tremendous. But so is the fact vouched for by Sir Joseph Whitworth, that a good Nottingham lace machine will turn out as much work as was formerly done by 8,000 women. Both have about equal bearing on our prospects of laying up treasure in pictorial art. Exhibitions of triumphs of execution are no doubt more interesting than the exhibitions of failures of execution which are the usual alternative; but when the triumphs owe their force and brilliancy to their very independence of the purpose of all artistic execution, that is, the production of pictures, then the interest they engage is the same as that appealed to by exhibitions of improvements, not in machines, but in machinery. In the end, all this execution for execution's sake—abstract execution, so to speak—becomes insufferably wearisome; and



J. M. Strudwich.

its professors, finding abstract execution unsaleable, get driven into portrait painting of the cleverest mechanical kind.

Now true pictorial execution—that which is only called into action as a means to materialise a picture conceived by a true creative artist, never looks like abstract execution. It differs not only for better or worse, but in kind. The adept in the one may be incapable of the other. I cannot say that I have ever heard a man say, "I can draw; I can paint; I can hit off values to a demi-semi-tone; but I cannot make a picture"; for persons so accomplished are seldom, if ever, conscious that their displays are not pictures. But the first time I ever spoke to the subject of this article, a true maker of pictures if ever there was one, he, no doubt concluding that I was a fancier of abstract execution, and being unwilling to disappoint me, informed me in an apologetic way that he could not draw—never could. This was neither mock modesty nor genuine modesty. It was not modesty at all: it was simply a piece of information which was, in a certain sense, quite true. I firmly believe that Strudwick could no more draw, except as a necessary incident in the production of his pictures, than he could eat without appetite. Doubtless the feat would be physically possible: he could do it if a pistol were held to his head; but the result would have none of that expression of enjoyment in the feat as a feat—none of that triumph in the power to perform it, which carries our clever executants over their subjectless canvases, and nerves the professional oyster-eater to empty his hundredth shell with unabated excitement and hope.

This sort of incapacity is a priceless gift to a painter when he has finished his novitiate; but to the student it is so disadvantageous and discouraging that its possessor cannot feel otherwise than ashamed and diffident until the pictures come to justify it. Even then the habit of mind persists; and the maker of the true picture will expect you to disparage him because he did not, and could not, turn out one of those barren *tours de force* of which you are deadly tired. And this expectation will be fulfilled so often in the case of the professional critic, that even when the painter's constantly growing sense of the pre-eminent worth of the order of genius which is attended by such incapacity has deepened to a full and serene conviction, he still remains conscious of the great improbability of any acquaintance or critic having attained to that wisdom. And so, though at last void of all misgiving, and perfect in his faith, he continues to gently warn expectant visitors not to cherish expectations which he would now be very sorry to gratify. This, I believe, was the secret of Strudwick's attitude of apparent self-depreciation. Rightly understood, it was one of pure pity for me. Had I misunderstood it, and said pretty things of his work just to encourage him (privately not thinking much of it), no doubt I should have benefited by the fine social qualities of the painter, and escaped without a word or look to make me conscious that I was making a donkey of myself. It was impossible to consider the likelihood of such escapes occurring often without furtively looking to see whether his face had yet acquired an habitually sardonic expression. But Strudwick, if he laughs at all—and he has too fine a sense of humour to keep his countenance entirely—knows how to laugh in his sleeve, as the following sketch of his life will show.

He was born at Clapham in 1849, and was educated under Canon Boger at St. Saviour's Grammar School, which he left at sixteen and a half with honourable mention for proficiency in the primitive drawing then taught in the establishment, but otherwise undistinguished and undecorated. It was proposed, as usual, that he should enter an office and learn business; but he was so clear on the point of having no vocation for commerce, and indeed of vehemently detesting it, that his family, much perplexed at his unreasonable prejudice, had to seek some other solution. His own views dated from certain hours of his boyhood during which he had played at being a painter in the studio of the late Elijah Walton, with whom his people were acquainted. That sort of life, he thought, would meet his case exactly. So, since he would do nothing else, and could at any rate urge that drawing was the only thing he had ever beaten his competitors at, he was sent to South Kensington. As long as he had only to draw freehand scrolls in the elementary room there, he got on well enough; but when he reached the point of qualifying himself for admission to the antique room by one of those highly finished crayon studies which have done so much to make the official English Art curriculum ridiculous, he was hopelessly unable to comply with such a demand for "abstract execution." What was more, he felt that his impotence in this respect was incorrigible, and that if the antique room was to be attained at all, some other means must be found. One day, accordingly, he and a fellow student, who was equally impatient of chalk and bread-crumb, adventurously walked as of right into the upper division, and succeeded in seeming so perfectly at home there that nobody demanded their credentials. The next step was promotion to the Academy Schools; and for this chalk studies were again required, and unlawful entering was quite impracticable. It now occurred to Strudwick that the difficulty of the crayon work depended a good deal on the scale of the drawing, and that if he only went to work on a sufficiently colossal scale, he might pass muster. He accordingly chalked out a prodigious fighting gladiator—a "whacker," as he himself describes it; but Mr. Redgrave refused to recommend the evasive designer to Trafalgar Square. Strudwick, seeing that he had nothing to hope from professional judgment, bethought him that, by the constitution of the Royal Academy, students might be recommended by any citizen of ascertained professional status. He accordingly appealed to a friendly clergyman, who answered his purpose quite as well as Mr. Redgrave. The usual Academy course followed; and the novice set himself resolutely to attain the academic distinction to which he had certainly not, so far, established any claim. He competed for the "Life" medal, for the "Historical" medal, and every other prize that came in his way; and he was invariably highly unsuccessful. The only encouragement he received was from John Pettie, who discerned some colour sense in him, and occasionally asked him to his studio. Out of this arose the most desperate of all Strudwick's enterprises, no less than an attempt, long persevered in, to acquire the Pettie technique, with its brilliant colour and slashing brushwork. It is quite unnecessary to say what the upshot of this was.

Strudwick was now a convicted failure. He had no excuse left for believing, or asking others to believe, that he could acquire a technique, or win gold medals, or even get beyond an elementary class-room by legitimate means. Under these circumstances there was nothing left for him to attempt except the painting of a picture; and this feat, which has baulked many a gold medallist, he achieved without any



Saint Cecilia.

hitch. The Academy rejected the work. He sent it again; and they rejected it again. He kept on sending it until they found a place for it. Meanwhile—for each of these trials cost a year—he had exhibited at the Dudley Gallery; sold a potboiler or two, which exemplified his efforts in the splashy style; and finally got into regular employment in the studio of Mr. Spencer Stanhope, and subsequently of Mr. Burne-Jones, where he did such work as a painter of established reputation may have done for him without suspicion of keeping a "ghost." Then Lord Southesk bought the Academy picture for sixty guineas, and wrote to the painter in terms which showed that he, at least, was convinced that he was dealing with a real painter. Strudwick promptly hired a studio for himself; and since that time his vocation as an artist has never been challenged. There is no such thing in existence as an unsold picture by Strudwick; and so the story of his early struggles may be said to end here. It sufficiently explains the man as he appears now, charitably offering you the South Kensington view of himself as hopelessly deficient in skill, resource, and judgment; and offering it with a sincerity partly due to his having been imposed on by it during his most impressionable years, and partly, of course, to its being so far true that he, no more than Michael Angelo or any one else, has as much skill, resource, or judgment as he would like to have. But you have only to take him at this valuation, as you may easily do if you happen to be a bad judge of a man, and a worse one of a picture, to find that you are dealing with one of the most obstinate characters in creation. He has wide, altogether extra-"professional" views; and he defends them with extraordinary tenacity, not on the dogmatic ground that they are right, but from a conviction that they are the only possible views for him. As to the true relation between his own opinion of current Art or contemporary social life and the conventional



The Ten Virgins.

pedantries and follies on these subjects, or between his own work and the ordinary Bond Street ware, it does not take long to discover that he is not the least in the dark on either ground. Anybody with a quick eye for facial expression will detect even in the portrait given here a certain humorous sense of his real conclusions in the now celebrated case formerly adjudicated upon at South Kensington and Burlington House.

The pictures reproduced are all in the collection of Mr. W. Imrie, of Liverpool, to whose courtesy we are indebted for their appearance in these pages. The execution of these easel pictures is smooth, and the method of representation simply drawing on the flat surface and colouring it: Holbein, Hogarth, Bellini were not more exact and straightforward than Strudwick. The pictures are finished up to the point at which further elaboration would add nothing to the artistic value of the picture; and there the work stops, not a stroke being wasted. Thus a typical Strudwick is not "finished" as a typical Meissonier is; but it costs more pains to produce. No matter how minutely a painter copies a model in the costume of a certain period, with appropriate furniture and accessories, his labour is as nothing compared to that of the man who creates his figures and invents all the circumstances and accessories. This is what Strudwick does. For instance, the censer in 'The Ramparts of God's House' is not to be purchased in Wardour Street, nor the angels' dresses hired in Bow Street, nor the sculptured marble seat copied at the Musée Cluny, nor the heads found on the shoulders of any living model. And not only are these pictures entirely invented, they are also exhaustively thought out, an important part in their excellence; for a painter may be so hasty and superficial in snatching at the first image his imagination offers him as to make one regret that he did not stick to the usual plan of painting some likely young woman of his acquaintance, and labelling her as one of Shakespeare's heroines. The concep-

tion of the Strudwick picture is as exhaustive as the execution; and this is what makes it so thorough and impressive. You sometimes remember a Strudwick better than you remember even a Burne-Jones of the same year.

Two remarkable examples of Strudwick's power of finding subjects for his pictures are here reproduced. In 'Passing Days' a man sits watching the periods of his life pass in procession from the future into the past. He stretches out his hands to the bygone years of his youth at the prompting of Love; but Time interposes the blade of his scythe between them; and the passing hour covers her face and weeps bitterly. The burdened years of age are helped by the strength of those that go before; and then comes a year which foresees death and shrinks from it, though the last year, which death overtakes, has lost all thought of it. As a pictorial poem, this subject could hardly be surpassed; and it is not unlikely that it will be painted again and again by different hands. Indeed, the painter himself has recurred to it, though with an entirely new treatment, in 'A Golden Thread,' purchased for the public under the Chantrey Bequest in 1885. In 'The Ramparts of God's House' a man stands on the threshold of Heaven, with his earthly shackles, newly broken, lying where they have just dropped, at his feet. The subject of the picture is not the incident of the man's arrival, but the emotion with which he finds himself in that place, and with which he is welcomed by the angels. The foremost of the two stepping out from the gate to meet him is indeed angelic in her ineffable tenderness and loveliness: the expression of this group, heightened by its relation to the man, is so vivid, so intense, so beautiful that one wonders how this sordid nineteenth century of ours could have such dreams, and realize them in its art. Transcendant expressiveness is the moving quality in all Strudwick's works; and persons who are fully sensitive to it will take almost as a matter of course the charm of the architecture, the bits of landscape, the elaborately beautiful foliage, the ornamental accessories of all sorts, which would distinguish them even in a gallery of early Italian painting. He has been accused of imitating the men of that period, especially one painter, whose works are only to be seen in Italy, whither he has never travelled. But there is nothing of the fourteenth century about his work except that depth of feeling and passion for beauty which are common property for all who are fortunate enough to inherit them.



"Thy tuneful strings wake memories."

In colour these pictures are rich, but quietly pitched and exceedingly harmonious. They are full of subdued but glowing light; and there are no murky shadows or masses of treacly brown and black anywhere. As to screwing up his palette to the ordinary exhibition key, and thereby unfitting his pictures to hang anywhere except in an exhibition with every other canvas there at concert pitch, he has always cheerfully allowed his pictures to take their chance of being glared out of countenance in the Grosvenor or the New Gallery sooner than play any varnishing-day tricks with them. As he progresses, and his scheme of colour becomes subtler and more comprehensive, it gets rather lower in tone than higher, although his design becomes broader, and shows signs of that evolution which is most familiarly exemplified by the growth of Perugino's style in the hands of Raphael. It is impossible to foresee what sort of work Strudwick will be turning out ten years and twenty-five years hence; and this article, therefore, may as well stop here as make any pretence of completeness. But it may at least be said that some of the fruits of Strudwick's first manner are so beautiful that any change must involve loss as well as gain.

G. Bernard Shaw.

KNOLE HOUSE, KENT.

THROUGH the courtesy of the present Lord Sackville, the beauties of Knole House are once again open to the inspection of all true lovers of the picturesque and stately ancestral homes of England. Few among these lordly pleasure houses can prove of greater interest, to antiquarian or to artist, than the ancient archiepiscopal residence of Knole, and any Friday, the day on which the house is shown to the public, spent in a pilgrimage to this treasury of Jacobean Art, would furnish our readers with a day to be marked *cum creta alba* in their reminiscences of pleasant experience.

Leaving the high street of Sevenoaks by a narrow roadway opposite the church, we pass, by a charming avenue of the beeches for which Knole is famous, to the park, in whose sylvan glades we may possibly see some of the fine herds of deer that roam at will through its wide acres.

In the park itself, we have some of the loveliest scenery to be found even in the fair county of Kent, and if we have our sketch-books and colour-boxes with us, we shall find it hard to tear ourselves from the beauties of nature to the enjoyment of Art.

The mansion is, however, for the present, the object of our pilgrimage, and a short walk brings us to the entrance front (Fig. 1), with its massive gate-house in the centre and broadly treated wings on either side. To a modern architect, this front



Fig. 1.—The Entrance Front.

may appear severe and simple to a fault, but weathered, as we now see it, by centuries of storm and stress, its simple treatment is enriched by an infinite wealth of colour that amply atones for any lack of detail. This front is, probably, chiefly the work of Archbishop Morton, the successor to Bourchier, and the occupant of the see of Canterbury from 1486 to 1500, but the dormers, crowned as they are with the "leopard sejant affronté," supporting the shields of the Sackvilles, appear of later date.

Bourchier, the Archbishop of Canterbury just mentioned, was one of the principal builders of Knole House as it now stands. By an indenture dated June 30th, 1457, Lord Say and Sele,

the son of the Lord Treasurer, who perished in the insurrection of Jack Cade, sold to the Archbishop, together with the manor of Knole, "all the tymbre, wood, ledde, stone, and breeke, lying within the said manor, at the quarrie of John Cartiers, in the parish of Sele." It would appear, therefore, that at this date the then existing manor-house had become too dilapidated or too mean for the estate, and that his lordship had collected the materials for its renovation or rebuilding. No part of the present structure can, with any certainty, be recognised as anterior to the date of Bourchier's tenure, and as we know that he carried out extensive works at Knole, we may fairly conclude that he was the builder of the older portions of the existing structure; a conclusion amply justified by the architectural detail that remains.

From the date of Bourchier's purchase for four hundred marks, of the manor from Lord Say and Sele, till the time of Cranmer, Knole was one of the country seats of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Here Archbishop Morton, who enlarged the house, entertained King Henry VIII. Henry Dean and William Warham, the successors to Morton, resided here occasionally, and the latter of these two prelates several times had for his guest Henry VIII., who appears, as he well might do, to have been particularly attracted by the beauty of its situation, for when Cranmer, to preserve the other possessions of the see, surrendered the archiepiscopal palace of Otford, the monarch suggested that the low situation of this latter house was not conducive to the royal health, while Knole, on the other hand, was not sufficiently large for the accommodation of his retinue.



Fig. 2.—The Stone Court.

Hence, both Otford and Knole were surrendered by Cranmer to his Majesty.

Henry, however, subsequently bestowed Knole upon John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, and, on his attainder in the first year of Queen Mary, she granted it to Cardinal Pole, at whose death in 1558 it again reverted to the Crown. Elizabeth presented the manor to Sir Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, and subsequently, on his surrender, to Thomas Sackville, Baron Buckhurst, and first Earl of Dorset, famous alike in literature, in politics, and in art.

In literature, the first Earl of Dorset will ever be remembered as the author of "The Tragedie of Ferrex and Porrex, sons of Gorboduc," and the Induction to "The Mirrour for Magistrates."

In politics the Lord High Treasurer of Elizabeth and of James I. holds a record of high importance.

In Art, the influence of the first of the Sackvilles who resided at Knole must always be grateful to the admirers of Jacobean architecture, for to him is due the greater part of the fabric that now gives us so much pleasure. The first Earl of Dorset constantly employed some two hundred men upon alterations and repairs at Knole, from 1603 till his death in 1608; to him, too, is due the expenditure of £20,000 on the furnishing of the sumptuous bed-chamber prepared for the reception of King James I.; who, however, did not visit Knole, by reason possibly of the death of his expectant host.

Returning, however, to our tour of inspection, we enter the gate-house and find ourselves at once in possession of a foretaste of the riches that await us. In the entrance itself we

see the quaint old horn lanterns and silver maces that have served probably to guide the footsteps of many an illustrious guest,—of Nicolo Molino, the Venetian ambassador, of Dryden, Pope, and Prior, and of many another higher in station though less famous in name. In the porter's room is a small collection of flint-lock muskets, bearing the name of "Dorset," together with brass-bound black skull-caps of the early Georgian era, and cartridge boxes, the accoutrements possibly of the guard. There are also some few of older date stamped "E. of Dunmore, G.R.," "M. of Lothian, A.R.," "Coldstreame," and likewise some well-designed halberds.

Leaving the entrance, we traverse the Green Court, where we see replicas of the antique statues of the 'Gladiator repellens,' and 'Venus Anadyomene.' From the Green Court, we pass by a second gate-house, seemingly of earlier date than the wall of Bourchier (though if so, certainly altered by him), to the Stone Court, where in front of us we see the colonnade (Fig. 2) under which is the entrance to the house through the great hall. This colonnade is of later date than the building in front of which it stands, and was, in all likelihood, erected to give greater importance to what is certainly a somewhat inadequate principal entrance. The shield seen in our illustration on the parapet bears the arms of Cranfield, and was removed from Copthall, in Essex. Beneath the colonnade may be noted the attire of a moose deer or Irish elk found in a marl pit near the mountains of Wicklow, and presented by a Mr. Brown to Lionel, Duke of Dorset. There are also the horns of some British deer.



Fig. 3.—The Great Hall.

Entering beneath the colonnade we come to the Great Hall (Fig. 3); part, certainly, of the additions made by the first Earl of Dorset, and, therefore, of a date between 1603 and 1608. This hall does not occupy the position of the former hall of Bourchier's house, a portion of the roof of which still exists in one of the wings of the Green Court, though now hidden above the ceilings of less important rooms. The chief constructive feature of the Great Hall is the screen with minstrels' gallery over, shown in our illustration; a fine example of the Jacobean treatment of this feature which, introduced into our English manor-houses of the fourteenth century as an adjunct to comfort, here is rather traditional than necessary. Unfortunately, this particular screen has suffered the agonies of graining and varnish, hence much of the charm belonging to such examples as those at Hatfield and Audley End is lost. Nor does the colouring of the heraldic blazoning accord with, or even help to modify, the ugliness of the disfigurement that the good old oak has suffered. The visitor should especially notice the fire-dogs that we see on the hearth, for rarely will he meet with finer examples either in design or workmanship. This particular pair was purchased at a sale at Hever Castle, and bear, the one the arms of Henry VIII., the other the falcon that formed the cognisance of Anne Boleyn. In the hall we first meet with some of the fine pictures in which Knole is so exceedingly rich. To catalogue them would be tedious, suffice it to say that no student or admirer of the works of Holbein or of Vandyke, of Lely, Kneller, or Reynolds, can afford to ignore the treasures contained in Knole House. The ceiling of the hall is but one example of the many charming specimens here to be found of our forefathers' skill in the plasterer's craft.

Leaving the hall we come to the principal staircase (Fig. 4), one only of the sixty to be found in the house. In planning and in detail this is an excellent example of the admirable and effective treatment of this feature, for which our Elizabethan and Jacobean manor-houses are so notable. It has, however, we can but regret, suffered, like the hall, from the attentions of the eighteenth-century decorator; but though the colouring is anything but attractive, nothing can altogether destroy the charm of its picturesque grouping and its delicious chiaroscuro.

Ascending the stairs we reach the Brown Gallery, eighty-eight feet long, smaller indeed than we find in many Elizabethan mansions, but delightful in the unsullied beauty of its time-darkened oak panelling, happily free from the desecration of paint, and enriched by numerous portraits, originals or copies of the works of Holbein and his contemporaries and pupils.

From the Brown Gallery we pass to the chamber of Lady Betty Germaine, a leading beauty of the time of George II. This room is hung with tapestry designed by Vandyke and

wrought at Mortlake. The bedstead is an interesting antique example of oak, surmounted by plumes and hung with gorgeously embroidered curtains.

In Lady Betty's dressing-room we again have old oak panelling, some of which, from the character of the moulding, we judge to be of the date of Bourchier's work. Here the ancient spinning-wheel and the Sheraton furniture readily lead our imagination to people the location with the presence of the fair dame and her companions.

We next come to the Spangled Bedroom (Fig. 5), hung throughout with tapestry, except over the fireplace, where we see a simple but well-designed Jacobean chimney-piece of oak. Here, too, we should note a pair of the silver fire-dogs of which Knole possesses so many excellent specimens. The portraits seen in our illustration are the only paintings in the room, and the work of Sir Peter Lely. The bed and the whole of the furniture in this room, upholstered in crimson silk, richly embroidered with gold and silver, were presented by King James I. to his Lord Treasurer, Lionel, Earl of Middlesex.

The Spangled Dressing-room contains some very choice small pictures, chiefly of the Dutch school.

We now traverse the L-shaped room known as the Leicester Gallery and Billiard-room, with the highly interesting antique



Fig. 4.—The Principal Staircase.

billiard-table; on which, however, we fancy that one would find some difficulty in making a long break. Here, too, we see the famous Sackville and Curzon pedigrees, the former commencing with the Herbrande de Sackville, from whom the family claim descent. These pedigrees were prepared in 1623 by Sir William Segar (Garter King-at-Arms), Richard St. George (Norroy), and Henry St. George (Richmond). Nor must we omit to notice here the pictures, which will lead us to linger heedless of the flight of time.

Passing on we reach the Venetian Bedroom, so called from its having been occupied by the Venetian ambassador, Nicolo Molino. This room, too, is hung with tapestry, and contains the bed prepared for King James II. The upholstery, which in its prime must have been particularly effective, is in green cut velvet lined with lutestring. The ceiling and cornices, together with the chimney-piece, have been replaced in the eighteenth century by very refined and thoroughly English work of the renaissance as practised by Sir William Chambers and his contemporaries. This contrasts pleasingly with the ornate and somewhat fantastic detail of the furniture, which has more of the character of French or Italian design.

The Venetian Dressing-room still retains its Jacobean character, and the furniture well accords therewith, being of late Jacobean date, probably of the time of Charles II. In this room we see one of the interesting examples of antique carpets, of which several may be noted in many of the rooms,

some of Oriental, some of Western design and manufacture. The particular example before us is a small one bearing the arms of Curzon and Leveson, of the character that in the sixteenth century was frequently used for the centre of a room under the table.

In the Organ-room to which we now come and the Chapel-room adjoining are much that will interest. These two rooms are full of evidences of the domestic life of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, furniture, carpets, old glass, black jacks, a lordly Jeroboam, old chests with locks of wonderful intricacy and ingenuity, and some fire-screens, which representing, in most realistic fashion, figures attired in eighteenth-century costume, at first sight look most lifelike, and lead us to imagine that we have lighted upon, not only the environment of our forefathers, but the occupants also of these old-time surroundings.

Proceeding to the Chapel, we are chiefly impressed by the magnificent tapestry, admirable alike in design and execution, and apparently of Flemish origin. Its state of preservation, too, leaves fortunately nothing to be desired. The woodwork of the seats is interesting, as an example of the pictorial effect to which the Jacobean workmen were so partial in their endeavour to show their knowledge of perspective. Curious as it is, we cannot, however, admit that it is in any sense true art.

The Ball-room next claims our attention. Naturally, considerable expenditure has been lavished on this room in the eighteenth century. The walls are panelled in the French style of Louis-Quatorze, the furniture is resplendent in gilding, while the chimney-piece is a magnificent instance of Renaissance work in marble. The pictures here consist chiefly of family portraits, of considerable interest to us by reason of the great artists who were their authors, Kneller, Lely, Reynolds, and others of high calibre.



Fig. 5.—The Spangled Bedroom.

Adjoining the ball-room is the Crimson Drawing-room (Fig. 6), where again, as our illustration shows, we see a sumptuous marble chimney-piece, silver fire-dogs of exquisite design, and charming eighteenth-century furniture. These, however, are but the setting to the priceless collection of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which we see on the walls—the well-known 'Robinetta,' the 'Fortune-Teller,' and other exquisite examples.

Moving onwards from this, one of the most interesting rooms in the house, we proceed to the Cartoon Gallery, so called from the copies of the famous Raffaelle cartoons painted by Daniel Mytens for Lionel, Earl of Middlesex, and removed to Knole from Copthall, Essex. The whole series of copies from Raffaelle's work is not complete, that of 'St. Paul Preaching at Athens' being absent. The window reveals in the Cartoon Gallery are curiously ornamented with pilasters of early Italian Renaissance design, which have evidently been added to the older structure at the time that similar decoration was applied to the walls of the gallery. The ceiling here is particularly noticeable as one more of the fine examples of

plaster work to be found in the house. In this gallery is shown the chest of the Lord High Treasurer, first Earl of Dorset, interesting rather from its associations than from any beauty of design or peculiarity of workmanship, at any rate as regards the exterior.

We now come to the King's Bedroom, which was prepared, as we have already remarked, for the reception of King James I., and well shows what is meant by a state bedroom of the seventeenth century. The bed itself is said to have cost £8,000, the hangings being of gold and silver tissue lined with rose-coloured satin, and embroidered with gold and silver. The walls are hung with tapestry, representing the story of Nebuchadnezzar; the tables and ornaments are examples of the silversmiths' ancient craft, in which Knole in general, and this room in particular, are so rich. Charming in design and excellent in workmanship, for instance, is the complete toilet service of silver, which was purchased, in 1743, by the first Duke of Dorset, at the sale of the effects of the Countess of Northampton.

The Dining-parlour now remains to be visited. Here we stand amidst the portraits of distinguished literary and scientific men of the past, and call to mind the brilliant company of wits whom Charles, the sixth Earl of Dorset, was wont to gather in this room, Addison, Locke, Garrick, and many besides.

From the Dining-parlour to the Kitchen is but a natural step. Here we are undoubtedly in the presence of Bourchier's work, altered and modernised in later times to a certain extent, but still retaining the main features of the fifteenth-century structure.

We have now described, though briefly, the portions of the house usually shown to visitors, but the whole extent of Knole can hardly be realised therefrom. In the days of our Elizabethan and Jacobean forefathers, the home of so exalted a personage as the Lord High Treasurer of England necessitated accommodation for a numerous retinue, besides provision for visitors and their trains. Hence there are literally hundreds of small rooms to which the sixty staircases are necessary, numbers of internal small courts of exquisite picturesqueness, such as, for instance, the Pheasant Court. These small rooms are chiefly occupied by old furniture and relics of the past, inferior in grandeur to the stately rooms we have explored, but nevertheless with much of interest and delight. Even the attics form a museum of ancient and decrepit specimens of discarded furniture of all dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century downwards.

Externally the eastern front of the house is that of most antique appearance, while the garden front is most enchanting in its picturesqueness and its combination of fifteenth and seventeenth-century work.

Whether then we regard Knole from the outside, with its fifteenth-century gables and oriels, towers and battlements, and its seventeenth-century mullioned windows and piquant dormers, its wealth of mellowed stone and tile, its charming and finely wrought chimneys of red brick; or whether we store our memories with the evidences of internal architecture, furniture and other art, we cannot but feel that, apart from all the historic interest of Knole, great as it is, apart from the sentiment with which the home of the great departed must inspire us, we have in this treasure-house of English Art, a monument of which we may, as lovers of that Art, well be proud.

FRED. R. FARROW.



Fig. 6.—The Crimson Drawing-room.

THE PROGRESS OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

No. 3.—CHINTZES AND CRÉTONNES.

ALMOST as old as the hills is the fashion of printing on cotton, and the pedigree of chintz commences in prehistoric times. Patterns on cloth were doubtless obtained, in the first instance, entirely through the medium of embroidery, but printed designs soon became a necessity with the increase of civilisation. The earliest mention of calico printing occurs in Pliny, who records his surprise at seeing the Egyptians exercise this wonderful method of dyeing, by which the white cloth was stained in various places, not with dye-stuffs, but with substances which had the property of absorbing colours. Herodotus mentions a Scythian tribe who stained their garments with figures of animals by means of the leaves of a tree bruised with water, "which colours would not wash out, but lasted as long as the cloth." Calico printing probably originated in India, where the abundance of dye-stuffs and the preference for cotton fabrics would naturally lead to the cultivation of this process. Cotton cloth was first made in India, and calico derives its name from Calicut, an Indian town celebrated for its weaving and printing. The Egyptians probably learnt the art from India, for there was undoubtedly communication between the two countries before the first century, the time of Pliny. The Indian chintzes were much in request in Europe before the art of making them had been introduced and simplified there. Most of them were made by very tedious processes, a great part of the pattern being painted by hand. The parts intended to be white were covered with wax before the material was thrown into the indigo vat, and the process of afterwards removing the "resist" occupied a considerable time. A piece of cloth, five yards by two and a-half, which was once made by three Indian princesses, is said to have taken them all their lives to accomplish. Calico printing was of early date in China, and the Chinese wore block-printed calicoes long before any species of printing was known in Europe. How the art found its way over to this country was for some time a matter of dispute. Some historians were inclined to attribute its introduction to the French refugees who came over at the time of the Edict of Nantes, but there seems little doubt that an attempt was made in the direction of printing patterns on cotton as early as 1634. The introduction of calico printing in Europe is mainly due to the Dutch, the Dutch East India Company having brought the Indian chintzes to Holland before we heard of them in this country. Flemish emigrants imported the art to England about 1676; a French refugee also set up a calico printing establishment at Richmond in 1690, and later on other works sprang up to supply the London shops with chintzes, their import from India having been prohibited by Parliament in 1700. This infringement on public rights having been supported with equanimity, Parliament next proceeded to issue a sumptuary law prohibiting the wearing of all printed calicoes, a prohibition which actually endured in force for sixteen years, and nipped the rising industry in the bud. In 1736 this unjust law was repealed, but the cotton printer was handicapped by having to pay a duty of 6d. on every square yard of chintz. Later on the duty was decreased to 3d., but it was not till 1831 that it was repealed altogether. The construction of these hard laws was chiefly due to the extreme jealousy of the silk and woollen weavers—a feeling which reached its climax in the Spitalfields riots, when the silk weavers paraded the town and tore the calico gowns off every woman they met. The imported industry gradually triumphed, and printed calico goods became a part of the national need and an immense addition to the national wealth.



Fig. 1.—Floral Crétonne. Designed by Mr. Lewis F. Day for Messrs. Turnbull and Stockdale, Manchester.

Calico printing is now so firmly established in this country that it seems strange indeed to reflect upon the stormy youth through which it has passed. We may suffer from competition in our silk industry, but we are still the kings of cotton. England is ahead of any country in Europe with regard to chintzes and cretonnes, and the extent of the cotton industry in England is probably unequalled by the combined production of all other nations. Many improvements have been effected by the application of machinery and by the progress of chemistry, and the tedious processes of the Indians have been greatly modified. The manufacture has undergone considerable vicissitudes from an artistic point of view, and suffered, like every other product of the period, from the bad taste which prevailed during the earlier days of her Majesty's reign.

The first chintzes which came over to this country were most beautiful in colour and design. The Dutch adopted the exquisite patterns of the unerring Indian draughtsman, and these were equally suitable to furniture or wearing apparel. Later on they utilised some of the French designs, and these were principally floral, very true to nature, and beautiful in drawing. But presently the English commenced to design for themselves, and some terrible patterns were allowed to walk the earth. Messrs. Hindley & Co. have a pattern of forty years ago, which must have been productive of many nightmares, if it was used in a sleeping apartment. It contains



Fig. 2.—Daffodil Pattern. By Mr. William Morris.

china vases of various shapes, filled with nosegays of flowers, and it has seemed well to their creator to deprive them of any visible means of support, dotting them calmly all over the surface, in defiance of the laws of gravity. It must have been a terrible thing to fall sick in a room upholstered with this chintz, and to lie counting the vases suspended in the air like so many Mahomet's coffins. Even worse was a pattern known as the Leopard, which was ugly in colour and repulsive in design, and moreover violated the very first principle of Art by pretending to be something it was not. The leopard pattern had a ground in an odious shade of buff, and was speckled all over in black or dark brown, to give the effect of fur. Whether it looked like fur at a distance is an open question; what it looks like at close quarters is a regiment of insects swarming all over the surface. We are in the habit of imagining that the picture puzzles in which we are bidden to look for a portrait in the midst of an intricate pattern are things of recent invention, but as a matter of fact they are quite fifty years old. When the Queen ascended the throne an enterprising manufacturer brought out a pattern of chintz in which the outline of her Majesty's head (as we see it now on the postage stamps) appeared amongst the foliage of the flowers. Possibly this compliment was pleasing to the young Queen, but it must have been rather worrying to the people who had to live with the pattern. About forty years ago glazed chintz

was greatly used for furniture, and some of the patterns were quite surprisingly bad. Very vivid greens were employed for the foliage, and there was a singular preference for a buff ground, because it was good for wear. Black and scarlet was a favourite combination, and most of us can recall a pattern very popular in the days of our childhood, which reminded an imaginative spectator of a scarlet and black bean. There was great poverty of invention in the patterns, and where an Indian design was dealt with, the artist would introduce extraneous curves, which were fatal to purity of effect.

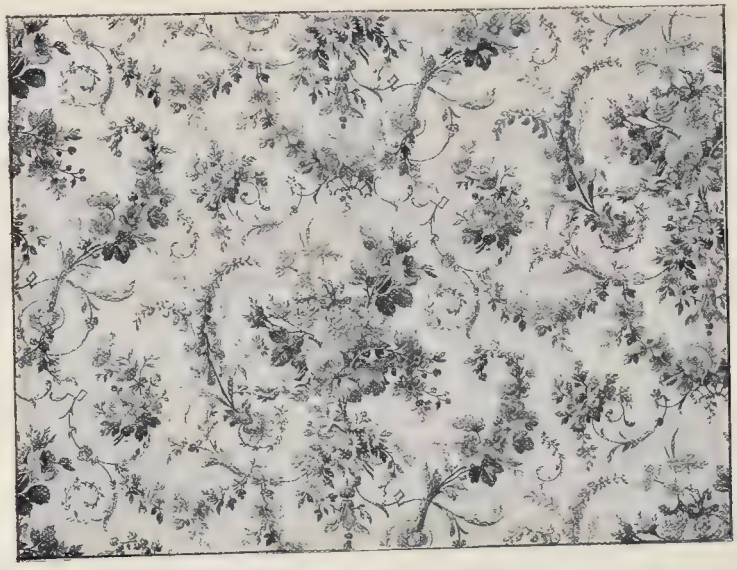


Fig. 3.—Louis-Seize Design. By Messrs. Helbronner.

A review of these ancient patterns makes us feel how grateful we should be to the æsthetic movement which has done away with so much bad colour and design. We are apt to forget the debt we owe to men who have done so much towards beautifying our every-day life. It is difficult to calculate the amount of harm which may be wrought by a bad design scattered broadcast over the world, how it influences the mind in childhood, and gradually vulgarises the taste. Design is specially important in cheap materials, as they educate the eye of the poorer classes, who are most in need of refining influences. The cheapness of chintz makes it a suitable material for decorating the dwellings of the poor, and if we can introduce good designs the eye will be unconsciously educated to appreciate them. Silk has much beauty in its texture and surface, but the charm of chintz lies only in its colouring and design. Cotton takes bright dyes readily and the linen fabrics which it supplanted can never attain to such beauty of colour. The word chintz is said to come from the Hindoo word *cheent* and the Persian *chinz*, both words meaning spotted or stained. Some grammarians believe, however, that it is a corruption of *Chinoise*, in allusion to the character of the earlier patterns. The dictionaries tell us the term is applied to a fast-printed calico, in which several colours are imprinted on a white or coloured ground, the material being usually glazed. To be quite legitimate, however, there should be seven colours in a chintz, and some of the old printed cottons are marvels in the art of combining a number of tints. There is something pleasant in the very sound of the word chintz. It calls up visions of life in an old-fashioned country-house, of roses looking in at the window, and of other roses, almost as fresh, meandering over curtain and couch. Dolly Varden is a pleasant vision in her chintz gown, and Olivia and Sophia certainly wore such garments every day. But fashion goes before sentiment, and all these sweet recollections will not alter the fact that chintz has been out of fashion for a matter of fifteen or twenty years. A few owners of large country-houses have remained faithful



Fig. 4.—Conventional Foliage. Designed by Mr. Lewis F. Day for Messrs. Turnbull and Stockdale.

to chintz, and Messrs. Hindley can tell you how the rose chintz

at the Duchess of Sutherland's has been replaced again and



Fig. 5.—Conventional Pattern. Designed by Mr. Lewis F. Day for Messrs. Turnbull and Stockdale, Manchester.

again. But the majority of the world got tired of chintzes, and chair-coverings were going out of fashion, when some enterprising manufacturer saw the beauty which might lie in a fabric called crétonne, which is simply chintz without the glaze. It is a question whether chintz is perfectly suitable to town. Its extreme daintiness seems out of place in a city, as the innocent chat of a country cousin seems almost like a reproach to a woman of the world. But the soft tints of crétonne are always pleasing and harmonious, and there is no fabric (with the exception of brocade) which looks so well in a drawing-room. If we cannot have richness, let us have simplicity. There is no middle ground between satin and cotton. The introduction of crétonne has had an enormous influence on household decoration, and we see agreeable patterns and harmonious hues where we should once have seen a whole appalling *suite* of furniture in one tone of colour. A pretty crétonne is always a pleasing object, and it is largely through the introduction of this simple fabric that English middle-class houses are so much more beautiful than formerly. There is a certain want of enterprise amongst some of the chintz manufacturers, and many of them go on printing the same patterns for a period of twenty years, unmindful of the development in taste which is going on around them. A deep debt of gratitude is due to the man who designs a beautiful pattern to delight our eyes, and we owe much to Mr. William Morris, a pioneer in the renaissance of taste.

Mr. Morris's patterns were mostly called after flowers, but the later ones bear the names of the rivers for which Mr. Morris has so great a love; the Wandle, the Lodden, the Kennet, and the Cray, have all been immortalised by Mr. Morris, who is great at boating, and knows the peculiarities of all the different rivers. The designs are not typical of any of the rivers; they are merely mixtures of scroll-work with those wonderful flowers which belong to no particular order which could be classified by the botanists, but only live in Mr. Morris's fancy. The flowers all look as if they grew, and there is a kind of pink water-lily with a centre like a pomegranate, which impresses the spectator with a curious feeling of conviction. Birds are introduced into a good many of the patterns, and there is one called "The Strawberry Thief," which has a bird with a strawberry in its mouth. The plain blue and white chintzes are always nice; Mr. Morris himself wonders that people ever want anything else. The saffron and white are also most artistic, and are said to wear for ever. Light colours, like youth, are fugitive, but always lovely whilst they last. A number of grey chintzes are manufactured for the Creoles of South Africa, who will wear no other colour; though one would think, as Mr. Morris remarked, that it was the very worst colour they could wear.

At Mr. Morris's factory at Merton Abbey one may see the whole process of production from the time when the chintz commences its career in the dye-vat to the time when it becomes a thing of beauty on the printer's table. Cotton-printing seems a simple process by comparison with silk-weaving, yet the printing of many colours sometimes occupies six weeks. Madder, weld, and indigo are the three



Fig. 6.—Floral Pattern, with Striped Background. Designed and manufactured in Manchester.

principal dyes, and these are mixed with a mordant, for cotton has in itself no affinity with dye, but must be induced to cling to it through a chemical medium. There are two principal methods of getting a light pattern on a dark ground, one by discharging the colour from the surface, the other by employing a "resist"—covering the portion with wax, so that when the cloth goes into the dyeing-vat the waxed portion remains secure from the action of the dye. The printing is a very curious operation to watch. There are two different processes employed, block-printing and machine-printing. Mr. Morris's chintzes are all block-printed, that being the superior process of the two. The pattern is cut out upon a block of sycamore or other wood, the parts which are to make the impression being left prominent, and the rest of the block cut away; the pattern is outlined with metal, and the interstices filled up with felt. The colouring matter is spread on the face of the block, which is then applied to the surface of the calico, extended on the flat printing-table. The printer guides the block with his right hand, and strikes the back of the block with a wooden mallet which he holds in his left hand. The mallet is used the wrong way up, the cross-bar being at the top. The blocks have pin-points fixed into their covers by means of which they are adjusted to their positions upon the cloth, so as to join the different parts of the design with precision. Only one colour is printed at a time, and great care is required in order to make the joins imperceptible. When the printing is done, the cloth is hung up on the steam-chest to dry, and passes through various processes, one of which is not a very savoury one, but nothing has yet been found which will effectually take its place. The difference between chintz and crétonne simply consists in the glazing, which is effected by the cloth being wound round a hot roller.



Fig. 7.—Conventional Floral Pattern. Designed and manufactured in Manchester.

Messrs. Hindley are one of the oldest firms of chintz manufacturers; many old patterns are to be seen here; most are of flowers drawn in a natural style and printed in natural colours, for Mr. Hindley considers that one of the charms of chintz is that you get the flowers as bright as in nature. An Indian-tree pattern is an exception to the rule, and here we have a pattern of conventional flowers in crimson, green, and blue, on a plain white background. This pattern is four feet by ten, and it requires one hundred and forty blocks in its construction. Amongst the floral designs are corn-flowers, chrysanthemums,



Fig. 8.—The Sydenham. By Messrs. Collinson and Lock.

magnolias, and carnations (always a pretty flower in chintz). There is a preference for Louis-Seize patterns at present, and one of these may be seen at Hindley's, in which sprays of daisies and rosebuds are tied with festoons of blue ribbons. At the time of the æsthetic revival, all the roses were sobered by a coat of brown; but there is now a reaction with respect to colour, and all the new patterns are being printed in brighter hues. The glazed chintzes are coming into fashion again, after a long period of neglect; and there is a fancy for very large patterns.

Messrs. Collinson and Lock have always been foremost amongst artistic designers, and they have paid great attention to the patterns of their crétonnes. A beautiful Lisbon crétonne was adapted from the pattern of the lining of a cloak which came from that city, and the "Hamilton" (Fig. 9) is Indian in character. The Sydenham (Fig. 8) has a flowing pattern of roses and other flowers on a white ground; and what could be more refreshing than the Westwood crétonne covered with blue convolvuli? The pattern is so artfully designed that there is nothing to worry the eye, and the freshness of colour and beauty of curve must be a constant delight to the spectator.

Very artistic designs are also to be seen at Messrs. Helbronner's, and they are particularly adapted for drawing-room furniture. Some are printed on a damask ground, others have a texture like tapestry, and they are all rather subdued in tone, and show great beauty of colour. The design Fig. 3 belongs



Fig. 9.—The Hamilton. By Messrs. Collinson and Lock.

to the period of Louis-Seize, showing foxgloves, roses, and pink-tipped daisies, tied up with festoons of blue ribbons. The pattern is printed on a cream damask ground, which gives additional beauty to the effect. A somewhat similar design contains a rustic basket full of flowers, with a trophy of hay-rakes and shepherd's pipes, and other pastoral objects. An Indian pine pattern is very decorative, and there are quaint striped crétonnes, and others with oatmeal grounds. Coloured backgrounds are rather a speciality with Messrs. Helbronner, and the excellence of their designs is often largely due to the care they spend on the groundwork.

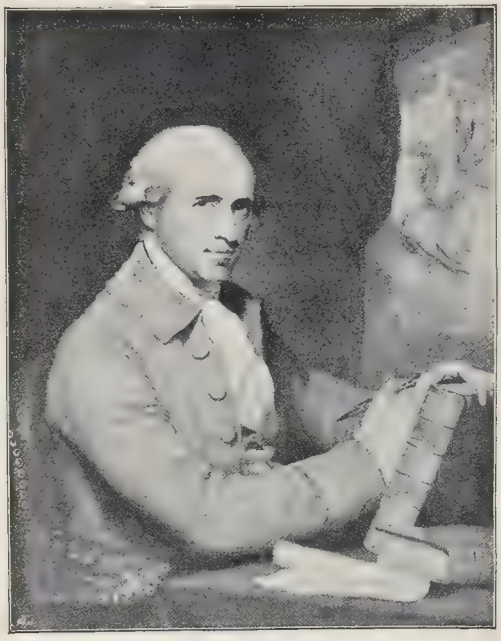
Manchester produces many styles in chintzes and crétonnes, some of which form illustrations to this article. The love for striped chintzes must necessarily return along with the old forms of furniture, and some good specimens have lately appeared. Some excellent patterns have been designed by Mr. Lewis F. Day, and printed by Messrs. Turnbull and Stockdale, of Stackstead, Manchester, a firm well known for their printing of reversible chintz. Mr. Lewis Day does not rush to meet every new fashion, but tries to produce designs of intrinsic merit. Three of his designs (Figs. 1, 4, 5) will be found amongst our illustrations, including two fine specimens of scroll-work, and one many-coloured crétonne full of flowers in bloom. Some most beautiful designs are also due to Mr. Mort, who died lately at the early age of forty-three.

LUCIE H. ARMSTRONG.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE LAST CENTURY.

By J. E. HODGSON, R.A., Librarian, and FRED. A. EATON, Secretary of the Royal Academy.

"ON the 23rd of February, 'twixt eight and nine in the evening, died our worthy President." So runs the heading of the Council Minutes of Sunday, the 26th of February, 1792, on which day a meeting had been summoned to make arrangements for the funeral of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The executors of the deceased President were anxious that the body should be conveyed to the Royal Academy the evening before the interment to lie in state there; but Sir William Chambers reminded the Council that as surveyor of Somerset House, appointed by the King, he was bound not to permit it to be used for any other purposes than those specified in the grant, and that therefore the request of the executors must be refused, which was accordingly done. Benjamin West, however, who was on the Council, appears not to have been satisfied with this result, and to have taken advantage of the favour which he enjoyed at Court to have Chambers's veto removed; for at the General Assembly held on Feb. 28, and of which he was elected chairman, he announced that he had that day waited on his Majesty and informed him of all the circumstances, and that his Majesty, while approving of the Council's "caution," was "most graciously pleased to signify that it is his royal will that that mark of respect should be shown, and gave his commands for its being so ordered." Accordingly it was resolved, "That the body be moved to the Royal Academy the night preceding the funeral;" and "That a part of the model Academy be enclosed, to be hung with black, sconces, etc., to deposit the corpse." The funeral took place in St. Paul's Cathedral on the 3rd of March, the cost being defrayed by the members of the Academy out of their own pockets, each member subscribing thirty shillings, as may be seen by a list of the payments still preserved in the Academy archives.



Benjamin West, P.R.A. From an Engraving by Caroline Watson of the Picture by Gilbert Stuart.

The pomp of that funeral, the stately edifice which received the remains of the deceased President, the long procession through hushed streets where shops were closed, the great men who followed mourning, all the circumstances which have marked that day with solemnity, seem appropriate as closing not only the first chapter in the history of the Royal Academy, but a great era of English Art. In saying farewell to the first President of the Royal Academy, we are also taking leave of a school, a school as distinct as that of Phidias, and as remarkable for its individual character, for the suddenness of its development, and for the shortness of its duration.

Great men followed after, and the succession is still unbroken; but these in their tendency, the direction of their aim, in their excellencies and in their defects, fail to exhibit the same unity and singleness of purpose. One great artist, perhaps the greatest England has produced, namely, J. M. W. Turner, combined in his practice the excellencies of many schools, but founded none; he was too many-sided, his imagination was too discursive, and the range of his achievement too vast, to admit of followers; he stands alone, as such men always do, a solitary beacon, a pharos shining through the darkness of history, and we can discern none like him. Whereas in that group of painters which constituted the nucleus of the Royal Academy at its outset, though there is great difference of merit, we can discern a distinct family likeness; they had formed the same ideal and pursued the same object, and the difference between them is chiefly marked by the varying degrees of their ability to attain to it. However this may have come about matters not to us here, but it is a patent fact, that with the death of Reynolds and the Presidency of Benjamin West, English Art entered on a new phase, in which we see more effort, more ambition, but less conviction, less unity of purpose, and consequently also less distinctive character.

Those who frequent exhibitions and auction-rooms, though they may not have reasoned upon it, are aware that in the

depths of their consciousness there is a peculiar type which they associate with the art of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney; and if chance brings them to a picture by Cotes, by Dance, by Wilson, or by Chamberlin, they recognise that type, and mentally associate those pictures with that art. They are affected in the first place by a sense of colour, of repose and dignity; then they become aware that there is very great economy of details, that the design always aims at grandeur, and when it fails to attain to it, falls back into meagreness; that the colouring aims at richness and depth rather than brilliancy; that there are no strong contrasts, and that pure white is sparingly used. It is an art which is quite peculiar, and which once observed can never be mistaken. It reminds one of other things, it recalls reminiscences of Flanders, of Venice and of Rome, but in a vague and indistinct way; over and above these, presiding over, guiding, and governing them, there is a distinct expression of nationality. This art has its definite position both in time and in space; it belongs to England and the latter half of the eighteenth century; no other age or country has ever produced anything like it. To this phase of English Art we are going to say good-bye in this article, and not without regret; it was pure in its spirit and noble in its aim, but, alas! it was not destined to be a starting-point, but a culmination.



The Quaker Family. From an Engraving in the British Museum of the Picture by Benjamin West, P.R.A.

But if not to be looked upon as a starting-point *quâ* Art, it may certainly be considered so in every sense of the term as regards the Institution which its exponents founded, and which, under their fostering care, increased year by year in power and influence. At the death of Reynolds, and, indeed, for some time previously, the Academy occupied a thoroughly stable and independent position. From being housed in a small room in Pall Mall, it had become the occupier of a fine suite of apartments in Somerset House. Its exhibitions had increased in size and importance, from 136 works in 1769 to 780 in 1792; and whereas of the 136 works 79 had been contributed by members of the Academy, and 57 by non-members, of the 780, 126 were by members and 654 by outside contributors. The annual receipts from the exhibition had also largely increased, having risen from £699 17s. 6d. in 1769 to £2,602 in 1792; and from being dependent on the royal bounty to make up the difference between the receipts and the expenditure on the schools and other outgoings, the Academy had become the possessor of more than £12,000 of invested moneys, the interest from which was sufficient to cover any deficiency in its annual income. Its free schools had flourished and admirably fulfilled the purpose for which they were founded. From the beginning of 1769 to the end of 1791, 564 students had been admitted, of whom 50 had attained the rank of Associate or Academician;

and among these may be found such names as Cosway, Banks, Northcote, Russell, Wheatley, Stothard, Lawrence, Hoppner, Beechey, Shee, Flaxman, Turner, Soane, Wright (of Derby). Nor had the charitable intentions which were in the minds of the original founders when they presented their memorial to George III. been lost sight of, from £70 to £180 having been given away yearly to distressed artists, their widows and children. It was, therefore, no infant institution struggling into existence, to the chair of which Benjamin West was elected by twenty-nine votes against one registered for Richard Cosway, on March 17th, 1792. By the fostering care of those who had presided at its birth and had carefully nursed its early years, coupled with the immediate and active patronage and protection of George III., the Royal Academy had become, to use the pardonably magniloquent language of the address presented in 1793, the year after Reynolds's death, to the royal founder to commemorate the celebration of the twenty-fifth year of the Institution, "a permanent monument of public utility and royal munificence."

Before proceeding to notice the principal events of West's presidency, we propose to give some account of the artist himself.

BENJAMIN WEST, P.R.A.

The election of a successor to Reynolds was, as our readers who have followed the course of these chapters will readily acknowledge, a thing by no means easy. Men like Reynolds make the task of their successors unpleasant, and the Academy acted wisely and selected the only possible man in Benjamin West, who was one of the foundation members of the body; he was in high favour at court, he was universally respected, and all the geniuses being dead, he became eligible as perhaps the most eminent in a secondary rank.

He came of a family which traced its descent from the Lord Delaware who fought under Edward III. and the Black Prince. It was settled at Long Crandon, in Buckinghamshire, and in the seventeenth century produced Colonel James West, who was a friend and companion in arms of John Hampden. Buckinghamshire, at that period, was the



Moses striking the Rock. From a Drawing by Benjamin West, P.R.A., in the possession of the Royal Academy.

headquarters of the Quakers; all their chiefs, Fox, Penn, Burrough, Penington, Ellwood and Whitehead, were natives of the county, and in the dismal persecutions which followed the passing of the Act of Conformity, the gaols of Aylesbury, Wycombe, and Uxbridge were filled with stubborn sectarians whose indictment rested solely on the grounds that they refused to take an oath or to take their hats off.

At the side of a by-road near the village of Seer Green, equidistant between Chalfont and Beaconsfield, there stands a square unpretentious and also very ugly building; before it is a lawn trimly kept, and behind it are beech and cherry, whose crimson and orange leaves in late autumn flutter downwards, and bestrew the graves ranged in long rows, where sleep the earliest fathers of the Society of Friends. It is known as Jordan's Meeting House, and is still revered by the remnant of that once numerous sect as their Kaaba, their most sacred temple.

West's family became Quakers. John West, the father of the President, accompanied William Penn on his first voyage to America, and on his second transported himself with his family, determined never more to suffer persecution for conscience' sake so long as there was a wilderness where the savages were unruly only in carnal matters.

How it fared with them there we know not precisely. They seem to have been comfortable and well-to-do. Mrs. West had borne nine children to her husband, and when the tenth came into the world, the parents christened him Benjamin, in the hope probably that he would be the last, a hope which was happily fulfilled. As the boy grew up he ran about the settlement with others of his age, he picked hickory nuts, eat corn-cobs, and learnt to understand the speech of the red men round about. Those wild fellows would often come in to barter skins for weapons and fire-water, and it is said that when his propensity for drawing had shown itself, it was from a band of Cherokees that he learnt how to prepare red and yellow ochre for painting with. When he visited Rome

years later and was shown the Apollo Belvidere, he exclaimed, "It is a Mohawk warrior;" which exclamation is suggestive of a great deal that might have been, but which was not unfortunately.

The aborigines of America have always been treated subjectively; with one class of writers they are the type of unsullied humanity, brave, generous, and eloquent; with another they are skulking, thievish, drunken rascals; and we have no longer materials for judging between these two opinions. In West's day the great Five Nations were still flourishing; the Delawares, Mohawks, Hurons, Algonquins, and Iroquois. They styled themselves Leni Lenappe, the men of men, and from all testimony we must suppose them to have been a race apart, nobler and more civilised than the Prairie Indian; but they have passed away and no vestige of them remains. The crouching figure in West's picture of the 'Death of General Wolfe,' and those in his 'Treaty of Penn with the Indians,' are the only authentic representations extant which can give us information of the aspect of this bygone people. Catlin came later, when the Five Nations were scattered, and he deals only with Prairie Indians.

Does it not appear to our readers that here was a great opportunity wasted, an opportunity for historical painting in the strictest sense of the word? What more beautiful or interesting subject could an artist desire than those naked Mohawk warriors, graceful as the sons of Latona? But they have been permitted to pass away without a record, and the one man who could have left us that record, who knew them and had lived amongst them, preferred to follow the beaten track which had been trod by hundreds before him. On the evidence of three or four of his pictures, we know that West could paint admirably things which he had seen, and it is vexatious to find him wasting his talent and his time in trying to paint things which he had not seen and was powerless to imagine.

West was born in 1738, at which time European immigrants were only settled on the verge of the Atlantic seaboard. Behind them was the primæval forest, still teeming with mystery and romance; and young Benjamin, if he wandered abroad, must often have found himself in a forest glade where the sunlight glinted down between the parted stems of hickory and maple, and have seen there, like a bronze statue, the figure of some wild native of the woods, a Cherokee or Mohawk, with eagle plumes drooping from his shaven crown, his eyes alert, and his sinewy arm grasping a bow or tomahawk. What an education was there for a painter; and if we can imagine such a creature as a Hawthorne in painting, what a world of mystery, of weird interest, would he have cast around that primæval forest and its wild denizens! But West had nothing of the poet in him. He had all the outward seeming of a native-born genius, and in the little world of Springfield, Pennsylvania, was looked upon as such. He hid himself in lofts, and painted pictures with brushes made of hair filched from poor pussy, his mother's pet cat, and these strange ways invested his person with respectful interest. A certain Peckover, at a prayer-meeting, had felt so powerful a visitation of the Spirit, that the thunders of his oratory and the terrors of his prophetic denunciations had brought West's mother prematurely to bed; and the preacher prophesied that the child born under such unusual circumstances would be invested with an unusual show of grace, and turn out a very remarkable man. A high-wrought condition of spiritual excitement naturally brings with it a belief in prophecy, as in the case of Savonarola; and there can be no doubt that the Quakers, who left their country and their homes to settle in the wilderness for conscience' sake, were in such a high-wrought condition. Their tenets have been carefully investigated, and when stripped of their trivial peculiarities, their literal interpretations of Scriptural texts, which they were not scholarly enough to study in the original language, it has been found that those tenets differ from the creed of orthodox Christians in one essential point only, in that they attribute to the Holy Spirit a more active and constant influence in the ordinary affairs of human life.



Study by Benjamin West, P.R.A. From a Drawing in the British Museum.

When West's parents were hesitating as to the propriety of allowing their son to follow his bent and become a painter, they summoned a meeting. After a lapse of silence a certain Williamson spoke, and declared his conviction that though an unusual calling for a Friend, the boy ought to be a painter. This was looked upon as an authoritative message from the

Spirit; the case was settled, and he was formally dedicated to the profession. He was then presented with two books, the only volumes he had ever seen besides his Testament—Du Fresnoy's "Art of Painting" and Jonathan Richardson's "Essay on Painting"—two books which, by a singular coincidence, are closely connected with Reynolds, who annotated the one, and was moved to become a painter by reading the other.



Study by Benjamin West, P.R.A. From a Drawing in the British Museum.

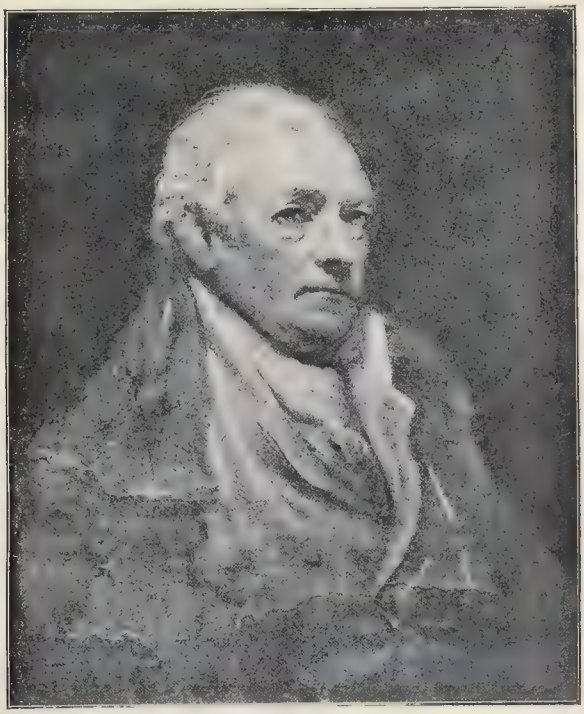
In course of time West was sent to Italy to study, where he was well received, and looked upon as a wonder. There was a combination of novel attractions about him which were no doubt very fascinating. He was a good-looking youth, and a Quaker who would not take his hat off even in presence of Princes; he showed an uncommon talent for painting, had come from the wilds of America, and knew all about Cherokees and Mohawks. A certain mendicant improvisatore with whom he came in contact, and who judged his man shrewdly, as such folk do, lauded him to the skies in extempore verse, and prophesied that he would become the greatest painter of his age. This fortuitous and unsolicited corroboration of Peckover's testimony was very satisfactory to the young Quaker, who looked upon himself thenceforth as predestined to greatness; he certainly possessed talent which might have carried him very far, had other ingredients of his mind been either more liberally supplied or more carefully assorted.

He came to England in 1763, apparently with no view of settling there, but his star was in the ascendant, he was introduced to the young King, George III., who took a liking to him; West's Quaker sedateness and gravity, the unimpeachable correctness of his principles found ready sympathy with the virtuous monarch, a sympathy which was not likely to be disturbed by a little general dulness. West was induced to settle in London, and for nearly thirty years occupied much the same position at the Court of St. James as Velasquez did at that of Madrid, with the exception of the deadly aposentadorship. Of course he was the object of envy, and consequently of calumny; Wilson growled and Barry fumed, and even the great Reynolds is said to have been nettled and to have complained, or allowed his friends to complain for him, that though he had the painting of Church and State, that of Royalty belonged exclusively to West. West planned a cycle of great works, many of which he executed for the King. Nothing came amiss to him; from Edward the Black Prince to the Recording Angel, he was equal to them all. He was commissioned, at his own request, to illustrate "Revealed Religion" in a series of great works for the King's chapel at Windsor, and would indeed have undertaken



Death on the Pale Horse. From a Drawing by Benjamin West, P.R.A., in the possession of the Royal Academy.

to illustrate anything on earth below or in heaven above, so strong was his belief that his imagination was equal to any task, whether it was to depict the battle-fields of Crecy and Poitiers or the supernal grandeurs of the Apocalypse; and yet he could do nothing but what he had seen, and that he could do supremely well. His 'Death of General Wolfe,' his 'Treaty of Penn with the Indians,' his 'Battle of La Hogue' and the 'Quaker Family,' which must be a beautiful picture, but which we know only from engravings, are works of a very high order of merit (of the last we give an illustration). He tells his story clearly and with probability; at the same time his design is rich and imposing, his drawing truthful and severe, and his execution precise and scholarly in a high degree. All the rest of his works, scriptural, historical, and allegorical, only deserve to be forgotten, a consummation which they have probably already attained. This infirmity of his judgment went on increasing, as the scale of his works went on expanding, with advancing years. The 'Christ healing the Sick,' in the National Gallery, which is painted on a canvas 9 feet high by 14 feet wide, represents the medium size which he affected when only sixty-four years of age, and was far exceeded later on in his life.



James Wyatt, R.A. From the Picture by Sir W. Beechey, R.A., in the possession of the Royal Academy.

Of what strange stuff are mortals made! and what is this passion, disease, or mania which we call ambition? and how shall it be regulated? On the one hand it is the special attribute of great men, and the means which lifts them to greatness; on the other it is the ruin and the stumbling-block of fools; it is light and it is darkness; to some it is the beacon which guides them surely on their course; to others it is night which overtakes them and makes them wander from their road, as in the case of Benjamin West. We are judging by the wisdom which comes after the event; during his lifetime he especially, and his contemporaries partially, thought differently; there was no sign of remonstrance, and his professional career was uniformly successful as long as the king retained his reason. In 1801, when the first symptoms of his malady showed themselves, there was a temporary cessation of West's pension and employment; when the king recovered he was told "to set to work again," but it was not for long. After the death of Princess Amelia, darkness and chaos settled over the good king's wits. As Thackeray says, "All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God were taken from him," and West's occupation was gone. The fallen favourite, as is the way of the world, was attacked and slandered. The press joined issue with him on his emoluments, endeavouring to prove that he had plundered the king to the amount of £34,000; to which he answered, calmly and triumphantly, that he had indeed received money amounting approximately to that sum, but it was earned by thirty-three years of untiring labour.

It is curious to think of West's intercourse with George III., at whose court etiquette and all humdrum observances were most rigorously insisted on. Did he keep his hat on, as he had done before the Duke of Parma, or did he imagine that he had received a special dispensation from the Spirit, which gave him liberty to consult his worldly interests and to conform to general usage in the interests of high Art? On this point we can arrive at no information from biographers. Perhaps he may have thought that, because in the community of Springfield, in consequence of prophecies and the signs of genius which he showed, he had been allowed to relax the strict rigour of Quaker tenets, he was therefore free to set their observances at naught whenever they interfered with his prospects. On these points, as we have said, we know nothing, but certainly in West's letters and in his utterances recorded by his friend Galt, there is no trace of "thee" and "thou" or of other Quaker mannerisms.

Benjamin West was, as we have said, elected President of the Royal Academy in March, 1792, and held the office with a short interval till 1820. On his election the Duke of Gloucester called upon him, to intimate to him that the king was desirous of conferring the honour of knighthood upon him. His answer is remarkable, as coming from a man of fifty-four, and as showing that in all those years, and with his opportu-

nities, he had not succeeded in picking up either tact, adroitness, or knowledge of the world. He wanted a baronetcy and a pension, failing which he would have been glad of knighthood, but he played his cards so badly that he got neither.

Allan Cunningham says that "he was the first and last President of our Academy who found spelling a difficulty;" and he also cynically implies that West, by a certain sedateness and gravity of manner which came of his Quaker training, and by observing a prudent silence, gained a reputation for latent wisdom, which he would certainly have sacrificed had he been loquacious. He was certainly a benevolent, generous man, but he was utterly colourless, unless we accept a strong infusion of vanity as giving him a characteristic tint; he was cold and passionless, and succeeded, probably without any difficulty, in living up to the virtuous and altruistic platitudes with which his mind was stored.

As President he was decidedly popular; he was suave, and worried no one. When he went to Paris after the peace of Amiens to see the Musée Napoléon, he lost his head slightly; he lauded Buonaparte to the skies, who, like the improvisatore he had met in his youth, had shrewdly guessed the way to take him. When he returned, he was either conscious that he had made a fool of himself, or he imagined that others thought so; this, coupled with discussions in the Academy, to which we shall refer hereafter, caused him to resign his Presidency, whereupon James Wyatt the architect was elected to succeed him. Wyatt, however, only held office for a year, as on the 10th December following, in the year 1806, West was re-elected, and continued to hold the office till his death, which took place on the 11th of March, 1820.

The story which is told of what happened, according to some at the election of 1803, and according to others at that of 1806, viz., that Fuseli voted for Mary Moser, or rather as she then was, Mrs. Lloyd, on the ground that "one old woman was as good as another," is *ben trovato* but *non vero*, as there is no record in the Academy minutes of any vote having ever been recorded for that lady at the annual presidential election.

THE CHIEFS OF OUR NATIONAL MUSEUMS.

No. II.—THE NATIONAL GALLERY. MR. CHARLES LOCKE EASTLAKE.

THE office of Director of the National Gallery, treated of in the last number of the *Art Journal*, came into existence, as our readers will remember, about the year 1855, when, in pursuance of the recommendation of the famous Royal Commission, a new constitution was framed for the government of the Institution, and Sir Charles Eastlake was appointed to the newly created office. The National Gallery was then about thirty years old. Mr. Angerstein's house in Pall Mall had been exchanged for the building in Trafalgar Square. The principal officer had been known from the beginning as the "Keeper." From the first it had been seen that the highest importance was attached in the eyes of artists and connoisseurs to this office, and it is on record that Sir Thomas Lawrence himself, the then President of the Royal Academy, offered himself as a candidate for it, "being desirous to save the pictures from the spoliation of cleaning and restoring, which he feared they might receive under the charge of others." Sir Thomas's wish, however, was not acceded to. The first Keeper of the National Gallery was Mr. William Seguier. It soon became evident that if the fears of the President were not well founded, at all events they were shared by a large number of the general public. During the tenure of his office by Mr. Seguier, were raised those persistent cries of jobbery and maladministration which we described last month as signs of the awakening of public interest in the treasures committed to his care. At this time of day it would be idle to follow the course of the inquiries and examinations which ensued, and which were not abated when it became known that the person mainly responsible for the "spoliations" was another Mr. Seguier, a picture cleaner, who was brother of the Keeper. In November, 1843, Mr. Seguier died, and he was succeeded by Sir Charles, then Mr. C. L. Eastlake, R.A. and F.R.S. This initiated the connection of the Eastlake family with the National Gallery, a connection which has existed, as will be presently seen, ever since, with two intervals of a few short years each. Mr. Eastlake, however, only held the office of Keeper until 1847, when he resigned for reasons which he explained to the Royal Commission shortly afterwards. These must not only have amply justified his retirement, but must have led mainly to the re-settlement of the whole system upon lines which he himself suggested, and which he was promptly sent to carry out by being appointed Director in 1855, with, practically, irresponsible authority. To follow, however, the history of the Keepership, it should be stated that Mr. Eastlake was succeeded in that office by Mr. Thomas Uwins, a Royal Academician, who was also Surveyor of Her Majesty's pictures. Uwins was a man of cultivated and refined mind, who had originally been a water-colour painter, but had turned his attention to oils, and had also painted several frescoes in the summer-house of Buckingham Palace. His retirement synchronised with the report of the Royal Commission in 1855, and he died two years afterwards.

As has been already stated, the Royal Commissioners advised, and the Treasury Minute subsequently ordained, that the principal officers of the National Gallery should be, a Director, a Keeper and Secretary, and a Travelling Agent.* Sir Charles Eastlake was appointed to the first of these posts, and Mr. Ralph Nicolson Wornum to the second. Mr. Wornum was at the time a lecturer in the Government schools of design. He had achieved originally some reputation as a portrait painter, and like Eastlake, had contributed effectively to the literature of the Fine Arts. Many articles from his pen may be found in the earlier volumes of the *Art Journal*. He had travelled much on the Continent at a time when such an enterprise was not easy, and he had published, with much acceptance, the results of his journeys. His "Life of Holbein" is still a standard book. A laborious worker, a courteous official, a sympathetic artist, and a genial friend, Mr. Wornum passed away in December, 1877, amid sincere and widespread regrets.

* Mr. Otto Mündler was the first and only Travelling Agent. The office is now abolished.

The qualifications for the office of Keeper and Secretary are as complex as its duties are varied, the position being one involving great responsibility and requiring manifold experience and constant energy. Not only is an artistic training demanded for many details of his daily work, but he ought to possess in no small degree the critical faculty, as well as an acquaintance with the history of Painting, and the lives of its practitioners. To these accomplishments must, moreover, be added those of the thorough man of business with a practical knowledge of accounts and figures. He must also be able to supplement the Director's literary labours in the compilation of catalogues and histories of the works in his charge, for the drafting of reports, etc., falls, to a great extent, into the Keeper's hands. The official correspondence, too, is often very heavy, and takes a wide range, necessitating, *inter alia*, a knowledge of foreign languages. Students who desire exceptional privileges; country persons anxious to know the authorship and commercial value of pictures in their possession (of which, however, they offer the vaguest possible description); continental dealers who hope to part with their collections for a substantial sum; government departments demanding statistics; visitors to the Gallery who require special information, besides theorists, interviewers, *dilettanti*, and amateurs of every shade of opinion—these are among the sorts and conditions of people to whom this patient official has to turn his ready and sympathetic ear. The present incumbent of this responsible and difficult post is Mr. Charles Locke Eastlake, who is a native of Plymouth, where his father, the late Mr. George Eastlake, held office as Admiralty Law Agent and Deputy Judge-Advocate of the Fleet. He was educated at Westminster School, where he gained a Queen's scholarship and remained four years, becoming deeply attached to the establishment, of which, in after life, he was elected a Governor, succeeding the late Dean of St. Paul's, who retired about 1882.



Charles L. Eastlake. From a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

Having shown an early taste for drawing, he was placed, by the advice of his uncle, Sir Charles Eastlake (then President of the Royal Academy), in the office of the late Mr. Philip Hardwick, R.A., and passed through the usual course of study as an architect, entering the schools of the Royal Academy, where he obtained the Silver Medal in 1854. Subsequently, Mr. Eastlake spent three years on the Continent, making measured drawings and water-colour sketches of architecture in France, Germany, and Italy, and studying the figure in the *atelier* of Professor Kreling at Nuremberg, as well as in the English Academy at Rome—a digression which, we believe, nearly tempted him to adopt the profession of a painter. Returning, however, to England in 1860, he was occupied for some years in architectural work, but having little inclination for the business side of practice, Mr. Eastlake turned his technical training to account by endeavouring to improve the character of design in those minor arts which, in this country, had hitherto been scarcely recognised as a field for the exercise of educated taste. His publication of a little illustrated volume entitled "Hints on Household Taste" (which went through four editions) led to Mr. Eastlake's professional services being largely engaged, not only by private clients, but by manufacturers in various branches of industrial art and refined handicraft.

In another illustrated and more important work, "A History of the Gothic Revival," Mr. Eastlake traced and described the various causes which led to the survival and readoption of mediæval architecture in modern England. His contributions to magazines and general literature extended, for some years, over a wide field; and he has since found time to publish handbooks to several foreign picture galleries, visited and carefully inspected during his autumn holidays.

In 1866 Mr. Eastlake was chosen Secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and a few years later was elected a Fellow of that Society, with a seat on the Council. In this official capacity he remained until 1878, when, on the decease of Mr. R. N. Wornum, Lord Beaconsfield, then

Premier, appointed Mr. Eastlake Keeper and Secretary of the National Gallery.

The gradual growth of this Department both in size and importance, has naturally increased the responsibilities and multiplied the duties of this twofold office, to which are now added the functions of a librarian and accounting officer.* As Keeper, Mr. Eastlake found much in the custody of the Gallery itself, the care and disposition of its contents, the discipline of its subordinate officers, the admission and supervision of Art students, which needed methodical and systematic attention. He has bestowed especial pains in meeting the requirements of copyists, who, it is generally acknowledged, work with more comfort and convenience than formerly. The classification and re-hanging of the pictures, effected in 1877, was carried out, as has already been stated, under Mr. Eastlake's superintendence, subject of course to the Director's approval. The Keeper also arranged and hung the valuable collection of water-colour drawings in rooms which had long remained unoccupied.

As Secretary, Mr. Eastlake attends and prepares the Minutes of National Gallery Board Meetings, conducts the official and general correspondence, which is far more voluminous than might be supposed, keeps the catalogues of pictures up to date, and drafts the annual Reports.

Registers are kept for the entry of students' names, and to record the various offers of pictures for sale during the current year. As financial officer Mr. Eastlake is responsible for the correct expenditure of the annual Parliamentary grant, the actual book-keeping and other clerical work being undertaken by the National Gallery Clerk, Mr. G. E. Ambrose.

We take leave of our subject, so far as the National Gallery is concerned, full of confidence and hope in its future, and, as we said at first, with much complacency and pride in the results of its sixty-five years of vigorous and prosperous life. It has already elbowed out of its prescribed location the institution with which it was so closely allied and bound up, and whom it sheltered for many years. It now finds another, equally dear and akin, tacked on to its not too ample skirts. In the interests of both institutions, we may express the hope that this expedient may be as transitional as the former, and that we may yet live to see the whole of the building in Trafalgar Square allotted, without stint or deduction, to the purposes of the National Gallery. J. F. BOYES.

RECENT CONTINENTAL ART.

MUNICH is almost as central to Southern Germany as Paris is to the Latin nations. The Bavarian city even attracts to its exhibitions pictures from across the Alps, and, more or less, from the whole of Europe. It is an international capital. Austrian painters find its position on the highways of travel more conspicuous for their purpose than that of their more august Vienna. Italian painters are attracted by the honours to be conferred by the Germanic verdict, for probably there is always an unconfessed homage paid by the Latin to the Teuton: a homage not only unconfessed, but very fairly disguised, perhaps, in the traditional scorn which the inheritor of the Roman civilisation still affects for the Goth; but a homage, nevertheless, which the conditions of the modern world have extorted from the races that have had their day of glory. Moreover, whatsoever acknowledgment of her culture Munich has received from the South, she somewhat grossly repaid when a by-gone King of Bavaria gave her a false look of Florence, with his imitations of Italian buildings, and hid away the German character of his city in the course of his Medicean ambitions. Ludwig the Magnificent succeeded in producing only a hybrid kind of internationalism, and it is since his day, and in that of his unhappy successors, that the Bavarian capital has taken a serious place in the contemporary history of Art. That place could not be achieved by Royal dilettantism or by the sudden determination to patronise Art and to commission the masters of the day (sad pedants were these, if the truth may be told) to fresco the Royal palaces. *That* Munich school died off as quickly as it had been artificially created; the real school grew slowly, like a stable national constitution; it grew by the development of tradition, practice, discipleship, and by the talent these fostered and prospered. The Munich school once established as a mother of Art studies, Munich exhibitions took a lead for the display and reward of merit, and to some not even the awards of Paris are more prized.

From the exhibition of 1890 we have chosen a subject-picture —'The Last Sacrament' (p. 124), by Karl Hoff, which presents an incident in the life of the remoter North-west—or rather in its death, for the boat-load of wayfarers are making their way into the heart of the forest in order to reach some forlorn death-bed in some log-cabin. The old priest has been summoned from the nearest mission; he goes ready-vested, carrying in his hand the pyx or ciborium with the Communion; this no hand but his can touch. His little acolyte bears the candle in its lantern, and the box containing the means for setting up an altar in the chamber of death. The child who sits anxiously facing the priest is the little messenger who has been sent to summon help to her father or mother in extremity. The boatmen make what haste they may. Such a procession is invariably touched with the perpetual interest of the life and death of the unknown. When it passed, in yet recent days, through the streets of an Italian city, the sound of the acolyte's bell was able to gather many little groups from the streets, and at times half the congregation in a church, and to draw them to the doors of the house of the dying, and, in part, even within them, priest and people saying together the litanies for the departing. Manners are changing in this respect even in Southern America, where the custom has been most lasting, and there is more privacy, with less simplicity, in the action of taking leave of life. More solitude there could hardly be, however, than in the case of the dweller in the woods whom these visitants are approaching. The painter has succeeded well in rendering the various significance of the few figures. In each of these the action is dramatic in its degree. Herr Hoff belongs to the north rather than to the south of Germany, and as a student to the schools of Düsseldorf, rather than to those of Munich. He was born at Mannheim some fifty years ago, and studied at Carlsruhe and in the schools of the Rhenish town, which, with those of Berlin, Vienna, and Rotterdam, awarded him their honours. He has always been a painter of *genre*, choosing, by preference, incidents for his

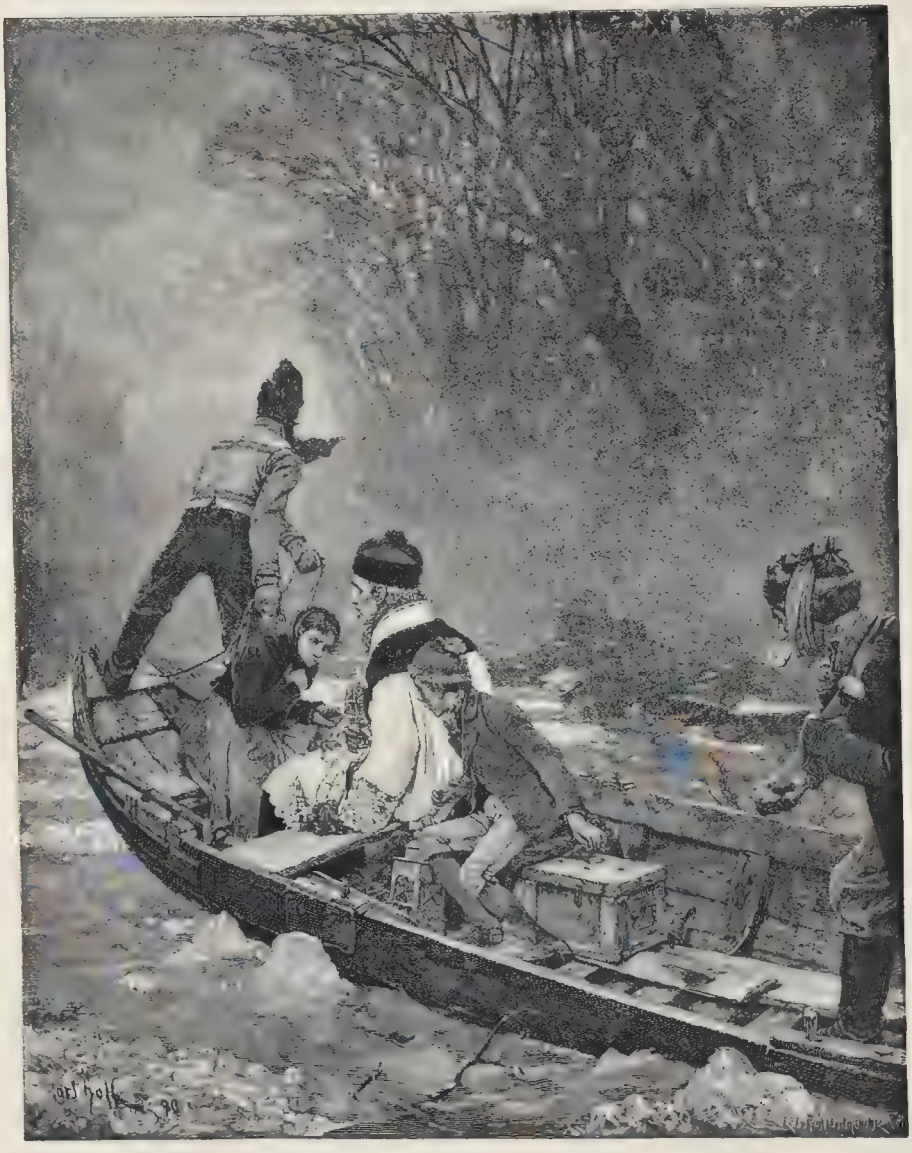
* See the Director's report on the National Gallery for the year 1855.



Springtime. From the Picture by C. Corcos.

subjects, and those more or less representing national and domestic manners. At the National Gallery of Berlin is one of his most popular works, 'A Christening Scene.'

'Springtime' symbolized by the profile of a very young girl need not be quite so trite a little fancy as the title seems to imply. There is certainly no lack of freshness in the head



The Last Sacrament. From the Picture by Karl Hoff. Munich Exhibition, 1890.

painted by C. Corcos, with the vine-like tendrils of hair and the youthful flesh in the chequered half-light and uncertain shadow of early leafage. The painter has given to the still childish face every beauty that is distinctive of youth, choosing no severe sculpturesque type, of which the fine forms might outlast colour and light, and continue beautiful in a

season as autumnal as this is spring-like. His model is lovely chiefly because she is young, and so we get an impression of the special value of youth in her particular case, as well as of its brevity in all cases. There is not any country that cannot show just such charming faces between childhood and maturity, faces revealing no marked national type, but displaying the irregular, intelligent, and characteristic lines that speak of fresh popular blood and of independent and open-air life in every climate in Europe. The most classic, as well as the least classic lands produce this cosmopolitan little girl, with her blunt nose, her hair that has a life of its own, her loose garments, and the dust on her bare tanned feet. It is a little profile that appears among the straightest and gravest heads of Rome, and among the most beautiful in Venice and Genoa; shows itself, with its fairer tints—bronze rather than blond, however—in the streets of Naples; and makes sudden appearances, looking swarthy among the sleek fair heads of the young Teutons, in the market places of Bonn and Nuremberg. It is not unknown (with deplorable surroundings of battered feathers and mud-coloured lower garments, unfortunately) among the flower-girls in London and about the Dublin alleys. It is as general as the spring itself, which awakens alike on the open plain and in the grimiest window-box, among the sea-weed and between the stones of a worn-out city.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

WE have not yet had an opportunity of recording the last elections to the Royal Academy, which resulted in the elevation of Mr. Thomas Brock and Mr. Andrew Gow to full membership, and of Mr. David Murray to Associateship. The first voting for one of the vacant chairs resulted as follows:—Mr. Brock, 22; Mr. A. Gilbert, 19; Mr. MacWhirter, 5; Mr. Gow, 5; Mr. Birch, 5; after which followed the final ballot between the two foremost candidates, with the result that Mr.



Thomas Brock, R.A.



Andrew Gow, R.A.



David Murray, A.R.A.

Brock secured 29, and Mr. Alfred Gilbert 24 votes. For the second election only three names appeared upon the blackboard—Mr. MacWhirter, Mr. A. Gilbert, and Mr. Gow. The first voting resulted thus:—Mr. Gow, 26; Mr. Gilbert, 19; Mr. MacWhirter, 9; and the final ballot—Mr. Gow, 34; Mr. Gilbert, 19. Of other Associates the following received votes:—Mr. G. A. Storey, Mr. Val Prinsep, Mr. Boughton, Mr. Frank Dicksee, Mr. Moore, Mr. Aitchison, Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Colin Hunter, and Mr. Leader. For the vacant A.R.A.-ship, nearly 150 painters, sculptors, and architects were nominated. From this number the names only of 5, Messrs. Swan, Forbes, David Murray, Albert Moore and Lawson, appeared upon the blackboard. The result of the second voting was—Mr. Stanhope Forbes, 15; Mr. D. Murray, 14; Mr. Albert Moore, 10; Mr. Swan, 6; Mr. Lawson, 10; the final ballot resulted in the election of Mr. David Murray. Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Frank Bramley, Mr. Keeley Halswelle, Mr. Dendy Sadler; Mr. Adrian Stokes, Mr. F. W. W. Topham, Mr. Harry Bates, Mr. Frampton, Mr. MacLean, Mr. Brandon, Mr. Brooks, Mr. T. G. Jackson, Mr. Sedding, and Mr. Seddon also received votes.

Among recent acquisitions to the South Kensington Museum is a large collection of English silver dating from the year 1715. It comprises cups, candlesticks, vases, sconces, tankards, sugar-casters, etc., and has come into the possession of the Museum through the Treasury, the owner having died intestate.

The Museum has also received as a loan from Lord Francis Pelham Clinton-Hope an interesting and valuable collection of pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools.

These were acquired through several generations by a branch of the Scotch family of Hope which settled in Amsterdam during the seventeenth century. They are now arranged in one of the smaller rooms adjoining the water-colour galleries.

The work of decorating the dome of St. Paul's progresses, Mr. W. E. F. Britten being now well advanced with his cartoons of St. Mark and St. Luke. They will be reproduced, like the rest, by Salviati of Venice. Angels attend the Evangelists, St. Mark staying for a moment the motion of his stylus, while an angel passes swiftly on his left; a second angel to his right, with the scroll spread on his knees, points towards the world that awaits the Gospel. St. Luke, in the other design, is in the act of writing; this evangelist's angel rests his right hand on two scrolls, those of SS. Matthew and Mark, and seems to be waiting for the third. Of the decorations already finished Stevens produced four, the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel; Mr. Watts two, St. Matthew and St. John; and Sir F. Leighton one, 'And the sea gave up its dead.'

Over eighty candidates presented themselves for the recent election at the Old Water-Colour Society, but three only were chosen: Mr. Hughes, known for his portrait heads; Mr. Rooke; and Mr. Fripp, a *Graphic* war correspondent. At the same time the Earl of Carlisle was elected to the rank of honorary member.

A number of English artists have promised to send works to the Berlin Exhibition, including Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Millais, Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Watts, Mr. Pettie, Mr. Marcus Stone, Mr. Ouless, Mr. Moore, and Mr. Walter Crane, as well as the sculptors, Mr. Thornycroft and Mr. Gilbert.



Linlithgow Palace. From "Royal Edinburgh."

A new society has been formed in Edinburgh, "The Society of Scottish Artists." The objects of the society, which owes its foundation chiefly to the younger members of the profession, is to afford greater facilities for the exhibition of the work of members, and generally to aid the progress of Art in Scotland.

The scientific and photographic world was recently startled by the announcement made by M. Lippmann (Professor of Physics at the Sorbonne, Paris) of a new process of photography discovered by him, by which colours throughout the whole range of the spectrum can be reproduced on a sensitive plate. After a few weeks' attempts, it is stated, M. Lippmann succeeded in photographing a stained window in colours as brilliant as the original. "Wolf! wolf!" has been cried so often in the matter of photographing in colours, that we confess to a considerable degree of scepticism in regard to Professor Lippmann's discovery.

OBITUARY.—We have to record the deaths of Alexander Johnston, the Scotch artist, born in Edinburgh in 1815; of Charles Chaplin, the French artist and well-known painter of ladies; of Aimé Millet, the French sculptor; and of J. A. Benouville, the French landscape painter.

REVIEWS.—Mrs. Oliphant, whose published works now number more than twenty, having compiled for us most entertaining works upon the capitals of the Florentine and Venetian Republics, has turned homeward, and now at considerable length deals with the capital of her own country, "ROYAL EDINBURGH" (London: Macmillan & Co.). Its history she unfolds in graphic language under the following headings: Margaret; The Stewards; The Time of the Prophets; and The Modern City; the whole period practically coinciding with that since our Norman conquest. There are few places on the world's surface of equal size which have had so varied and exciting a history, whether we regard it from a civil, religious, or

literary point of view. Mrs. Oliphant has dealt with much of this, with its saints, kings, prophets, and poets, in a most fas-



An Esquimaux Woman. From "The First Crossing of Greenland."

cinating manner. Of some of her characters, her pet ones evidently, such as Knox, or Buchanan, or Scott, the work serves almost as a biography; but regarding others, and especially as regards her who has drawn to herself more interest than any woman in Great Britain's history, Mary of Scots, comparatively scanty details are furnished, considering that it is a woman who has penned the work. One thing the book lacks which effectually destroys its value as a work of reference, and that is an index, neither has it even the slighter aid of contents to the several chapters. One thing too the book is happy in the possession of, and that is an admirable illustrator. Mr. George Reid stands at the head of his profession in this respect, and Edinburgh is naturally an agreeable subject for him. His efforts too have been well seconded by the engraver and the printer, a rare combination in these days.

We also have to note a new and thoroughly revised edition of Sir Daniel Wilson's "MEMORIALS OF EDINBURGH IN THE OLDEN TIME" (Adam and Charles Black), and which is now being issued in parts with the old and many new illustrations. Later research has enabled the author to correct many points of detail and to add many novel features.

Lovers of books on travel are of two distinct kinds. There is the one class who like to conjure up the scene in their own imagination, and hate to have even a map to tie them down to facts. The other class like to have everything furnished for them, portraits of the travellers, pictures of every thrilling incident, and maps on a scale large enough to follow upon them every day's advance. The members of the first-named class have, until quite lately, had perhaps the better case, for the illustrations furnished with books of the category we are describing were, for the most part, worthless either as accurate records of the scene, or as affording any aid to any but the dullest imaginations. But photography has now changed all that, and we may now travel day by day with the travellers, and know far more about them than the most graphic pen can tell.

No more striking instance of this has ever perhaps occurred than the illustrations to the latest tale of adventure, namely, "THE FIRST CROSSING OF GREENLAND," by Fridtjof Nansen (Longmans). Here the difficulties in the way of illustration would have made it impossible a couple of years previously. The equipment for the journey across the unknown continent had to be of the scantiest, for it must all be carried on sledges, which had to be hauled by the six travellers over hundreds of miles. With the mercury down out of sight in the thermometer, and ever so many degrees below zero in the middle of the day, sketching in muffled hands would have been impracticable; glass photographic plates



On the March. From "The First Crossing of Greenland."

would not only have been too weighty, and have necessitated all the apparatus for changing them, but they would certainly have been smashed to pieces before half the journey over the crevassed ice had been accomplished. But the discovery of film enabled a Kodak camera, and material for two hundred views, to be compressed into three pounds weight, and a series of almost diurnal views to be taken, which, as the specimens shown on the previous page testify, enable the reader not only to be on terms of intimacy with the actors in the drama, but to have unfolded to him matter-of-fact unvarnished illustrations of every day's proceedings. This, no doubt, adds vastly to the interest of the book; but, independently of that, it is written in such a modest yet fascinating style, that there are few of those who take it up who will think of anything else until they have finished the perusal of the first crossing of "Greenland's icy mountains."

So far as the theoretic study of their art is concerned, art-students and amateurs have no lack of guides. Hardly a month passes but it is signalised by the publication of some work suitable to their wants. All, however, do not possess the merit of the work now before us, "THE STUDENT'S ATLAS OF ARTISTIC ANATOMY," by Professor C. Roth, of Munich (London: H. Grevel & Co.). It consists of a series of plates as large as a page of the *Art Journal*, representing an athlete, from different aspects, lifting a weight above his head. The two first plates represent the bony framework of the body, and the others the muscular structures in a condition of great activity. Each of these is followed by an explanatory plate, where the several parts are depicted and numbered; the numbers referring to the text, which contains the names of the bones and muscles, and also some useful notes.

EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

MR. SIDNEY COLVIN having for some time past shown the world which visits the British Museum either for pleasure or profit, the treasures of Eastern Art which the Print Room of that Institution possesses, has now varied the entertainment, and filled the fine new galleries with a chronological survey of European Art during the last five hundred years, as expressed in the mediums of pen and pencil and water colour. The student has now, thanks to the energy of the keeper of the Print Room, for almost the first time, the opportunity of passing in review, without the trouble of preliminary applications or searching through portfolios, the cream of a collection which in many respects is unsurpassed by that of any other gallery in the world. He will in this way be able to learn more easily the truth as to the relative merit of the varying schools which have held sway in the Western world, and he will probably not leave the Museum without being convinced as to the incontestable superiority of Italy over the other nations. Holbein and Dürer may contest bravely on behalf of the northern schools, but whilst they hold their own for masterly draughtsmanship, they succumb when beauty and grace are matters in dispute. But it is not only the schools of Germany and Italy which find illustration here, that of France from the days of Watteau to Méryon, and of England from Vandyck to Caldecott, are fully, if not completely, shown. We have lately had many facilities for extending our knowledge in Art, but none so pleasantly or agreeably presented as this exhibition at the British Museum. As it will remain open for many months, every one will have the opportunity, which none should omit, of visiting it.

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

THE sixty-second Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy, now open in Dublin, is quite up to the average. The President has sent, besides several portraits, a small painting of an Irish peasant. Mr. B. Colles-Watkins has a good landscape, painted out of doors last autumn in Kerry, a wild mountain scene in wet and stormy weather. Mr. Moynan's 'Military Manœuvres,' a capable work by the youngest member of the Academy, bears testimony to the artist's foreign training and to his skill. Mr. Alfred Grey has a number of cattle pieces, and Mr. Osborne, sen., some pleasing animal studies. A few Wiltshire and Sussex bits show Mr. Walter Osborne to advantage. Mr. P. H. Miller, Mr. Williams, and Miss Purser, a recently elected Honorary Member, also contribute work.

The portraits are fairly good, Mr. A. J. Thaddeus's 'Professor Owen' taking the first place, and one of a little maiden, the daughter of Sir Edward Kinahan, Bart., perhaps coming next by reason of the quality of the painting. The artist is a new exhibitor, Miss Kate Morgan.

The water-colour drawings are comparatively few in number, and with a few exceptions, hardly up to the average.

A picture also deserving mention in the collection of over five hundred works is the 'Wallflowers,' by Edward Patry, a study of a street flower-girl.





A Group of Dogs.

EMMANUEL FREMIET.

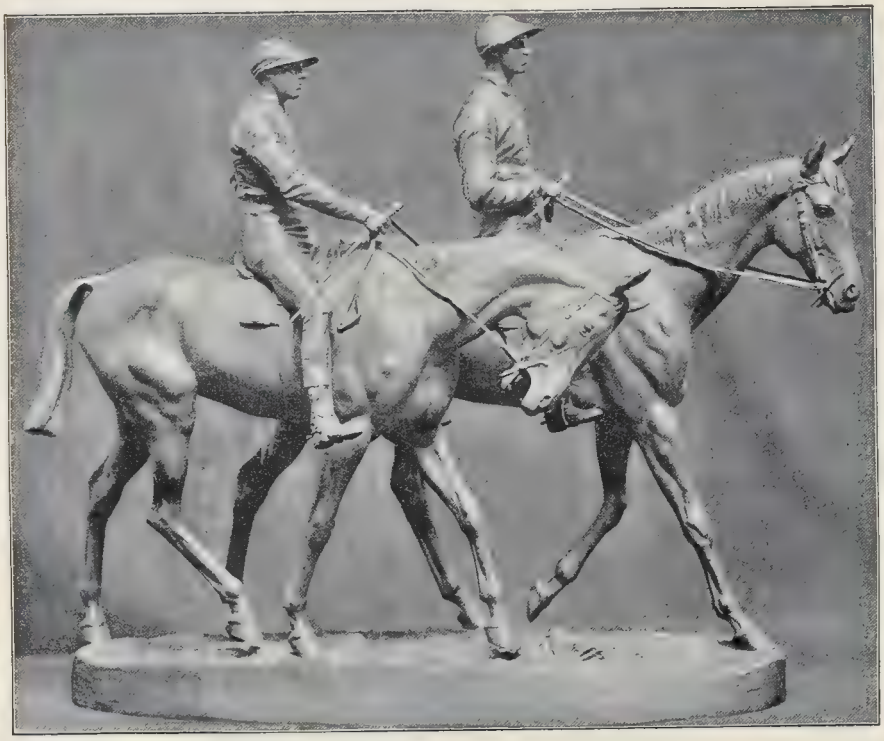
THOSE who look at it will admit that sculpture has been born again with the other arts in the nineteenth century. It is no longer content to repeat, or at best to modify, the subjects and treatment of past ages. Awakened by the call of modern thought, sculpture, like painting, has opened the door to new *motifs*, and has courted fresh relations with nature. Sculptors have domesticated natural forms that were previously considered intractable, and in so doing they have been compelled to revise technical processes, to begin fresh studies in anatomy, and to make treatment something more germane to the model and personal to the artist than it ever could be in mannerisms borrowed from the classic schools. Those who jealously hold inviolate the supremacy of the Greeks, nevertheless rightly regard imitation not only as a bad way to start on something new, but also as the worst proof of sympathy with the spirit of the old men and intelligent admiration of their work. The attitude of Donatello towards nature rather than that of Michael Angelo, commands our interest to-day. Original as both men were, many nowadays hold Michael Angelo the less scrupulously natural. Change cannot be as apparent in sculpture as in painting, and perhaps it has not been quite so great in fact. A sculptor, and a sculptor only, could speak with assurance upon the changes of ideal in his art, and their effect in modifying styles and subjects. I feel, therefore, more reluctance to express views on the subject of modern sculpture than I should in the case of painting, especially as I have to speak of one so novel in practice and so illustrious in example as Emmanuel Fremiet.



Gorilla and Woman.

To open the gates of convention, to let loose a flood of new observation upon an art, is to drown, for a time at least, the recollection of its principles as a pure art. Its territory becomes peopled by aliens not born to it, and too often blind to its intrinsic and native beauties. Men, primarily interested in something else, speak of the art as a vehicle. It becomes the hunting-ground of poets too fanciful for real life. In opposition to their extravagancies, the craftsman and the scientific observer seem hoisted on stilts to the level of the man of genius. So it has been in painting; and sculpture, notwithstanding

its narrower field and jealously guarded limits, has not escaped the desecrating invasion of a realism, forgetful of decoration and those eternal laws of the artistic material that avenge any sin against beauty. Those dangers of realism—a scientific instead of an artistic interest in things, a study of parts separate from the impression of the whole, and that inhuman and equal respect for all facts—fatal as they are in painting, seem to me doubly dangerous in sculpture. Here they become hidden pitfalls, artistic blunders rather than logical errors, and not, as in painting, easily shown to be contrary to the nature of vision. The progress of sculpture in this century has been along a perilous path that, to the non-sculptor at least, appears to lead not altogether towards an unmixed good. In the Paris Exhibition of 1889 one might look, it is true, at a thing so new and so grand as Fremiet's 'Gorilla and Woman' (p. 129), but then one passed row after row of trivial imitations of nature. To call work trivial because it deals with the little, uneasy, but real forms that we see around us in life, may require some sort of justification. Moreover, there are people who will say that the reproach applies equally to many paintings. Some one or two points, however, should be kept in mind. While painting is no more than representative, sculpture is directly imitative of nature. In painting, the third dimension of space



Jockeys and Horses.

is really non-existent; it is illusorily represented by a use of the properties of the other two. No art is required in sculpture to make a cube; to suggest it in painting, perspective, modelling, and colour are necessary. The forms of a statue can be shown under various lights without further co-operation on the part of the artist. The painter has to make light for himself wherewith to show form. The sculptor shows nature as it is, without illusion, without representation of anything by something quite different; you may say that his is the very medium of nature. But to express in paint the commonest objects in the commonest way demands technical knowledge. Reduced to their lowest expression in deadly realism, painting is a translation, sculpture a copy. An excellent French sculptor, who dabbled in landscape, complained to me that painting was not an art to amuse oneself with. "It has too much initial difficulty about it," he said, "whilst our art *n'a pas de métier;* it entirely depends on knowledge and feeling." This is almost literally true of work in clay. Hence we must admit, in speaking of the results of the realistic movement towards novelty and actuality, that much which is interesting and legitimate in painting, becomes cheap and vulgar in sculping. The most uninspired and slavishly realistic painting gives some taste of the painter's estimate of the value of various qualities. Where



Joan of Arc.

colour at once translates the impression of shape, air, distance, illumination, and local tint, artistic judgment and personal feeling cannot be altogether absent. In similarly realistic modelling, where planes of clay follow the slope of planes in some other material, it is only a real artist that lifts his work out of the region of skilled labour. The inartistic sculptor can attain a sort of blind correctness by mechanical processes. True, such a system requires the use of tedious devices, scientific measurement, perhaps casting from the life, and much calculation. But engineering also is troublesome, difficult, intellectual, and meritorious, yet we refuse to call it art. So we refuse to call artistic in sculpture those qualities that can be attained by direct imitation. Treatment is of supreme importance to arts in which truth is no more striking than it is in nature. Sculpture then, just because it is more imitative than painting, must consent to abide by a more rigid respect for convention; that is, for the laws of beauty in its own material. The spirit that leads men to the pursuit of novelty and actuality, cannot find expression in sculpture as in painting. A true instinct has shown painters that rugged peasants seen against profound depths of sky and the swimming stretch of long plains, or animals nibbling grass in the soft atmosphere of the field, become invested with dignity according to the breadth and force with which the subtle mysteries and glories of real light are perceived.



Frog, as Decoration for Handle of a Whip.

Vollon transfigures still life by the splendid sweep with which he floods old pots and pans with a rich and mysterious wave of light. But it is by no means the abstract form, or what the sculptor can give you of it, that we admire in these objects which have justly occupied the attention of painters. It may be more difficult to make a boot in clay than in leather (I should doubt it), but it is certainly not more intellectual, while it is infinitely more useless. Marble and bronze are lasting, and in translating the perishable into the imperishable, we must assume that the abstracted form is as much one of the wonders of the world as the phenomenon of light. We assume, too, that this form suits stone, or can be made to suit it; so that when struck motionless it may continue to charm the world. Keeping these points in mind, we cannot deny that sculptors, to their detriment, have followed the lead of painters in treating modern dresses, hats, hair, as well as grass, leaves, and all kinds of objects.

Fremiet, who came to the fore as early as 1849 or 1850, was one of the leaders of the realistic movement. Even if his example led to such rashness, Fremiet himself must be acquitted from any complicity with the base and illegitimate realism which came up some years later, chiefly in Italy. Fremiet was anatomical, learned in structure, and apt to seize and fix the co-operation of muscles in movement; these men expended themselves in realising surfaces and rendering the texture of lace, hair, and fabrics. Fremiet disdained such tricks as dipping and casting, and as much of his innovation lay in the presentment of natural types of animals, he was forced to conceive rather than to copy. But however interesting his subject may be, and however well-endowed an artist, he cannot compel certain conditions and accidents of men and animals to suit the trying and eternal actuality of sculpture. It is possible to imagine serious workers, intellectual and perceptive, perhaps men of feeling for the movements of muscles, for the structure of nature, who nevertheless show no special fondness for the material qualities of the particular art they have chosen. This may be called roughly a lack of the decorative sense. These men would underrate the value of fine line, noble composition masses, rich or subtle qualities of pigment on a canvas, and would not care much what a piece of stone is like, but only what it figures. In a renascent age, when a vital art is feeling its way through truth to beauty, this is right and inevitable. It should lead to good, though its immediate results are not always decorative. The pre-Phidian was well inspired in his search for truth on the bodies of athletes. While thus understanding and admiring the modern movement, we should admit that future progress is not in the direction of schools that have descended from Fremiet's interest in structure to the Italian's interest in texture.

Let us look for a moment at one of Fremiet's later and better-known works, the 'Joan of Arc on Horseback' of the Place des Pyramides, a type of his many equestrian statues in armour (p. 131). The horse is the work of a man of sympathetic observation, a man not content with any of the previous grand ideas of horses suitable for cavalcades, triumphal entries, equestrian kings or generals. His is a horse of a certain definitely real kind, common in a way, but fine and muscular, showing some of the heavy spirit of a cart-horse enlivened by a more nervous organization. The careful truthfulness of the observation has been much helped out, however, by the art of the man. The style of the work arises from the choice of the subject. A sense of flatness and squareness pervades the whole composition, running through armour, harness, and other detail; it finds expression in the structural planes of the animal. This unity of style promotes the beast to a position of some purpose and dignity. Fremiet has kept the feeling of a live being, and that a woman, beneath his suit of armour. No one could complain that this work was stale in idea or lacking in the expression of personal knowledge and feeling. Nor could one say that its surfaces were cheaply rounded, empty, or stupid, though one might feel that they were sometimes hard, tight, and even small. This occasional lack of suppleness is the only fault—if fault there be—in an art that is true to its own ideal of sculpture. I have heard that this statue has been also executed in marble, in which material I should imagine it would appear on the verge of

wiriness and fretfulness. Bronze may be disposed in forms that recall rods, strings, or flat plates. Any hint of the sharp or the spidery is unbecoming to marble. There must be a decorative ideal proper to stone-work. When our senses are fresh, we know what is nice in the way of stone. As children we pocketed certain pebbles from a vague idea that they were acceptable as stone, and perhaps pleasant in their softness of shape and polish. Marble should never look chippy and fretted. Naturally a bulky, cheese-like thing, it takes the fat and unctuous forms of modelling in preference to the sharp or craggy. In the day of scientific interest in structure, artists get careless of their materials as they get conscientious about their models. To the non-sculptor at least, it would seem that sculpture, when serious, appeals too often to the anatomist; when frivolous, to the modiste and hairdresser.

Like Barye, Fremiet has studied animals with a new interest, quite in keeping with his century. An animal, especially a horse, is a difficult subject to treat with beauty in sculpture, and yet with real truth of structure and surface. The proportion of limbs to body is not naturally effective in stone. The legs are thin and wide apart, so that we get spideriness where we expect something massive. Yet a horse is undoubtedly beautiful; why then should he not be sculped exactly with success? But he is beautiful in motion, with a glossy coat, here shining, here richly coloured, and everywhere showing his muscles, like india-rubber, visibly springing beneath. If frozen into cold white stone he loses these pictorial charms, without gaining in massive nobility of form. So we feel about casts from nature of persons we know. Thus the sculptor is bound to make up for the loss by expressing, with more character than nature, his part of the business, namely, the form. As a modern, Fremiet has bravely affronted all these difficulties, and many others, without sinking to the level of the naturalist. After indicating the dangers to which he is exposed, and the direction in which his defects may be looked for, it is fair to add that, in my belief, there is in sculpture no horse at once so natural and so stylish as those which Fremiet has given us in his 'Joan of Arc,' his 'Gaul' and 'Roman Warrior.'



Armed Warrior on Horseback.

Some notion of the variety of Fremiet's work may be gained from the accompanying illustrations of his bronzes. The 'Jockeys and Horses' are justly admired as a spirited yet conscientious rendering of a subject new to sculpture, which one might be tempted to regard as unfitted to art. Yet this bronze is large and elegant in aspect, while the character of component parts has scarcely been sacrificed to style. The treatment of the clothes, for instance, gives the figures admirable force and life. On this page may also be seen one of those armed warriors on horseback, of which Fremiet is so fond, and which we may compare with his 'Joan of Arc.' This horse is perhaps less nervous and energetic than

the other, but the whole group has more unity and grandeur. The dogs in another illustration show the artist's appreciation of the pose suitable to an animal, and of the structure of its important muscles. The handle of a whip or hunting-knife decorated with a frog (p. 132), will make it evident that Fremiet, like Gilbert in this country, can apply his art to decoration of all sorts and kinds.

Fremiet was born in 1824, early in this active and enterprising century, and he became a man just as the romantic movement had become a recognised influence in painting and literature. He began life at a stirring epoch, and under fair circumstances. Related to Rude, whose wife was a Fremiet, he came early under the influence of the greatest sculptor of his day. But although fairly situated and admirably taught, he was not spared the difficulties which beset the path of any artist without private fortune. He supported himself for a time by labours uninteresting in themselves and badly paid. No sculptor full of original feeling could enjoy the preparation of scientific diagrams, even anatomical, or the repetition of the conventional platitudes of the ecclesiastical warehouse. These were some of Fremiet's enforced tasks, and it is recorded that he was even employed in touching up with oil paint some of the corpses at the Morgue. Making sugar figures for cakes, and commercial bronzes for clocks and ornaments, are other resources of the young sculptor. It is a rise in life when he is employed in the studio of some man perhaps less gifted than himself, except with the knack of getting commissions. The life of French artists, however, is all arranged to combat poverty and hardship by means of pleasure, art, and congenial society. Fremiet suffered less than many, getting his first medal as early as 1849. The 'Cat and Kittens,' on this page, dates from this early period, and proves how soon he felt attracted to the study of animals. His medal was followed up by other work, such as 'The Fight between a Man and a Bear,' which secured him further recompense; and in 1860 he obtained the Legion of Honour. Both before and after this epoch his work was marked by novelty of conception, no less than by an expressive yet studious rendering of structure with the most finished execution. A story current in the ateliers, whether true or not, gives an idea of his reputation for the discovery of technical methods. Engaged on one of his early representations of dogs, he was seeking



Cat and Kittens.

some artistic expression of the hair; suddenly he seized a broomstick, broke it across his knee, and obtained what he wished with one of the rough broken ends. Of course the story is without importance, except as a mythological statement of a belief in his special characteristic—novelty in the expression of animal life. An inartistic sculptor might break enough broomsticks to roast a hecatomb, and do nothing but harm. It is by reliance on such tricks that some of the most detestable effects in sculpture are produced. Animals have entered greatly into Fremiet's work, both alone and in combination with man, and we have groups such as 'The Roman,' 'The Gaul,' 'The Faun and young Bears,' 'The Horses of the Fountain,' at the end of the Luxembourg Gardens; 'The Knight-Errant,' 'The Joan of Arc,' 'The Negro carrying off a young Elephant,' etc., up to his most striking production, 'The Gorilla and Woman.' The illustration of this last will show the magnificent use which he has made of the contrast between the natural forms of the woman and of the prodigious beast, whose gigantic size is so admirably and so truly brought out. Moreover, Fremiet has executed several long series of works: a collection of small bronzes of such subjects as race-horses; the Arab horse, St. Cecilia, and numerous dogs, animals, and figures; a restoration of antediluvian beasts from anatomical diagrams; and a series of types of the French army, which were destroyed under the Commune. His drawings, many of which have been published, were numerous and admirable. Indeed, in this branch of art he even surpasses Barye, though I do not know that he has ever attempted painting, in which so many French sculptors have excelled, notably P. Dubois and Falguière. Fremiet may be more intimate than Barye in his treatment of the natural form of an animal, but Barye attaches himself to the type with perhaps more breadth of feeling and more nobility of execution. Indeed, in comparison with the work of men of classic tendency, Fremiet's style appears somewhat painfully worried; Rodin's is a robuster ideal of sculpture, his surfaces often presenting the bold appearance of a rugged stone cliff, his modelling usually broad, square, and inclining to an extreme pronouncement of the planes. Yet Rodin's work, for instance the 'St. Jean' and 'Le Travail,' shows an intense feeling for reality. Rodin, however, avoids that careful realism of details which in some of Fremiet's

work would seem to militate against the sculptural effect of the *ensemble*. Fremiet in that respect, as well as in his variety of subject, seems more akin to the naturalists. He makes one feel that he is less big, less excited, and less heroic in temperament; but, on the other hand, saner, more reserved, and more careful to avoid small faults than the younger man.

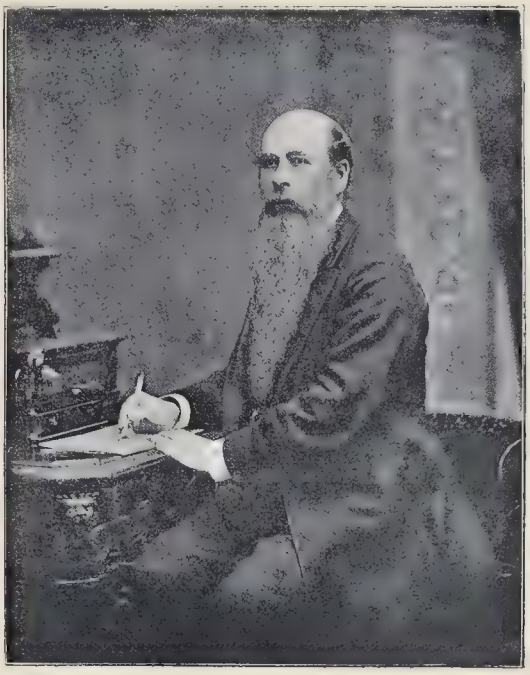
Thus Fremiet has fully deserved the recognition he has now met with, a recognition official as well as artistic. He was made officer of the Legion of Honour in 1878, and received the medal of honour in 1887. But the sincerest flattery is imitation, and though perhaps he may not have had so many direct pupils as some sculptors, his example has proved a most catching one, and his influence has reached everywhere. Amongst the excellent set of modern English sculptors, and amongst our best animal painters, he meets with due respect and sympathy, although I do not know of any actual English pupil of his except Mr. J. M. Swan, the painter and sculptor whose 'Prodigal Son' was bought a couple of years ago under the Chantrey Bequest.

R. A. M. STEVENSON.

THE PRIVATE ART COLLECTIONS OF LONDON.

MR. JOHN AIRD'S, IN HYDE PARK TERRACE.

IT is just seventeen years ago that Mr. John Aird began to find the daily railway journey between Tunbridge Wells and Great George Street somewhat exacting even for a man of his robust and vigorous health, and to cast about for a London house. He was not a man for whom quite an ordinary house would suffice, for he had already resolved, having to abandon the conservatories and gardens which had hitherto in the main occupied his leisure, to turn his attention to the equally fascinating "hobby" of picture collecting, and cultivate it with the same energy and completeness that he had heretofore devoted to the pursuit of his out-of-door tastes. He may be considered truly fortunate in having found, ready to his hand, a house so well adapted for his purpose as the mansion which stands at the corner of Hyde Park Street, facing the Park. Although it had only been built for about half a century, it was already not without its associations, for it had been the home of Lord Lyndhurst, and, in a small sitting-room on the ground-floor of the house, Lord Romilly, Master of the Rolls, had expired. It had then passed into the hands of the present leader of the House of Commons, who was, however, ready and willing to cede his acquisition to its present occupier and owner. With characteristic promptitude, Mr. Aird began at once to make the notable collection of pictures which we now propose to say a few words about.

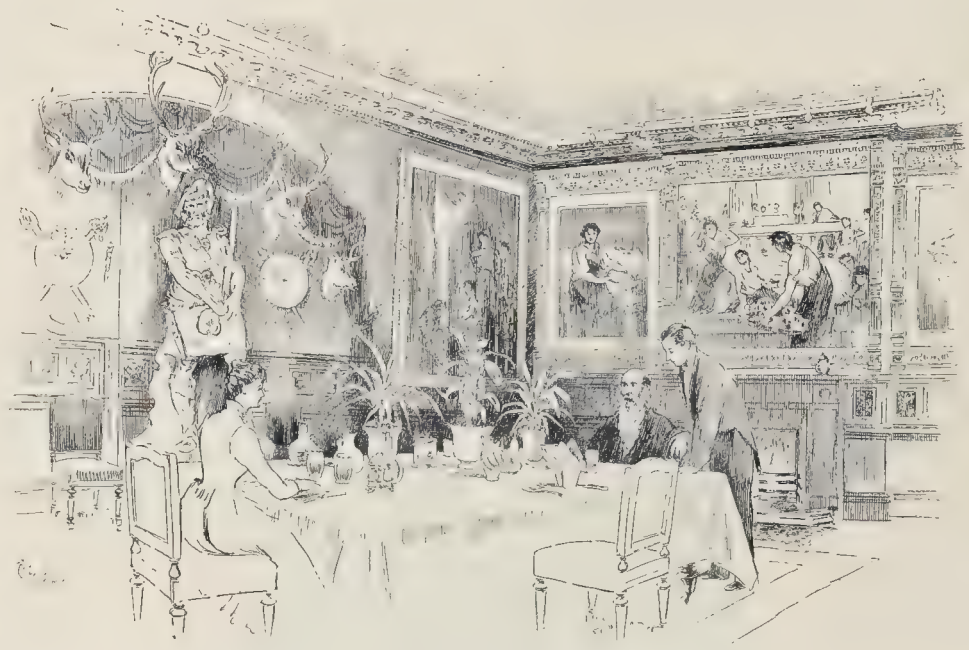


John Aird, M.P.

Unlike many picture collectors, Mr. Aird has never regarded his "hobby" in the light of an investment. It has been from the first a labour of love. To borrow a well-worn phrase, he has bought his pictures "to live with." They are not arranged in the formal lines of a gallery; they adorn every room of the house; its doors, its lobbies, and its staircases to the very top, are ornamented with them. They are, therefore, the daily companions and friends of their owner, and of his family and their friends. Many of them have owed their execution to his own suggestion; others have been specially painted by their artists for the places where they now hang; every one seems to bear the impress of the care and forethought which have selected them on account of some definite and precise reason, not very far to find. It may be stated at once that nearly all Mr. Aird's pictures are of the modern English school. The lover of the antique, of the old masters of great foreign schools, or of our own early English masters, must go elsewhere for them. And yet on the very threshold of our tour of

inspection, we are inevitably met by the exception which proves the rule, for in Mr. Aird's own sanctum, facing his writing-table, is an example of Romney, 'Lady Hamilton as the Comic Muse.' It is small wonder that the witchery of this figure captured Mr. Aird's admiration, as it had done the master's who produced this among the hundred or so portraits of his lovely model. The canvas is an oval, the face is turned full to the spectator, the chin almost rests upon the left shoulder; the arms appear to be crossed, so that the right hand is brought forward to the forehead, and withdraws the drapery from the head. The figure, supported on the elbows, rests on the end of a couch. Other minor treasures of the house are in this little "snuggery." Drawings in black and white by J. Tenniel, by L. Samborne and G. du Maurier, that have done duty in "our facetious contemporary"; Callow's noble drawing of 'Edinburgh'; an exquisite example of Albert Goodwin's delicate colour and manipulative skill, 'A Street in Cairo'; a scene from *Othello* by F. Dicksee; and an astonishing variety of artistic nicknacks brought together, it would seem, by the four winds of heaven, prepare Mr. Aird's friends for the treat that is in store for them.

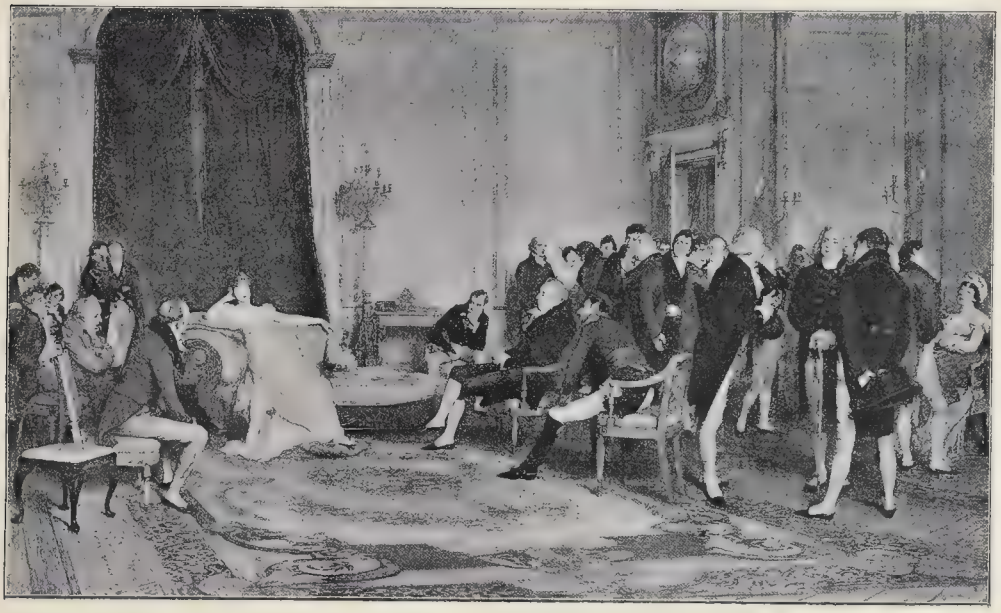
Perhaps the thing that will first strike a visitor to Mr. Aird's collection is the number of pictures which have been made famous year after year at the Academy and elsewhere, and which he will instantly recognise. He will find small need for the little vellum-bound illustrated catalogue compiled



No. 2.—The Dining-Room.

by Mr. Henry Blackburn. For a beginning, let us take the dining-room, which may almost be described as a Calderon room. Over the mantelpiece (as seen in our illustration on this page) hangs the painting to which was given the place of honour at the end of the large room in the Royal Academy of 1881, 'Flowers of the Earth,' a party of Spanish girls grouped upon an open-air staircase, adorning themselves with roses of every exquisite hue and tint. In the right-hand corner the two subsidiary figures are daughters of the owner of the picture. It exactly fills the space above the fireplace, and in the recesses on either side are two companion pictures, 'The Olive' and 'The Vine.' Both these paintings were shown in the Academy in 1880. They represent Spanish beauties bearing large baskets, one of grapes the other of olives, and the same purples and greens that are characteristic of the large picture just described are noteworthy here. The three together are placed in one setting, a large gold frame that is carried along the entire end of the room. Mr. Calderon is further represented by the picture, 'Joyous Summer,'—a group of girls not dissimilar to those in the former works, standing round a pool of water, into which one of them dips her hand. It may be remembered that the figures which may be discerned through the trees in the background, escaped the notice neither of the critic nor the caricaturist. In this room there are, in all, no fewer than eight paintings by Mr. Calderon, including 'Night' from the Royal Academy of 1884 (of which we give a reproduction); here also is a colossal marble figure by Mr. Stuart Burnett, 'Rob Roy,' purchased several years ago from an exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Another large apartment upon this floor is styled the "French Room." Here it was always Mr. Aird's intention to hang five considerable pictures, which should be in a sense representative ones of his entire collection. This idea he has now realised. To mention them together is to name five pictures which would, in themselves and alone, confer distinction upon any gallery. At the south end hangs Orchardson's 'Salon of Madame Récamier' (Royal Academy, 1885); facing it is Pettie's 'The Palmer,' and at the side of the room are Briton Riviere's 'Sheep-Stealer,' Poole's 'Lion in the Path,' and Matthew Hale's 'Psyche's Toil in Venus' Garden,' from Morris's "Earthly Paradise." This last picture is one which those who remember it in the Grosvenor Gallery of 1878 might at first hardly class with the companions it has met with here. As regards the 'Madame Récamier,' of which we give an illustration, it has long since taken its place among the classical works of our time. The lady sits alone on her couch, surrounded by Talleyrand, Lucien Buonaparte, Fouché, Metternich, Brillat-Savarin, Madame de Staël, and the rest. The painting is in the key and manner to which Mr. Orchardson has long accustomed us, and if it be not his masterpiece, we know not which of the productions of his easel may claim that distinction. In some respects 'The Palmer' of John Pettie may hardly claim equal attractiveness. The chief figure, who gives the work its name, relates with outstretched hands his adventures, or utters his warnings, to a circle of wondering and bewildered listeners. It is a work of great force and virility; to some the motive may seem somewhat slight for so large a composition. The colour is remarkably fine, and it is seen here to the highest advantage. Mr. Poole's picture



No. 3.—The Salon of Madame Récamier. From the Picture by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.

is also well known, and is one of the very few landscapes in a collection almost entirely confined to figure subjects. Mr. Aird acquired it after the exhibition of the artist's works at Burlington House; the head of the lion has been repainted by Mr. Briton Riviere. Two smaller paintings by Mr. Marks, 'The Miller of Dee,' and its companion, 'The Miller's Wife,' hang between the windows.

The whole of the first floor of the house is occupied by the suite of four or five large drawing-rooms. It is not easy to know where to begin, but following our own precedent, we may say that over the fireplace, in the front room, the whole space is filled with a noble example of Mr. Fildes' art. 'Venetian Life,' as it is somewhat baldly denominated, will be readily remembered in the Academy of 1884, though it must not be confused with a somewhat similar work shown in 1885, now in the possession of the Corporation of Manchester. This picture was the first of Mr. Fildes' series of Venetian pictures which gave him his place among the group of painters who have been described as "Neo-Venetians," when he turned away from the presentation of casuals, their squalor and miseries, and widowers, to the liberty and sunshine of the South. It was painted at the express suggestion of Mr. Aird; the painter journeyed to Venice on purpose to execute his patron's commission. The figures are nearly life-size, and show a cluster of fair women and girls at the edge of the Canal, upon a flight of steps leading to the pathway before the portals of a house. It has mellowed. With these may be appropriately mentioned a second, but far smaller, work of Mr. Fildes, which has, we believe, never been publicly exhibited. It represents 'A Fruiterer's, Venice.' Mr. Aird

informs us that he had often admired this little gem upon the occasions of his visits to the artist's studio, without being able to prevail upon him to part with it. At last he succeeded, upon giving leave to the artist to introduce the figure of the girl in the doorway of the shop, which is undoubtedly of the highest advantage to the composition, making what would only have been a sketch into a work of Art. It reminds one somehow of F. Walker's 'Fish-Shop,' though we are convinced no one would deprecate any such comparison more than the painter, and, indeed, none is suggested. Close by are a pair of pictures by Mr. Marcus Stone, of the oblong upright size which he so favours—'Fallen Out' and 'Reconciled.' These were both purchased by their present owner from the Royal Academy of 1884, but have never been seen to such advantage as in their present position. In this room, too, is the single example of D. G. Rossetti possessed by Mr. Aird, 'Giotto painting the Portrait of Dante,' noble alike in design and colour; hanging above is a painting by Mr. C. E. Hallé, from a recent exhibition at the New Gallery, 'In Fairyland.' On either side of the large folding doors hangs a work of Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's. One is 'Whispered Words,' a Greek girl and her lover standing in colloquy together, the artist's earliest success, and its companion, 'Offerings to the Gods.' Near the large Venetian picture of Mr. Fildes hangs one of Miss Clara Montalba's largest and best works, 'Early Morning, Venice;' and, on the other side, a delightful unexhibited picture by Mr. Burgess, 'The Circassian,' a lovely Eastern girl, draped in a white satin, diaphanous garment, "that more expressed than hid her." Smaller works are Mr. Stacey Marks' 'Episcopal Visitation,' a bishop fully hatted, aproned, and gaitered, inspecting the pelicans at the 'Zoo;' a capital Frith, 'The Guitar-Player;' a good picture by Niemann, 'St. Mary's, Coventry;' 'Miriam,' a favourable specimen of Mr. Val Prinsep; and 'He won't Hurt You,' by Heywood Hardy, a pretty child with a huge mastiff. A larger well-remembered painting by this artist, 'Tipping,' hangs in an adjoining room. Among other artists who contribute to the beautification of these rooms are Sir J. Noel Paton, Mrs. Sophie Anderson, C. Nightingale, W. Luker, J. Hayllar, the two Ten Kates.



No. 4.—The Back Drawing-Room.

When we state that Mr. Aird's little hand-book, before referred to, was printed six or seven years ago, that it contains reproductions of no fewer than one hundred and twenty pictures, and that Mr. Aird has added year by year since that time to his collection, it will be seen how impossible it is to do justice to the collection within the compass of a single article. Still there remain a few works which must be mentioned, and certainly the principal one is that which Mr. Aird's friends regard as the *chef-d'œuvre* of his collection, Mr. Alma Tadema's celebrated 'Feast of Roses,' exhibited a couple of years ago at the Royal Academy, and the position of which in his drawing-room may be seen from the accompanying sketch. The Emperor Heliogabalus has invited a large party of his friends to partake of his hospitality. Over their heads has been spread a large *velarium*, upon which he has heaped myriads of rose-leaves of every shade and hue. At a prearranged signal a cord is drawn, and the guests are buried in the leaves. The Emperor surveys the scene from a balcony which is the background of the picture. The foreground is filled with the rose-leaves, painted with the most surprising minuteness of detail and splendour of general effect, and with all that astonishing care and elaboration

for which Mr. Tadema is renowned. The heads of several of the guests, both men and women, peep through the



No. 5.—The Arab Hall. From the Picture by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.

shattered roses here and there with singular and, in some cases perhaps, grotesque effect. At the side of the picture is the original, now finished, sketch of the work, subsequently shown at the New Gallery, presented to Mr. Aird by the artist.

In this same delightful apartment (see illustration)—in more than one sense of the words a "living room" indeed—are other pictures of name and fame. Over the fireplace hangs the large composition of Mr. Frank Dicksee's 'Chivalry,' shown in the Royal Academy of a few years ago. The distressed maiden in the foreground is bound to a tree, from which she is about to be delivered by an armed knight. It is a large and, in some ways, a very noble work; both artist and owner would, however, confess that it offers difficulties in the way of its due presentation which, though realised, have hardly been fully overcome at present. At first it was hung in a fine tortoiseshell frame; this has given place, now, to the conventional material; still the shadows at the foot of the painting seem too heavy. Mr. Aird is not yet at the end of his expedients, and his affection for the picture will certainly result in a satisfactory adjustment of its environment. Between it and the great Tadema hangs Mr. Marcus Stone's 'Asleep' (see illustration, Nos. 4 and 6), described at the time as a "picture of perfume." It was a special commission from Mr. Aird. Alongside of it is a small but very charming work of Sir Frederick Leighton, 'The Arab Hall;' a female figure leaning against a marble column in that part of Sir Frederick's own house which gives the title to the work. We give a reproduction of it. Fit company for these masterpieces is Mr. Briton Riviere's 'Envy, Hatred, and Malice' (Royal Academy, 1881), the young girl with the puppy on her shoulder, surrounded by a posse of other favourites, colleys, spaniels, hounds and terriers, evidencing in every line the qualities and emotions which give the picture its name. Two examples of



No. 6.—Asleep. From the Picture by Marcus Stone, R.A.

Mr. Henry Woods' art are here also, 'The Giant's Staircase' and another. Interesting specimens of the work of widely

different painters stand on the table (see illustration No. 4) close by. One is the finished drawing of Mr. Marcus Stone's 'From Waterloo to Paris,' the artist's earliest success, painted when he was two-and-twenty. The second is the little panel of Mr. Jan Van Beers, from last year's Royal Academy, entitled 'A Smile,' generally supposed to be a portrait of Mrs. Brown Potter; a sitting lady, leaning forward and holding a cane horizontally in her hand, wearing a remarkably high feathered hat.

Mr. Aird disclaims the attributes of a collector of water-colours, at all events his heart is given to his beloved masterpieces in oils. But his visitors, if they take him at his word, will miss a great many delightful examples of what is so often described as our national art, scattered up and down the house. Several charming little drawings by Mrs. Allingham stand about on the tables, upon miniature easels. A drawing by Fred Walker has a legend which we have not space to insert; it depicts a young lady emerging from a stable to meet two gentlemen, one young, one old, who approach the door; it is a small affair, but everything is depicted with surprising skill. That great foreign artist, Ludwig Passini, contributes 'Passegio,' a promenade of Venetian beauties. Besides these there are drawings by Frederick Tayler, Carl Haag, Henry Wallis, and many others.



No. 7.—Night. From the Picture by J. H. Calderon, R.A.

Our tour of the rooms is complete. It is no part of our scheme to-day even to glance at the varied objects of artistic interest with which they abound. Mr. Aird is no collector of curios, though he possesses several that those who are would prize; whilst Chippendale furniture, and more from Paris and the different exhibitions whose interests Mr. Aird has promoted, "bits" of porcelain, glass, metal-work, lace, embroidery, and so forth, are plentiful throughout the house. But though we have, for the present, done with the rooms, we have hardly done with the pictures. As the visitor passes to the staircase, he can hardly fail to notice the artistic treatment of the doors, in which Mr. Aird takes some not unnatural pride. The panels of one are decorated by Mr. Marks with those tropical birds of varied hue and plumage which he knew so well how to treat for such a purpose —parrots, paroquets, cockatoos, and so forth. The same painter's 'Let us go to billiards' is on the door that goes into the billiard-room. Another door has been entirely covered by Mr. Storey, in the style known as iconographic, with a great number of figures illustrative of music. Finally, two works of considerable, if unequal, merit are to be found on the staircase. One is the large canvas by Mr. C. W. Mitchell, from the Grosvenor Gallery of 1887, 'From Death unto Life,' two aged ancients amazed at the apparition of a spectral figure from the grave; and the second, one of Mr. Briton Riviere's famous pictures, 'Jephthah.' It says not a little for the wealth of this artistic treasure-house, that this remarkable picture should, perforce, be relegated to the comparative obscurity of the upper staircase, for want of room.

This is hardly the place perhaps to speak of the qualities which have made Mr. Aird so popular a figure in the Art world of London; but we may place on record, even here, the generous sympathy with the hopes and aims of artists, the unwearying hospitality and innumerable kindnesses, the personal attentions to them and theirs, that will not easily pass from recollection, and which have won for him from one of their number, whose name is a household word, a fortunate canonization as "St. John Aird of the Large Heart."

J. F. Boyes.



No. 1.—Pigeons for Table Decoration. Messrs. Elkington & Co.

THE PROGRESS OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

No. 4.—TABLE DECORATIONS OF TO-DAY.

IN these days when the evolution of everything is written about, it is remarkable that we have not been treated to a work which would elucidate the origin of the manners and customs which govern our daily repasts. Many a gourmand declares we are now so ultra-refined that at these there is plenty to look at but nothing to eat. He asserts that though not desirous of returning to Anglo-Saxon ways when the "roast" was brought round on the spit to the guests, that they might with their own knives cut off such morsels as their souls loved, he would prefer to see more of the fish, joint, and game, than the scraps served now by a butler at the buffet.

It is possible that customs have become a little too elegant, and that good digestion does not wait on appetite, because appetite is cloyed, not satisfied. Still, there are few who would really wish to sit before, and watch the carving of, the primest haunch of venison, saddle of mutton, or grinning boar's head ever grown. Yet it is not long since the steam of cooked meats wreathed gracefully and odorously among the flowers in the heavy, florid centrepiece. Any one who has reached two-thirds of the allotted span of life, must recollect the kind of epergne which ruled in the sixties. The silver stand had massive plinths, and on this Hindoos, ferns, palm-trees, centaurs, and camels were mixed in dire confusion, and these or some of them acted as a support for a low bowl in which every kind and colour of flower—the more the better, and as leafless as possible—were crushed together in a tight, even-faced, dome-shaped mass. To this fashion followed dinners *à la Russe*, when tables were covered with high glass epergnes having branching saucers or cornucopias which, when filled with flowers, completely hid one half of the guests from the other. This was at a time when dining-rooms could not be made too dazzling by unscreened light. But even unlimited gas did not make up for the poverty of designs on glass then ruling or want of taste in the china service and in table ornaments, which usually consisted of hollow-backed swans, or ruby baskets on mirror feet.

We have certainly progressed since then. Our grandfathers used china bowls of roses in those good old days when bad old stories were told over the walnuts and the wine across gleaming mahogany. Now we turn their wine-coolers and decanter-stands into jardinières and sweetmeat dishes. We rummage Lambert's or Carrington's for real old Georgian silver punch-bowls to use as centre-pieces, or we are wisely content with such fac-similes of them as the silversmiths make for us, as, for instance, the bat's-wing pattern used in the presentation plate recently given to Mr. Thomas, of the *Graphic*. We have linings put into the perforated bread and cake baskets of long ago in order to convert them into table centres for flowers; we utilise old silver candlesticks as pillars for the miniature lamps which now not always gracefully replace candelabra; and, finally, we sometimes reveal bare board by having table-slips instead of table-cloths. Napery, worked runners, etc., will, however, be treated in a future article, so suffice it to say here that an expanse of white



No. 2.—Decanters and Glasses. Designed by Messrs. Phillips. Engraved by Messrs. Webb.

cloth is now always avoided. It is broken up by many receptacles for flowers, for comfits, and for condiments, the first-named being slender and narrow-necked to take only a head or two of blossoms, but of varying heights and shapes. Any "spottiness" which might result thereby is however avoided by laying foliage and single flowers in pattern, as it were, between the objects.



No. 3.—Tazza for Fruit. Murano Glass Company.

It has tardily been discovered that overhead light does not show up silver and crystal half so well as when concentrated downwards; so electroliers (suspended or carried into table-lamps), and every other luminant, has some variety of the soft silk umbrella shade over it. All of these must be alike and match the floral decoration (which throughout the room is restricted to a single hue), soufflet baskets and menus corresponding. Lamp shades vary from the Kensington shape with pagoda angles, to round ones with pinked-out silk frills and ruches of artificial flowers to match, or Agra gauze in festoons.

The latest *ipse dixit* of fickle fashion is that all ornaments must be of one material, though not necessarily uniform in shape. If china is selected, the lamps, candelabra, flower vases, and fruit dishes must all be of the same description, or all of silver, or all of glass, and in china or glass the same manufacture must be adhered to. At one time Dresden was the rage, but it has become so debased, as has Majolica and Leeds ware, that none of this is now affected.

Happily, the rule quoted above is as easily followed by shallow as by deep purses, for in nothing is the advance of the industrial arts more shown than in the æsthetic standard of uncostly glass and china. For instance, the dark Charteuse green or straw-opal glass of Powell's make is both effective and inexpensive. The latter is charming with yellow shades to lights, yellow flowers, and ivory ware. The green is equally good, and all pale flowers, especially Marshal Niel, or creamy roses with deep-tinted hearts, make a fine harmony; while fern-pots and lamps of burnished copper in light black iron stands, or pots and bowls of hammered Cashmerian copper, although rather heavy for table use, combine well with it. Copper, indeed, is often used in preference to ormolu as mounts and stands to cut-glass ornaments, for gilt unless of first-rate quality is apt to turn colour. The cheapest of pseudo-Oriental pottery may be used to very good effect in conjunction with Fairy Lights put on black wood stands with flowers banked between them and the saucer, and with miniature petticoat shades over the dome, or with those of the new Burmese ware. This is citron shading into pink, with painted sprays over it, and there are epergnes of the same sort, with lights, and two deep dishes for fruit. But although Fairy Lights are to be seen in every china-shop window, fashion appears to be rapidly discarding them.



No. 4.—Salt-cellar. Messrs. Hunt and Roskell.

Glass lamps too can now be had with receiver, globe, and chimney all of the same tint; so also centre-flanking ornaments of a frill-mouthed bowl surrounded by fancy tubes, which will take a metal socket, and act as candelabra or for flowers, may be found to match. Tables otherwise tasteful are constantly spoilt by the clashing note of ruby hock glasses, and for this there is no excuse, as green, amber, and smoky-brown hocks of old Nuremberg shape are amongst the latest specialities. These trim a table of colourless English glass well for those who cannot afford "cased" glass. This is clear white glass with a thin coating of stained glass put over it, and then cut right through, or engraved not quite through, thereby rendering a still fainter echo of the table's colouring. Greek amphora, on a large scale, or tall, narrow, trumpet-shaped vases in iron tripods, are now made to put at each end of the sideboard, at a dinner furnished with other coloured glass, for sideboards are now treated exactly the reverse of the table. Nothing can be too high or too massive for it; hence prize, presentation, family plate, rosewater dishes, large salvers, or anything else that is bulky, is put thereon.



No. 5.—Stand for Fondants. Murano Glass Company.

In native originality, our position with regard to glass is unassailable, and our progression very marked, though English glass has always been unrivalled. Quality, form, blowing, cutting, and engraving have each made giant strides.

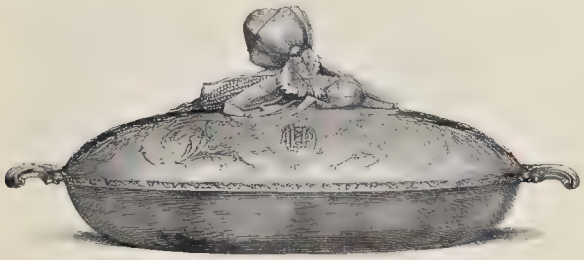
Those for whom "one-man" "one-process" work has a peculiar fascination, must needs value some of the new table glass, which no tool touches, but is just as it leaves the blower's hands. It has faint ribs that give a rippled effect, and wine-glass stems are made ornamental by the workman twisting the tube with which he forms the piece. Sometimes

this makes a double spiral, and at others it tapers off to the foot, and is then wrung round, or it is pillar-shaped by being four-sided and indented. Caraffes and decanters are ripple-ribbed, and four-sided to match. On the other hand, some hosts alone admire such glass as receives a great deal of after cutting and engraving. Residents in ancient mansions furnitured with dark oak, choose deeply facetted glass of old English shapes, or of a rock crystal, as being most in keeping with their surroundings. Rock crystal is sometimes waved as well as engraved. It is so in the low-stemmed campanulated glasses, and in the decanter executed by Mr. Webb, from Mr. Phillips' designs, shown on the left-hand side of No. 2 illustration. Very few men can do this skilled work, for it requires very fine wheels, finer hands, and subsequent polishing by brushes; consequently rock crystal is not cheap. If the owner affects champagne glasses, finger bowls, ice plates, and water sets all of the same glass, a full complement of rock crystal represents a small fortune.



No. 6.—Sugar Dredger. Messrs. Dobson and Sons.

But wonderful though this kind is, its lines have not the classical suavity of the urn and tulip forms of original modern glass, which is extremely thin, and marvellous in its delicate transparency. On the right of No. 2 is a decanter and wine glass—known as Prince's pattern—engraved with plumy designs which radiate from the base of the body and on the foot, exemplifying this kind. Such placement of the pattern is recognised as having richness of effect on the table, and as being suitable to the articles because defining the shape of their cavity. Another style is found in garlands of Adam's festoons, engraved near the brim. Another version of this is dubbed the Chippendale. Then too, the secret of making gold adhere permanently to glass has been discovered of late, and very rich it looks as an edge—not a band—on the feet and rims of glasses, bottles, etc., with a monogram in the same dense gold at one side, but with no other ornamentation. Messrs. Goode have a very graceful shape in this glass, the bodies elliptical and on feet, and the elegant neck turned into triangular lips at the mouth. Plain Venetian spiral waves, and Florentine glass, which is clear, but has almost a cloudy look by being covered with small bubble beading in close-set threads, are two popular orders of table glass.



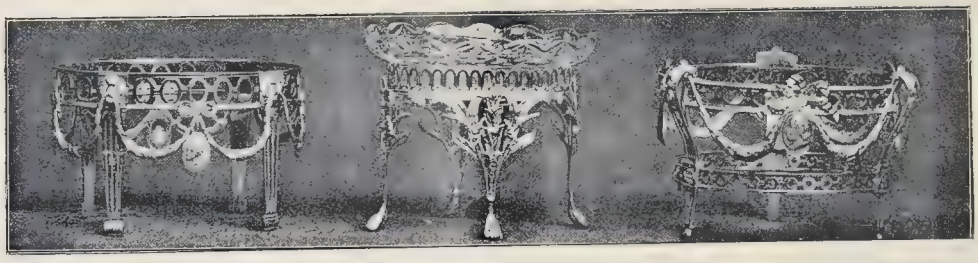
No. 7.—Dish. Messrs. Elkington & Co. Modelled by M. Willms.

But though we have just cause for patriotic pride in English manufacture, the advance of general taste is nowise better proven than by its appreciation of the intricately-fashioned light Venetian glass, a taste created and fostered by the company which revived the island of Murano's old trade. It is rather an art than a trade, for every encouragement is given to the workmen by the *maestro*, who allows them two hours every day to be spent in designing new forms of beauty and colour combinations; nor does he consider the time wasted, for his object is not to turn out the greatest possible quantity of manufactured goods, but to train up a school of real art workmen in the material which their ancestors caused to become so famous. The makers are certainly fellows "of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," and their table vessels, including ornaments, are so unique in shape, so fine in single, shaded, or mixed colourings, that they are very grateful to the sight. By judicious choice no "show-case" appearance need result, for companion pieces can be set in orderly sequence, or certain things, such as the tazza for fruit (No. 3), dishes for glacés, flower-vases, stands for fondants (No. 5), may be of corresponding size but diverse in form. The illustrations given are characteristic, but the Murano glass-blowers indulge in so much variety that no one or two articles will serve as types. The main feature is that of important stems which develop half-way up into branchlets, bosses, or grotesques. There are small pinched-up bowls for finger glasses, low trays of shell or old Greek calix, and other forms, griffin candlesticks, flask-shaped decanters much fluted in true Venetian wave, open-mouthed dolphin flower-holders, and all sorts of queer ancient or newly invented forms converted to modern purposes. Positive colour, such as carbuncle, peacock, and a peculiar dense yellow is produced, but tender shades are perhaps more agreeable. Of these there are many tones of ripe-corn tinge called *pagliesco*, which is a good colour for the table, whether as a prevailing one to glass



No. 8.—Asparagus Server. Messrs. Hunt and Roskell.

that has some portions of positive colour or is quite plain, or with the white thread lines and irregular veining known as *lattimio*, superposed. When *pagliesco* is tawny, great brilliancy is given to it by being worked on a ground of



No. 9.—Dessert Stands. Messrs. Dobson and Sons.

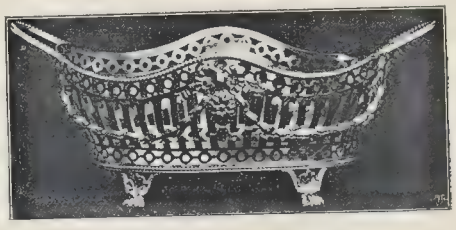
silver flakes, as is the case also with gold sprinkling between two layers of glass, as in *amatista spriozzatura ore.*

Historic collectors, and the much-monied, often pride themselves on their plate being of a special age or country. One person will have nought but old Dutch; another seeks out antique German; a third cares only to know that Queen Anne is dead, that he may search for railed salvers and other plate of her reign; and a fourth will countenance nothing that is not pure Louis-Seize. It is with the last-named epoch that our silversmiths and china manufacturers are now mostly engaged, and most of them have Frenchmen as their chief designers, modellers, or painters. Silversmiths declare that the present beauty of glass and china has diverted patronage (which alone stimulates original effort) from them, so they are now mostly concerned with purely useful articles. Old-established houses like Hunt and Roskell's experience little demand for absolute novelty, but insistance is great on perfection of finish in the best possible repoussé and chasing, as well as strict fidelity to the all-popular George II. or Louis-Seize period. The latter is sometimes ornate, at others extremely light.

Five years ago tables were profusely dotted with small models of pugs, eggs, fish, poppy-heads, etc., for pepper and so on; the corner salts being perhaps pigs, forsooth! whose curly tails made the spoon handle, thimble-sized salts being set between each two covers. Now, though salt-cellars are not so gigantic as when they marked the social line, they are larger than our generation has hitherto known; No. 4, with its effective, irregular flame-rim being as much as 2½ inches high and 4½ inches across the body. Sugar-dredgers replace basins, and as they are very large, are of great use in ornamenting the table, especially when of the wide, gently undulating Venetian spiral, which causes such breadth of reflection (No. 6). Pepper-castors, on the contrary, are dwarfed, and have the octagon bodies of Queen Anne, or urn shape of George II. Other things are small, low, and light, excepting the centre bowl, or the two which centre the ends if a lamp occupies the middle. When the natural world is used at all, it is life-sized, and of the most accurate modelling and surface imitation, as in the pigeons which stand, flutter, preen, and sleep with such life-like precision as Messrs. Elkington's modeller achieves (No. 1). Chief of their designing staff is M. Auguste Willms, by whom the best pieces of the service ordered by a financier in Buenos Ayres, at a cost of £5,000 and the consumption of 7,000 ozs. of metal, were made. It is of oxydised silver, which lights up well, although dead-surfaced. A 12-feet plateau takes the principal fruit or flower bowls, which are oval and canoe-shaped, with finely modelled figures at the ends as handles. Each piece differs, though all are true Louis-Seize. Even the dish-cover handles vary (No. 7)—curly kale, corn cobs, shell fish, etc., being used; the sauce tureens are the old single-handled boats.

Fine modelling is done, too, for Messrs. Elkington by M. Jeanest. His dessert pieces are four low fruit dishes having figures emblematic of the four elements; the centrepiece is surrounded with figures typifying the four continents; and the candelabra are supported by the four seasons. As a matter of fluctuating fashion, however, figures and candelabra are "out," and very small lamps and low baskets and bowls for dessert are "in." Louis-Seize ware is pierced as well as solid. It is thus used with cartouche as finger-plate among scroll foliage of the new and sensible asparagus servers (No. 8), or for oval or round basket-stands on legs with Louis bows and garlands (No. 9), or with foliated design, as in the middle piece of the same illustration; or with glass trays for flower and fruit baskets (No. 10).

In meat and sweet plates taste inclines to next to no colour, as this allows of greater latitude and change in flowers and lamp-shades; so plain ivory tones with gold rims are most usual. Old ivory tones, some of which merge into green stains, prevail in dessert sets such as the romantic "Ten

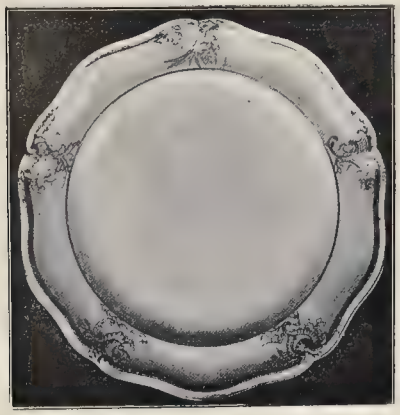


No. 10.—Fruit Basket. Messrs. Dobson and Sons.

Years" centrepiece so finely modelled in Worcester china for Messrs. Phillips by Mr. Hadley; in their Doulton fruit-

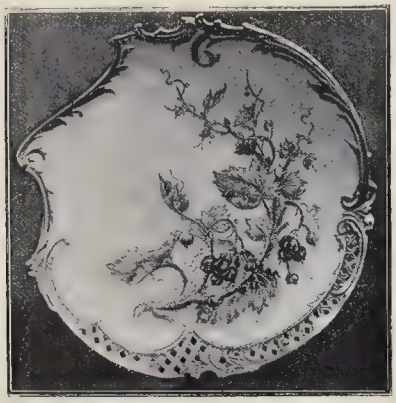
dishes of curious rococo Louis-Quatorze form; or as in the Louis-Quinze Worcester plates (No. 12) with graceful spray decoration in bronzes.

Nevertheless, some folk like dinner-plates in harlequin style, in which the different courses each has a different colour. This, however, is not injuriously violent, as the colour is only



No. 11.—Louis-Quatorze Plate. Messrs. Phillips.

on the rim, and is further subdued by gold enrichment. Bleu-du-Roi is, theoretically, splendid with bright silver, but by night its colour is absorbed; so even in the inexpensive Vienna china this colour, beloved like crimson by conservative people, has given way to ivory tints and pale canary, celadon, etc. Turquoise is lovelier than Mazarin, and it looks as pure by artificial as by day light; so the Shah of Persia



No. 12.—Louis Quinze Worcester Plate. Messrs. Phillips.

showed judgment in selecting it for the service Messrs. Phillips made him. Louis-Quatorze silver supplied the design of No. 11, which has a hollow sunk rim of celadon with five embossments of white and gold, the centre of the plate plain white.

Some dessert plates are of much intrinsic value as works of art; as, for instance, M. Solon's *pâte-sur-pâte* low relief sculpture (for it amounts to that) on strange dark grounds of high polish. No Flaxman designs on Wedgwood are more exquisite than his Muses dessert plates. M. Boullemier's hand-painting on Minton ware, too, is wonderful. Some plates by him with Angelica Kauffman's scenes that Messrs. Goode possess are £30 each. It is M. Boullemier's hand that paints the centres (each a different subject) on fine Rose du Barry Minton plates with pierced Vienna border (No. 13). Messrs. Doulton, of Burslem, produce much that is of the highest order in artistic china for Messrs. Phillips. One dessert set of theirs is in clouded ivory tones with gold rococo border and painted by Mr. Drewsbury with different orchids. It is safe to say that such work as this, or the flower paintings by M. Hürsten for Messrs. Goode, or the dainty modelling of that firm's porcelain comports illustrating Midsummer Night's Dream, was not possible a few years ago. In quite ordinary dinner services we show our sense by reverting to the simple Henri-Deux patterns or Wedgwood's "grass" borders.

After all there is a good deal of sense—indeed, without



No. 13.—Plate. Messrs. Phillips. Painted by Boullemier. Made by Minton.

fitness there can be no true beauty—in dinner plates being so simple. It cannot be pleasing to smear roses with the trail of woodcock, or to think of lilies and maiden-hair fern as suitable platters for viands and sauces. Such objection is not felt when fruit is in question; there seems a natural correlation between the two. Orchids appear to receive the suffrages of the public most, and Mr. Moore, of the Staffordshire Potteries, has painted a very delicate set of them for Messrs. Osler. At the Royal Worcester Works, too, orchid painting and modelling receive much attention. Grape stands in this ware, whether decorated with flower, figure, or grotesque dragon, have branching arms from which to hang the bunch. The diminishing proportions of a cluster of grapes is artistically fine, so it is rightly used, in a decorative sense, by suspension by its stalk (No. 15), instead of crowding bunches together in a well dish, or extending them, as was done forty years since, on *assiettes montées*.

That was the time when the vine was the favoured design for every article, from plates purporting to be green vine-leaves laid in layers, to dessert knives and fruit spoons, whose handles

were warty berries and rough tendrils. That was the date, likewise, of plain card menus on easel stands at either end of the table. Now, fruit spoons and grape scissors are of Russian character, a mixture of silver and silver-gilt, the round bowls very flattened, with pierced edges, and the handles fretted out by saw-work; dessert knives are of agate, Dresden china, or other specimens of fictile art, or unengraved very colourless pearl; and menus are not so purely utilitarian. Many are of ivory porcelain, erect between two tinted shells of the same china, and flowers are put in the shells, that the rear and front view may be equally pleasant. Another pretty menu is a plain card or piece of parchment, emblazoned or embroidered with the host's crest, tied by a ribbon of the table's colouring to a spray of real flowers, and laid flat on the cloth. Ivory porcelain slips, with gold edges and gold crests or monograms at one end, are the newest guest cards.



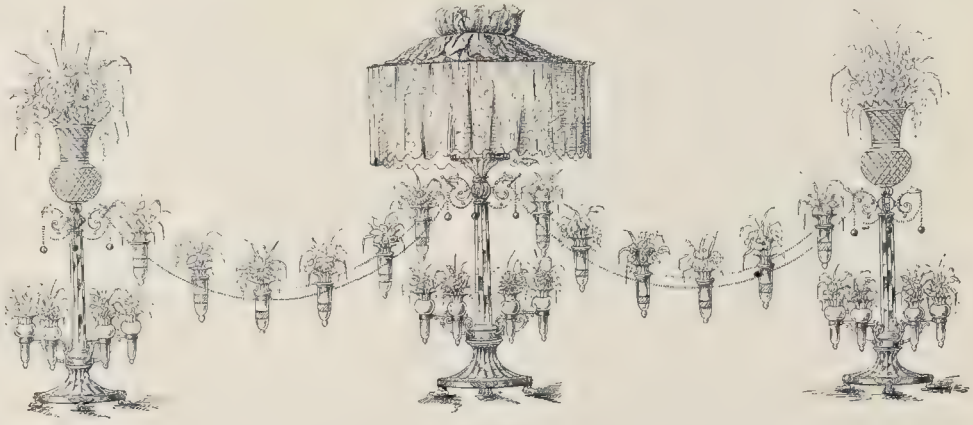
No. 14.—Easel Stand for Cut Flowers. Messrs. F. and C. Osler.

Yellow metal and crystal is a particularly light and bright combination for a table equipment; but once upon a time all gilt things turned black. Messrs. Osler obviate this by using the best electro-gilt on solid brass, so that the frames, which they make themselves, and thus ensure the perfect fit of their glass articles, are of one colour all through. The idea of slinging small tubes of flowers from vase to vase or lamp to vase (No. 16), has this advantage that it does not impede the sight—which is such a help to conversation. Some ladies twine flowers in ribbons, and festoon them to the tallest objects, but flowers rarely look quite fresh when so treated, and the trouble is great.



No. 15.—Grape Stand. Messrs. F. and C. Osler.

ROSA CRANDON GILL.



No. 16.—Lamp and Cut Flower Centrepiece. Messrs. F. and C. Osler.

THE PILGRIMS' WAY.*

III.—LOSELEY TO ALBURY.

FOLLOWING the course of the Pilgrims' Way along the southern slopes of the Hog's Back, we leave the ancient church of Compton on the right, and skirt the park of Loseley, the historic house of the More and Molyneux family. This manor was Crown property in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and is described in Domesday as the property of the Norman Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, on whom it was bestowed by the Conqueror. After passing through many hands it was finally bought from the Earl of Gloucester, early in the sixteenth century, by Sir Christopher More, whose son, Sir William, built the present mansion. The grand old house with its grey-stone gables and mullioned windows is a perfect specimen of the best Elizabethan architecture. The broad grass terrace along the edge of the moat, the yew hedges with their glossy hues of green and purple, the old-fashioned borders full of bright flowers, and the low pigeon-houses standing at each angle, all remain exactly as they were in the reign of James, and agree well with Lord Bacon's idea of what a pleasance ought to be. Within, the walls are wainscoted with oak panelling throughout, and the ceilings and mantelpieces are richly decorated. The cross and mulberry tree of the Mores, with their mottoes, may still be seen in the stained-glass oriel of the great hall, and on the cornices of the drawing-room. Here too is a fine mantelpiece, carved in white chalk, which is said to have been designed by Hans Holbein. Many are the royal visitors who have left memorials of their presence at Loseley. Queen Elizabeth had an especial affection for the place, and was here three times. The cushioned seats of two gilt chairs were worked by her needle, and there is a painted panel bearing the quaint device of a flower-pot with the red and white roses of York and Lancaster, and the fleur-de-lis, with the words *Rosa Electa* and *Felicior Phœnice*, a pretty conceit which would not fail to find favour in the eyes of the Virgin Queen. The hall contains portraits of James I. and his wife Anne of Denmark, painted by Mytens in honour of a visit which they paid to Loseley in the first year of this monarch's reign; and the ceiling of his majesty's bedroom is elaborately patterned over with stucco reliefs of Tudor roses and lilies and thistles. A portrait of Anne Boleyn, and several fine ones of members of the More family also adorn the walls, and there is a beautiful little picture of the boy-king, Edward VI., wearing an embroidered crimson doublet and jewelled cap and feather painted by some clever pupil of Holbein, in 1547. This portrait was one of those lately brought together at the Tudor Exhibition, which also contained many historical documents relating to different personages of this royal line, preserved among the Loseley manuscripts. There are warrants signed



Loseley. Pigeon-house and Moat.

* Continued from page 82.

by Edward VI., the Lord Protector, by Queen Elizabeth and the Lords of her Council, including Hatton, the Lord Chancellor,



Loseley.

Cecil Lord Burghley, Lord Effingham, and Lord Derby. There is one of 1540, signed by Henry VIII., commanding Christopher More, Sheriff of the County of Sussex, to deliver certain goods forfeited to the crown to "Katheryn Howarde, one of our quene's maidens," and another signed by Elizabeth in the first year of her reign, commanding William More to raise and equip one hundred able men, for the defence of England against foreign invasion. There is also a curious sumptuary proclamation by Queen Elizabeth respecting the dress and ornaments of women, and, what is still more rare and interesting, a warrant from Lady Jane Grey, dated July 19, I. Jane, and signed "Jane the Quene." Among the more private and personal papers is an amusing letter from Robert Horne, Bishop of Winchester, giving Mr. More, of Loseley, advice as to stocking the new pond with the best kind of carp, "thes be of a little heade, broade side and not long; soche as be great headed and longe, made after the fashion of an herring, are not good neither will ever be." Another from Bishop Day informs Sir William More, in 1596, that he intends to fish the little pond at Frensham; while one to the same gentleman from Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's, thanks him for his exertions to recover a stolen nag on his behalf. The treasures of Loseley, in fact, are as inexhaustible as its beauty.

A pleasant walk through the forest trees and grassy glades of the park leads us back to the neighbouring ridge, and brings us out close to the ruined chapel of St. Katherine. This old shrine, which stands on a steep bank near the road, was rebuilt on the site of a still older one in 1317, by Richard de Wauncey, of Guildford, and there can be little doubt it was as much frequented by pilgrims to Canterbury as its sister chapel on St. Martha's Hill. An old legend ascribes the building of the two shrines to two giant sisters of primæval days, who raised the walls with their own hands and flung the enormous hammer they used at their work backwards and forwards from one hill to the other. Unlike its more fortunate sister-shrine, St. Katherine's chapel has long been roofless and dismantled, but it still forms a very picturesque object in the landscape, and the pointed arches of its broken windows frame in lovely views of the green meadows of the winding Wey with the castle and churches of Guildford at our feet, and of the hills and commons far away, to the blue ridge of Hindhead in the distance.

The ancient city of Guildford owes its name and much of its historic renown to its situation on the chief ford of the river Wey, which here makes a break in the ridge of chalk downs running across Surrey. Guildford is mentioned in his will by King Alfred, who left it to his nephew Ethelwald, and became memorable as the spot where another Alfred, the son of Cnut and Emma, was treacherously seized and murdered by Earl Godwin, who, standing on the eastern slope of the Hog's Back above the city, bade the young prince look back and see how large a kingdom would be his. For seven centuries, from the days of the Saxon kings to those of the Stuarts, Guildford remained Crown property, and the Norman keep



St. Katherine's Ferry.

which still towers so grandly above the city was long a royal palace. The strength of the castle and importance of the

position made it famous in the wars of the barons, and the Waverley annalist records its surrender to Louis VIII. of France, when he marched against King John from Sandwich Haven to Winchester. To-day the picturesqueness of its streets, its gabled roofs and panelled houses, still more its situation in the heart of this fair district, attract many artists, and make it a favourite centre for tourists. In mediæval times it was a convenient halting-place for pilgrims on their way from the south and west of England to the shrine of St. Thomas, and the ferry over the river Wey, at the foot of St. Katherine's Hill, near the Shalford Road, still bears the name of the Pilgrims' Ferry.

Here, too, we find the first actual traces of the Pilgrims' Way. A distinct path, bordered at intervals with old yew-trees, leads up the hill from the banks of the river at Guildford straight to St. Martha's Chapel, and although it is difficult at times to track its course through the woods and cultivated ground, it may be followed along the downs all the way to Reigate. The district through which it takes us is one of the wildest and loveliest parts of Surrey. "Very few prettier rides in England," remarks Cobbett, who repeatedly travelled along this track, and the beauty of the views all along its course will more than repay the traveller who makes his way on foot over the hills from Guildford to Dorking. One of the most extensive is to be had from St. Martha's Hill, where the prospect ranges in one direction over South Leith Hill and the South Downs far away to the Weald of Sussex and the well-known clump of Chanctonbury Ring; and



St. Katherine's Chapel.

on the other over the commons and moors to the crests of Hindhead and the Hog's Back; while looking northward we have a wide view over the Surrey plains and the valley of the Thames, and Windsor Castle and the dome of St. Paul's may be distinguished on clear days.

The ancient chapel on the summit, which gives its name to St. Martha's Hill, was originally built in memory of certain Christians who suffered martyrdom on the spot, and was formerly dedicated to all Holy Martyrs, while the hill itself was known as the Martyrs' Hill. In the twelfth century it became peculiarly associated with the Canterbury pilgrims, and a new chancel was built for their use, and consecrated to St. Thomas-à-Becket in the year 1186. During the troubled times of the Wars of the Roses, the chapel fell into ruins, and owed its restoration to Bishop William of Waynflete, who granted forty days' indulgence to all pilgrims who should visit the shrine and there repeat a Pater Noster, an Ave and a Credo, or contribute to its repair. The drawing of this pilgrims' chapel which we give is taken from the edge of the pool at Chilworth, that once fair valley on the southern side of St. Martha's Hill, which has been defaced by the powder-mills first established there three centuries ago by an ancestor of John Evelyn, and now worked by steam. This is the place which Cobbett denounces in his "Rural Rides" with a vigour and eloquence worthy of Mr. Ruskin himself:—

"This valley, which seems to have been created by a bountiful Providence as one of the choicest retreats of man, which seems formed for a scene of innocence and happiness, has

been by ungrateful man so perverted as to make it instrumental in effecting two of the most damnable of purposes, in carrying into execution two of the most damnable inventions that ever sprang from the mind of man under the influence of the devil! namely, the making of gunpowder and of bank-notes! Here, in this tranquil spot, where the nightingales are to be heard earlier and later in the year than in any other part of England; where the first budding of the buds is seen in spring; where no rigour of seasons can ever be felt; where everything seems formed for precluding the very thought of wickedness; here has the devil fixed on as one of the seats of his grand manufactory; and perverse and ungrateful man not only lends him his aid, but lends it cheerfully. To think that the springs which God has commanded to flow from the sides of these happy hills, for the comfort and the delight of man—to think that these springs should be perverted into means of spreading misery over a whole nation!"

One of these "inventions of the devil" has been removed. The paper-mills which made the bank-notes in Cobbett's time are silent now, but the powder-mills are in full activity, and Chilworth, with its wretched-looking houses and coal-stores and railway-crossing, has a blackened and desolate look which not all the natural beauties of its surroundings can dispel.

Once more upon the hills, we can follow the line of yews which are seen at intervals along the ridge from St. Martha's



St. Martha's Chapel, from Chilworth.

Chapel by Weston Wood and the back of Albury Park. This will bring us out at Newland's Corner, the highest point of Albury Downs, and one of the most beautiful spots in the whole of Surrey. The view is as extensive as that from St. Martha's Hill, and even more varied and picturesque. Over broken ridges of heathery down and gently swelling slopes, clad with beech and oak woods, we look across to Grohurst Mill, a conspicuous landmark in all this country, and farther westward to the towers of Charterhouse and the distant heights of Hindhead and Blackdown; while immediately in front, across the wooded valley, rises St. Martha's Hill, crowned by its ancient chapel. Here we can watch the changes of sun and shower over the wide expanse of level country, and see the long range of far hills veiled in the thin blue mists of morning, or turn to purple under the gold of the evening sky. Some of the oldest and finest yew-trees which grow along the Pilgrims' Way are close to Newland's Corner, and their dark foliage offers a fine contrast to the bright tints of the neighbouring woods and to the snowy masses of blossom which in the early summer clothe the boughs of the gnarled old hawthorn-trees studded over the hill-side. We can follow the track over the springy turf of the open downs and up glades thick with bracken, till it becomes choked with bushes and brambles, and finally loses itself in the woods of Albury.

Here, in the middle of the Duke of Northumberland's park, is the deep glen, surrounded by wooded heights, known as

the Silent Pool. A dark tale, which Martin Tupper has made the subject of his "Stephen Langton," belongs to this lonely spot. King John, tradition says, loved a fair woodman's daughter who lived here, and surprised her in the act of bathing in the pool. The frightened girl let loose the branch by which she held, and was drowned in the water; and her brother, a goat-herd, who at the sound of her scream had rushed in after her, shared the same fate. And still, the legend goes, at midnight you may see a black-haired maiden clasping her arms round her brother in his cow-hide tunic under the clear rippling surface of the Silent Pool.

A little farther on is the old church of Albury—Eldeburie, mentioned in Domesday, and supposed to be the most ancient in Surrey. The low tower, with its narrow two-light windows, probably dates back to very early Norman times, but the rest of the church is considerably later. The south chapel was



The Silent Pool, Albury.

richly decorated by Mr. Drummond, who bought the place in 1819, and is now used as a mortuary chapel for his family. Albury formerly belonged to the Dukes of Norfolk. The gardens were originally laid out by Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, the accomplished collector of the Arundel marbles, and whose fine portrait by Vandyck was exhibited at Burlington House last winter. His friend and neighbour, Mr. Evelyn, helped him with his advice and taste, and designed the grotto under the hill, which still remains; "Such a Pausilippe," remarks the author of the "Sylva," "is nowhere in England besides." But the great ornament of Albury is the famous yew hedge, about ten feet high and a quarter of a mile long, probably the finest of its kind in England. So thick are the upper branches of the yew-trees that, as William Cobbett writes, when he visited Albury in Mr. Drummond's time, they kept out both the rain and sun, and alike in sum-

mer and winter afford "a most delightful walk." The grand terrace under the hill, "thirty or forty feet wide, and a quarter of a mile long, of the finest green-sward and as level as a die," particularly delighted him; and the careful way in which the fruit-trees were protected from the wind, and the springs along the hill-side collected to water the garden, gratified his practical mind. "Take it altogether," he goes on, "this certainly is the prettiest garden that I ever beheld. There was taste and sound judgment at every step in the laying out of this place. Everywhere utility and convenience is combined with beauty. The terrace is by far the finest thing of the sort that I ever saw, and the whole thing altogether is a great compliment to the taste of the times in which it was formed." The honest old reformer's satisfaction



Albury Old Church.

in these gardens was increased by the reflection that the owner was worthy of his estate, seeing that he was famed for his justice and kindness towards the labouring classes—"who, God knows, have very few friends amongst the rich;" and adds, that he for one has no sympathy with "the fools" who want a revolution for the purpose of getting hold of other people's property. "There are others who like pretty gardens as well as I, and if the question were to be decided according to the law of the strongest, or, as the French call it, *droit du plus fort*, my chance would be but a very poor one."

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

(To be continued.)

THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY: AN INCIDENT OF THE RESTORATION.

FROM THE PICTURE BY C. W. BARTLETT.

WHATEVER variety of opinion may prevail in other classes, the subject-painters of the English school are agreed as to the Civil Wars and the political schism of the seventeenth century; they are Royalists almost to a man. The Puritan has done them incalculable service in producing the contrasts, but the artists repay him with persistent contumely. It is difficult to imagine what costume-painters would have done without the *mise-en-scène* of those easily romantic passages of English history. There is the tragedy of the war itself, when all the pathos possible to studio retrospects is not too much for the subject. Quaint things are to be found a little farther on, under the Commonwealth. And after the Restoration, comedy prevails, with the gaiety of cups, healths, maypoles, and the merriment of the gabled street. Mr. Bartlett has inspired himself from the pages of "Woodstock." His Puritans, his jolly townsmen, the whole familiar group are such as Sir Walter Scott made into an immortal legend. No other such tradition as the Waverley historical tradition has ever taken hold of the English fancy. It is complete and convincing, and—however trite it may seem—essentially fresh to every new generation. Mr. Bartlett's two theologians are discussing some point in their melancholy divinity while the loyal citizens are trolling their song:—

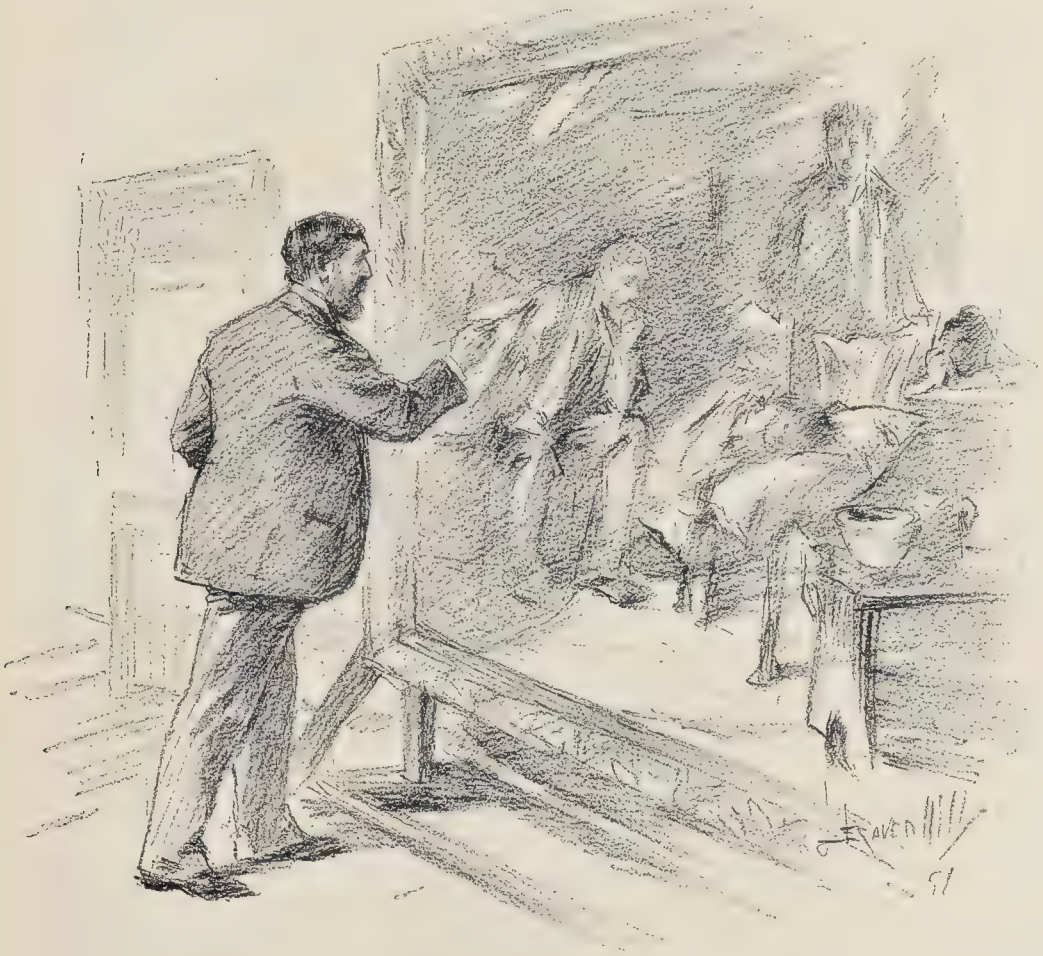
> "The twenty-ninth of May,
> It was a glorious day,
> When the King did enjoy his own again."

Strange to say, the victorious party has left little posterity in the nation. Open free laughter—laughter *à gorge déployée*—is seldom heard in a village street now, though the horse-laugh and the mere chuckle are common. But the two Puritans had spiritual descendants who are more or less with us now. In some streets of Cornish towns the topics of casual conversation to be overheard on Sundays (we believe they are confined to Sundays) are still points of theological controversy. The couple of black figures may be considered the winners, but they need no testimony to increase their own confidence in their melancholy victoriousness.

THE SUMMER EXHIBITIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

I.

LAST year we presented to our readers a selection of the principal pictures from the various galleries that open in London and abroad during the month of May. This year a different plan has been adopted. Mr. Raven Hill has paid a visit to the principal studios, and there made sketches of the painters at work upon their canvases. These, beginning with the half-dozen in the present number, will be continued from month to month, interspersed occasionally with reproductions



Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., painting 'The Doctor.'

of the pictures themselves. As the Academy will not open till some weeks after the time of writing, any criticism of the pictures is out of the question: that will follow in its appointed place next month. For the present we content ourselves with a few words of description about those works on which painters are here represented as being engaged.

Sir Frederic Leighton as the result of the year's labour is able to show three pictures and one piece of sculpture.

Of the pictures the largest and the most important is a rendering of the Perseus and Andromeda legend, a well-worn theme, which the President has succeeded in investing with remarkable originality.

Perseus, who appears overhead on a winged horse in an aureole of light, is in the act of shooting an arrow at the monster. One arrow, indeed, has already found its way into the beast's hide, and we can only hope that the second will finish the business, for a more terrible, or a more loathsome monster, it would be difficult to imagine. Something between a serpent and a dragon, it sprawls across the rock angrily lashing the water with its tail, and prepared in another moment to turn upon Andromeda, who has swooned before the horrid sight.

A classical subject has also inspired Sir Frederic to the painting of another important picture, 'The Return of Persephone.' She was the daughter of Demeter, the Goddess of Harvest, and she had the misfortune to be loved by Pluto, who caught her one day and carried her down to the dark land where he reigns. Because of her mother's grief, it was



Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., painting 'Love at First Sight.'

ordained that Persephone should return to the earth for six months in every year; and Sir Frederic has depicted Persephone in the act of being borne back to the earth by Hermes, the messenger of the gods, to Demeter, who waits to receive her. The figures are beautiful both in form and colour, the latter especially being remarkable.

A portrait and a marble reproduction of the 'Athlete' completes the President's contributions.

Mr. Luke Fildes has devoted his energies to the production of one large picture which will appear on the walls of the Academy, probably under the title of 'The Doctor.' It is a return to the class of work with which Mr. Fildes first earned his spurs—pictures of domestic *genre* and of that section of life where the failures just exist by the philanthropy of others. Since those days Mr. Fildes has produced many brilliant pictures of Venetian life; in fact, so long have these vivid transcripts of colour been with us that it seemed as if the painter had forsaken subjects of 'The Casuals' and 'The Widower' types. 'The Doctor' shows to us the poor room of a poor cottage, wherein a child lies in an almost hopeless state, on a bed roughly put together with a couple of chairs and some pillows. It is no passing



Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A., painting 'Perseus and Andromeda.'

childish ailment, but a very serious illness, that has kept these people watching through the long night till dawn, which, now stealing through a small window at the back of the cottage, affords the ray of hope without which the scene would be too sad. The interest of the picture centres not on the sick child, but on the doctor, who is evidently sorely puzzled as to the means he shall adopt at this supreme moment. We are glad to hear that 'The Doctor' is a commission of Mr. Henry Tate's, and will be included in his gift to the nation.

Mr. Marcus Stone may here be seen engaged upon one of those subjects with which he has identified himself for so many years. The scene is the garden of a country house belonging to a man who is able to indulge himself with various



Mr. David Murray, A.R.A., painting 'Furze.'

luxuries. To him has been given a daughter, of course beautiful, and of an age when to love and to be beloved are as natural as eating and drinking. The season is summer, the epoch somewhere in the old times. The exact date is not important, but it is a time when dress was picturesque. A visitor has called, a youth, who now sees the daughter of the house for the first time; she keeps her eyes carefully fixed on her book, and sees him or not as the spectator fancies. The father, garrulous over his possessions, is pointing out their many beauties and uses to the youth, but he has eyes for nobody save the young lady so intently occupied with her book. There was only one title for this picture, and that title Mr. Marcus Stone has hit upon, to wit, 'Love at First Sight.'

This year, for the first time, Mr. David Murray has the

pleasing privilege of exhibiting pictures at the Royal Academy without the ordeal of submission to a jury. He will be represented by three large landscapes that have been painted during the past year in Sussex. With landscape painters the titling of their pictures presents difficulties which are frequently not overcome till the approach of sending-in day compels an immediate decision. A line from a poet has its advantages and disadvantages, one of the latter being that



Mr. J. J. Shannon.

the painter himself is apt to forget it after awhile. Mr. Murray has this year adopted the plan of calling two of his landscapes by a single word. Thus the picture the painter is engaged upon in our sketch will go down to posterity under the simple appellation of 'Furze,' that shrub forming a chief feature in the landscape.

It is an old story that men who have achieved fame in one branch of their profession, are generally anxious to test their

skill in another branch. Mr. Shannon has long intended to paint a subject picture, but the charming portraits that have appeared during the last few years from his brush have left him no time. Some half-a-dozen portraits or so represent his work for the past year, and in this sketch he may be seen stepping back for a moment to study an effect.

While painters in London have had to bemoan thirty days of fog when work was impossible, Mr. Chevallier Tayler can



Mr. Chevallier Tayler painting 'La Vie Boulonnaise.'

look at his picture and say: "I have not been prevented from working upon you for a single day since last summer." It was at that time he betook himself to Boulogne, where he felt sure he would find a likely subject in 'La Vie Boulonnaise.' His anticipations proved correct, and for seven months he has been engaged upon the picture shown in our sketch, from the vantage ground of a glass house he built on the Boulogne quay. This sketch was taken not in Boulogne, but in London, whither he brought the picture to add some finishing touches before sending-in day.

NEWS FROM NEW SOUTH WALES.

IT is now some years since we drew attention in these columns to the latest phase of Australian Art as illustrated in the carvings which had been erected on the fine New Post Office buildings at Sydney. We then felt bound to expostulate against the continuance *in situ* of these abortions, for no other word befits them, as caricaturing Art and stopping the way to its advancement in a country which so much desired it. The efforts of the well-informed minority were useless at the time, and the sculptures had almost passed out of public notice until the other day, when certain members of the legislature appear to have become alarmed at a rumour that the Government intended to remove them. Thereupon the matter was brought before the Assembly by an honourable member, Mr. Hawken, who moved that the carvings should remain until their removal was sanctioned by the House. The arguments he adduced would appear to be ludicrous except that they were apparently believed in by the speaker. He appealed to his hearers not to be slaves to the Art of Greece or Europe; that European Art would soon follow them; in fact, that sculptors in Paris were already adopting the idea conveyed in these carvings; they might attract a man in disdain or even in anger, still if he was attracted at all they must be works of Art, and therefore they should be preserved. Sir Henry Parkes, who followed, showed even less knowledge of his subject. His speech was devoted to aspersions upon Sir Frederic Leighton, who was one of the first to condemn the carvings. He considered that honourable gentlemen had only to go to the Sydney Art Gallery and inspect his painting of 'Wedded,' to see that of all cultivated minds Sir Frederic's was the last to give a critical judgment on carving; Sir H. Parkes apparently being entirely ignorant that our President is a sculptor of as high eminence as he is a painter.

When those in the topmost places have so little knowledge as this, it is not to be wondered at that the verdict was decisive in favour of their retention; five members only, Messrs. Crick, O'Connor, Willis, Morton, and Playfair, voting for what is assuredly the country's Art welfare. Let those who doubt it turn back to the illustration of one of the carvings we gave at the time when we recorded our protest against them, namely on page 377 of the 1884 *Art Journal*.

Whilst the legislature is thus engaged in thwarting Art progress, the Trustees of the Art Gallery are doing their best to aid it. In England the already able committee has been strengthened by the addition of Lord Carlisle, and their recent purchases, which have been principally of water-colours, have included works from the easels of Mr. Albert Goodwin, Mr. G. Elgood, and Miss Kate Greenaway. In Australia itself the happy idea has been hit upon by the President, Mr. E. L. Montefiore, of illustrating in water colours the scenery of the Colony, the coasts, rivers, lakes, and mountains. The Art Gallery have opened a competition in the matter, and invite drawings of these subjects to be submitted to them not later than the end of next November, and they announce their resolution, should these be good enough, to purchase a dozen at £75 each. Unfortunately there is hardly time for an English artist to enter the lists, otherwise a good one might not only sweep the board, but probably make his journey remunerative by other sales.

THE FINE ARTS AS AN INVESTMENT.

COLLECTORS of works of Art probably always indulge in the hope that besides the profit derived from the enjoyment of their possessions they may also obtain a good return whenever they may wish to realise them. There are few who regard them in the same light as Mr. Ruskin, who would no more have us expect them to increase in value than he would a horse out of which he had for years derived enjoyment and his money's worth of use. Some collectors, and they are not a few, are so exigeant that they look to reap far higher returns from this class of investment than they would readily rest satisfied with in the matter of stocks and shares. They demand an increase all along the line, and feel themselves aggrieved unless the rises in value far more than counterbalance the declines; these take no note of the return to them of interest in the shape of pleasure, and total it up against their possessions at a usurer's rate. Some again there are who look for the same enhancement, although they have bought with a tithe only of the circumspection they would exercise over the purchase even of a brewery share, perhaps without any more knowledge than that imparted to them by an interested vendor. An investment in Art, if it is to be made from the point of view of a good one, must be approached with as much care as one in a South-African gold-mine, or an American cattle-ranche.

Our attention has been directed to this subject by a notable instance of the profits which have just resulted from placing money in the Fine Arts. Few collectors of late years have been so confident of the prospective value of what they amass as those who have turned their attention to Japanese Art of the past. They have continued hopeful on the subject, in the face of many detractors who have failed to appreciate its qualities, and in spite of the moderate prices which have oftentimes been accorded to it when put to the test of public auction. As regards this latter, collectors have afforded to disregard it, for so long as the classification of objects is left by the auctioneers to clerks who know no better than to string together and sell by the dozen precious little *bibelots* which have never been used to such savage treatment, their merits are naturally overlooked by the crowd, and the *cognoscenti* can acquire them at less than the price of a song. But when they are treated with the respect they deserve they always command their value in the auction room.

Remarkable evidence of this, and of what a good investment Art may be, has occurred at the sale which has just taken place of the Art objects of Mr. Burty. That gentleman was one of the large group of believers in Japanese Art which inhabits Paris. Possessed of much more taste than money, he could only manage, by living in a tiny flat in the unfashionable quarter of the Battignoles, and spending the least possible amount upon himself, to satisfy his passion for acquiring Japanese Art. He did not collect as an investment, but he was always ready to stand in the gate against unbelievers, and declare, "Well, you will see, the time will come when what I buy for francs will be worth louis." That time has arrived far sooner than he expected. His sudden death, a short while ago, caused his well-beloved treasures to be brought under the hammer. Admirably catalogued by M. Bing, the sale attracted buyers even from America and England. Many of the Parisians too, accustomed to the ordinary objects sold in the shops of the Boulevards at high prices, were amazed at the delicate beauty and refinement which characterized Mr. Burty's objects. The result was that in every department prices were reached which exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine: £550 for a small picnic set, £65 for a sword-guard, £50 for a tiny medicine case, were amongst the sums paid, and which in every case exceeded by many times what they had cost the owner. These turned his investment of fifty or sixty thousand francs into at least six times that amount.

The growing appreciation of the Art, added to the increasing difficulty of meeting the demand through the cessation of the exports of Art objects from Japan, warrants the belief that no more profitable investment is to be met with at the present time than careful purchases of genuine old Japanese wares.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

FROM the annual report of the National Gallery, which has been published since our last issue, we learn that the purchases included 'The Ambassadors,' by Holbein the younger; 'Portrait of the Spanish Admiral Pulido-Pareja,' by Velasquez; 'Portrait of an Italian Nobleman,' by Moroni (all illustrated in our January number); 'Portraits of Jan Van Hensbeeck and his Wife, Marie Koeck,' by G. Donck; 'Portrait of a Young Man,' by Bernardino Licinio; 'Ecce Homo,' ascribed to Giovanni Bellini; 'A Winter Scene,' by Jan Beerstraaten; 'The Village Cobbler,' by Jan Victors; 'The Origin of the Milky Way,' by Tintoretto; 'Unfaithfulness' (an allegory), by Paul Veronese; 'Landscape and View in Rome,' by Claude; 'Landscape, with Figures and Cattle,' by Thomas Barker; 'The Marriage of the Virgin,' fourteenth or early fifteenth century. The total number of students' attendances on Thursdays and Fridays throughout the year was 24,300, who made 1,170 oil-colour copies of pictures.

The hanging committee of the Royal Academy for 1891 consisted of Mr. Pettie, Mr. Faed, Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. Herkomer, and Mr. Horsley.

An anonymous donor, who is understood to be Mr. Henry Tate, has offered a sum of £80,000 for the erection of a National Gallery of British Art on these conditions:—(1.) The Government to give as a site the plot of land at South Kensington, at the south-eastern corner of Imperial Institute Road; such a site to have a frontage of about 300 feet to Exhibition Road, and 180 feet to Imperial Institute Road. (2.) The Government to undertake to reserve for the future extension of the gallery the piece of land adjoining, to the extent of, say, 200 or 250 feet westward, fronting the Imperial Institute Road. (3.) No building, except a corridor, to adjoin the proposed gallery. (4.) The organisation of the gallery to be entirely separate from the Science and Art Department. These proposals the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a few unimportant reservations, to which Mr. Tate agreed, accepted on behalf of the Government.

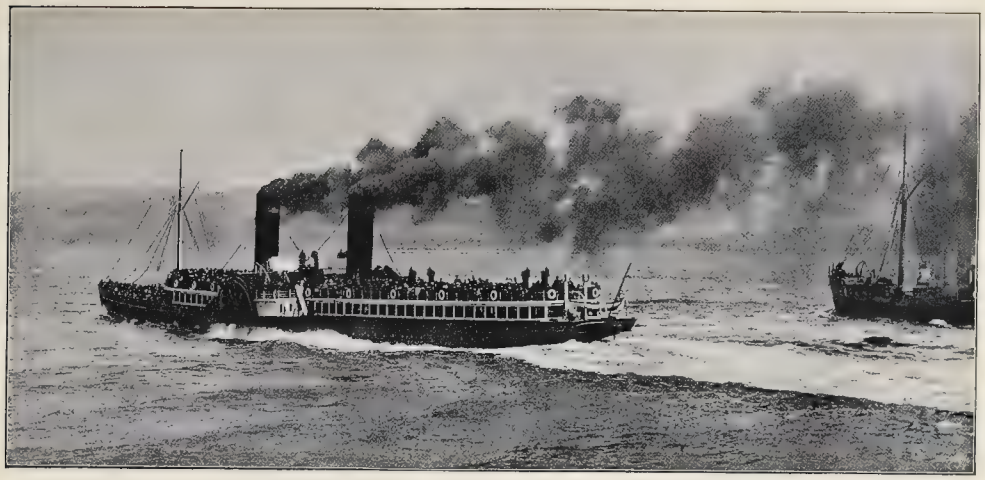
OBITUARY.—We have to announce the death of Senator Giovanni Morelli, which took place at Milan, and of Philippe Pavy de Charentais, who died of consumption at Mentone at the early age of thirty-four. He was a pupil of Meissonier, and possessed some of that master's force and finish in detail.

PHOTOGRAPHS AT LIVERPOOL.—The council of the Liverpool Amateur Photographic Association, of which Mr. Paul Lange is the president, recently held a successful exhibition in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. Exhibits were received from all parts of Europe, and Messrs. J. Gale, A. R. Dresser, Lyd. Sawyer, Paul Lange, and other well-known experts, sent some of their best work. The following received gold medals:—the Countess Loredana da Porto Bonin (Vicenza, Italy), for an exhibit of twelve flashlight pictures; Mr. Shapoor Bhedwar (Surrey), for a set of six pictures entitled 'A Feast of Roses,' and Mr. Ralph W. Robinson (Surrey), for his collection of 'Eminent Artists at Home,' some of which have been reproduced in the *Art Journal*. A fine specimen of photography on rough surface paper was contributed by Dr. Adolf Hesekiel of Berlin, in which the utmost advantage was taken of the granulations of the paper in the management of the lights and shades. Mr. Gale exhibited some landscapes in which the sky effects were specially worthy of notice. In the section devoted to the display of cameras, mounts, and all the latest novelties in the paraphernalia of the photographer, was an ingenious little contrivance, invented and patented by a Liverpool gentleman, which obviates the necessity of the operator enveloping his head in a dark cloth while focussing his subject.

REVIEWS.—"HINTS TO AMATEURS, A HAND-BOOK ON ART," by Louise Jopling (Chapman & Hall), is a little work of seventy-six pages, likely to be of quite as much service to Art students as more ambitious hand-books. Black and white work, oil painting, water-colour drawing, sketching from nature, and anatomy are treated in a series of chapters, wherein many practical and sensible hints are given in a light, conversational fashion, that makes the information easy of assimilation. We have also received another volume in the "Great Artist Series," "GEORGE CRUIKSHANK," by F. G. Stephens, to which is added a reprint of Thackeray's Essay on Cruikshank from the *Westminster Review* of June, 1840.







No. 1.—The Columba.

THE CLYDE AND THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

No. I.—THE CLYDE.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, in the Ode that was sung at the opening of the Glasgow International Exhibition in May, 1888, terms Glasgow "a sea-born city." The designation is so far appropriate; the town, if not actually "sea-born"—for it owes its first start in life to the Church—has been nurtured by the sea to some good purpose. Glasgow and its river have acted and reacted the one upon the other; and the conditions of the city's prosperity and well-being are indissolubly linked with the stream that wanders down from the upland moors of Lanarkshire, tumbling over precipices, meandering through rich orchard grounds, flowing through the busy haunts of men, until it widens into the noble estuary whose waves reflect the peaks of Arran, and wash round the rugged steeps of Ailsa Craig. In its course the Clyde runs amid all variety of scenery: moorland, pastoral, woodland. It is, at one time, a shallow stream, humming over a pebbly bed and glittering in the clear sunshine; at another, a foul and sullen mass of water, which the energy of man has turned to good account in his commercial enterprises; and then again, a restless sea, whose blue white-crested waves break upon the base of Highland hills. Through all its changes, it is dear to the heart of every true Glasgovian. It has been a source of untold wealth to the place of his birth, and most of his happiest memories are connected with the sunny days of leisure he has spent among its lochs and by its sand-edged bays. Glasgow looks upon the Clyde as its own special glory and possession; it is proud of the manner in which the resources of the river have been developed; it is prouder still of its many natural beauties, familiar to its citizens from their earliest youth, and an all-powerful attraction for the strangers who are led to our shores by the fame of its charms.

Glasgow, although it has many picturesque vistas within its bounds which the ordinary business man, engrossed with the cares of the Exchange, recks nothing of, is not, in itself, a magnet to draw tourists who are simply in search of the picturesque. Edinburgh, among Scottish cities, is, from its own natural beauty, the cynosure of neighbouring and far-away eyes. But Glasgow has the Clyde; and the Clyde, notwithstanding the advantages of the Callander and Oban Railway, is still the pleasantest and most picturesque gateway and avenue to the West Highlands, where tourists rightly love to congregate. And where can travellers, who have been long "in populous cities pent," find more to delight their eyes and refresh their town-wearied hearts than amid the scenery of the Western Highlands? A few of its beauties and distinctions we hope to put before the readers of the *Art Journal*.

The practical energy and shrewdness of the Glasgow people early turned to the best advantage the inducements the Frith of Clyde offered to the thousands who were anxious for "change of air," and on the outlook for summer resorts. In no district of our island are travelling facilities greater, and travelling cheaper, than on the Clyde. A wonderful change has taken place since 1812, when the *Comet*, the pioneer boat of a vast fleet of steamers, began to sail between Glasgow, Greenock, and Helensburgh. Out of the *Comet*, with its forty-two feet of length, has been evolved what is generally regarded as the premier boat on the river, Mr. MacBrayne's *Columba*, which carries the tourist-flocks from Glasgow to Ardrishaig, whence Mr. MacBrayne's West Highland service is continued through the Crinan Canal. It is in every way an admirable service, with the best of boats, the most courteous of officials, and a well-ordered commissariat.

The *Columba* starts on her journey at 7 o'clock in the morning, and as she threads her way down the busy river-channel, the passengers can note the stir and bustle of the wharves, and the evidences in ever-extending docks and quayage, and dredgers and divers, of the indefatigable energy

and well-directed skill of the Clyde Trustees, that have turned a shallow meandering stream into a highway for the largest ships that float. With shoals and quicksands and stubborn rocks, the Trustees and their engineer, Mr. Deas, keep up an unceasing fight, and they always conquer, and extend their dominions year by year. There is one drawback: from the river there blow not always the aromatic gales of Araby the blest. The drainage of a great city has changed what was once a haunt of salmon into something little better than a mighty sewer. Will it remain in this condition? Surely the able heads and the enterprising spirits of Glasgow will ere long bring about a sweetening of the waters. Down past the building yards with their clanging hammers and great ships "of iron framed," past what were once the cheerful rural villages of Govan and Partick, now the grimy hives of busy human bees, we steam, leaving behind us the ancient royal burgh of Renfrew and the mouth of the Cart—which the pawky Paisley bodies are doing their best to make into a river navigable for something larger than a coal-gabbart—and come in view of Bowling and the Kilpatrick Hills, among which the patron saint of Ireland is said to have first seen the light. The river here broadens into something like an inland lake, and the landscape grows decidedly picturesque. This has been a favourite subject for many Scottish landscape painters—Nasmyth, McCulloch, and Bough among the rest. There is a wide stretch of view, and the hills near and distant—the first glimpse we have yet had of the beginning of the Highlands—give to it dignity and variety. To the water, studded with craft of all rigs, Dalnottar Hill, Dunglass (where stands the monument to Bell, who introduced steam navigation to the Clyde), Dumbuck Hill, and the mass of Dumbarton Castle, are effective background and setting (No. 2). Dumbarton itself is pleasantly enough placed on the Leven—Smollett's Leven—of which he wrote—

> "On Leven's banks, while free to rove
> And tune the rural pipe to love,
> I envied not the happiest swain
> That ever trod the Arcadian plain."

But its waters are "transparent" no longer, and print works and other factories have fatally poisoned its "limpid source."



No. 2.—Dumbarton Castle. From a Drawing by W. G. Gillies.

Dumbarton is not a bonnie town, but it is a busy one, with its large ship-building yards and forges, and its consequent crowds of artisans.

It is recorded that in 1668, long before improvements on the Clyde had been attempted, the magistrates of Glasgow asked the authorities of Dumbarton for permission to erect docks there for the accommodation of Glasgow trade. The Dumbarton folks failed "to grasp the situation," and declined on the plea "that the influx of mariners would tend to raise the price of butter and eggs to the inhabitants!" Thereupon the Glasgow burghers fixed their port at "Port Glasgow," a little farther down the river, on the opposite side from Dumbarton. Port Glasgow has not, however, fulfilled the promise of its early youth, and the cloud of smoke that hangs over Greenock points out the position of its successful rival. Greenock's own fortunes have fluctuated a little of late years; sugar-refining and harbour matters have not been so prosperous as they were in the good old times. But the outlook is said to be brighter now, and the Greenockians are long-headed and persistent. At the Tail of the Bank, as the anchorage off Greenock is called, lie a motley crowd of craft: bluff-bowed timber ships, smart Australian clippers, handsome steam vessels of the various lines to America, gaily painted foreign ships, and in the midst of them, an embodiment of power and authority, rides the guardship, a formidable ironclad. Beyond the long-drawn-out esplanade, which fronts the water below Greenock, and is bordered by a line of cosy-looking houses and pretentious villas, we come upon Fort Matilda, where—wisely or not, authorities differ—the main defences of the Clyde are to be placed. Here we have batteries and submarine mines, and much activity of a military kind.

The steamer at Greenock gathers passengers who have come down from Glasgow by rail, and she takes in more at Gourock, to which the Caledonian Company now run trains. The old Gourock pier, dear from its fishing associations to the hearts of many generations of Glasgow boys, is now completely altered; a fine quay front has been put up, and a handsome station erected. Gourock (No. 3) is one of the oldest of the Clyde

watering-places; in its day it was fashionable, and thought to be pretty far removed from the giddy world; now it is the resort of the cheap-tripper, and has about its houses something of a second-rate look. And yet what sweeter country road than



No. 3.—Gourock.

that between Gourock and the Cloch Lighthouse? did wild flowers ever more profusely grow than they do there? are the sunsets as seen from Gourock not of surpassing beauty? Well, times are changed: or perhaps, after all, it is only that some of



No. 4.—Yachting on the Clyde.

us look back on all these things with the remembered glamour in our eyes of a light that can never shine for us again. The view of the Frith from both Greenock and Gourock piers is one of great extent and beauty. Opposite, rise in the background

range after range of hills, the fantastic ridges of "Argyle's Bowling-green," the Cobbler, the Black Hill of Kilmun, the steeps around Glen Messan, and stealing between these mountain masses, are the lochs that are among the chief charms of the district. We have fronting us the entrances to the Gareloch, Loch Long, and the Holy Loch, with wooded Roseneath, and a white stretch, along the shore, of cottages and little towns. If we can only secure a day when the waves glitter in the sun and the fleecy clouds fleck the hillsides with alternate lights and shadows, then we need scarcely wish for a fairer scene.

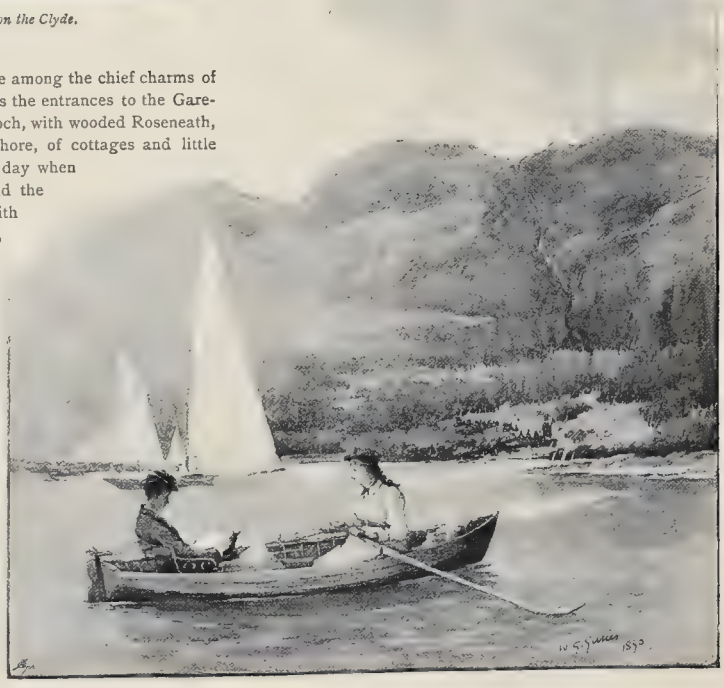


No. 5.—Yachting on the Clyde.

Glasgow men are enthusiastic yachtsmen, and the regattas, the opening cruises and closing cruises of the various clubs (the Royal Northern, the Royal Clyde, the Mudhook, and the Corinthian), are among the chief galas of the west-coast season. Our yachts and their builders—such as Watson and Fyfe—our skippers and our crews are famous all the world over. The Royal Clyde have lately erected a new club-house (designed by Mr. T. L. Watson), at Hunter's Quay, at the mouth of the Holy Loch, and here and in Rothesay Bay are the great gathering places of yachts and yachtsmen. "The white wings" spot the Frith at every turn, and there are few prettier sights than one of these Clyde greyhounds, bursting through the water under a cloud of canvas, with her lee-rail well buried in the sea.

Places that some fifty or sixty years ago were quiet little Highland hamlets on the shores of the Frith, are now developing into towns, and fast losing their pleasant feeling of quiet solitude. They are getting pretentious and vulgar, there is too much about them of the brass band and the nigger minstrel and the public-house. Their sequestered situations and simple ways were once the chief attractions of our Clyde-side hamlets, but the man who wishes to shake off entirely the worries of modern cities must travel farther afield, nowadays, than either Dunoon or Rothesay.

Down the Cowal shore the steamer slips, and the long belt of houses and villas that extends from Hunter's Quay to Innellan—once all a lonely shore—is left behind, and we round Toward Point and its lighthouse into Rothesay Bay (No. 7). This bay, with its environment of hills, is one of the choice bits on the Clyde; the natives all declare it to be finer than the Bay of Naples. Few Rothesay men have been at Naples. When a yacht club holds a regatta here, and the boats cluster at anchor off Rothesay, and there are fireworks and illuminations, there is no livelier place than this same bay.



No. 6.—In the Kyles of Bute.

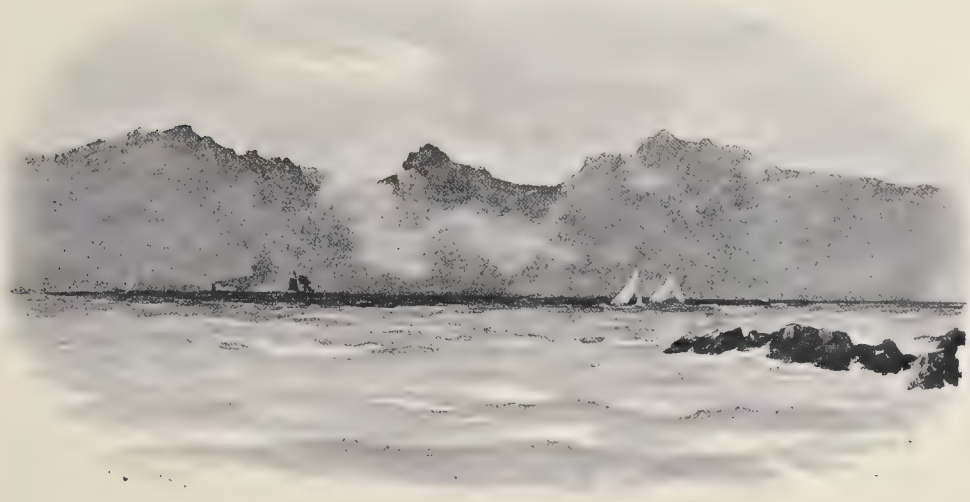
The town itself is beautifully situated, but looks best at a distance. From Barone Hill, at the back, a fine view (given in an illustration) can be obtained of the panorama of the bay.

Rothesay has a long history: it is a royal burgh, and like Renfrew, gives a title to the Prince of Wales. Its chief glory is its ruined castle, over which Norsemen and Scots, Bruces and Baliols, have fought and murdered one another. Old memories and traditions cluster as thick round it as the ivy on its walls.

The Island of Bute has the reputation of being very mild in climate, and is recommended as a health resort. In the interior of the island there is a pretty little freshwater loch, Loch Fad, by whose banks, in a quiet shady nook, the cottage still stands to which the elder Kean, sick of the world, once retired, intending there "to husband out life's taper to its close." But the glare of the footlights and the applause of the pit were too strongly fixed in his affections. He played the hermit for only a very short run. Leaving Rothesay, we sail into the Kyles of Bute (No. 6), a narrow passage between the island and the mainland. The wonder is how the steamer can thread its way through the twisting, twining channel, that appears hardly broad enough for the *Columba's* paddle-wheels. Now and again it almost seems as if we should run ashore from the sharpness of the turns. The Kyles are full of quiet beauty. As we look at the little hamlets sheltered under the wooded hills, they seem so out of the world and so remote from the common cares that burden humanity, that we wonder can ordinary sins and sorrows ever disturb there



No. 7.—Rothesay.



No. 8.—Peaks of Arran.

the calm routine of life. The evening hour is the hour of enchantment, when your boat gently drifts on the slow heaving water, and all nature is hushed and still. The voices on the shore seem to reach you through a muffled and mysterious air; the opalescent light in the sky is reflected from the waves that lap against the boat; sweet scents are wafted

from the hillsides that loom solemn in the gathering darkness; earth's uneasy passions are at rest; for the young, it is a pleasant pause in the hurly-burly; for those who are growing old, it is the time of memories and regrets.

It is the garish light of day now, and with a long gaze at the rugged mist-wreathed peaks of Arran (No. 8), we round Ardlamont Point and, away to the left, meet the sparkling waters and fresh breezes of Loch Fyne.

Tarbert (No. 9), our first stoppage after the ferry at Ardlamont, is one of the most noted fishing villages in the West of Scotland. The entrance to East Loch Tarbert, at which the steamer calls, is exceedingly picturesque, and the district, with its brown sails and its brawny fishermen, is one much beloved of artists. Henry Moore, Colin Hunter, David Murray, among the rest, have turned its beauties to good use. Tarbert is the great centre of the trawl (or seine) net fishing, which in Loch Fyne, after much discussion and many bickerings, has practically superseded in the Loch the old drift-net method. The season extends from the beginning of June to early in March, by arrangement among the fishermen, directed by an association formed by themselves, and called "The Argyll and Bute United Fishermen's Association, Limited."

Trawl boats work in pairs, with four men and a boy in each boat. Tarbert sends out between eighty and ninety boats, and an exceptionally good night's catch for a pair



No. 9.—Tarbert, Loch Fyne.

of trawls is about four or five hundred boxes—each box containing, depending on the size of the herring, from three to five hundred fish. The men are sturdy, fine-looking fellows—and are fishermen proper, as distinguished from the half-crofter, half-fishermen of the farther North-West Highlands. The fishing fleet going out before sundown is, on a good evening, the sight of Tarbert, the brown sails and the yellow-brown boats glancing in the golden light, as they rush and hum through the clear blue-grey water. Tarbert itself, which lies principally round the inner harbour, is not a particularly inviting place—it smells generally strongly of herrings—but the hills around it are very pleasant to ramble over, and the walk to West Loch Tarbert leads through delightful highland country. There is a ruined castle here, which dominates the harbour and is redolent of memories of Robert the Bruce, the builder of the castle in 1325. The narrow isthmus that separates the East from the West Loch has been more than once surmounted by invading Norsemen and other bold buccaneers, who dragged their boats overland. Sir Walter Scott makes use of this fact in "The Lord of the Isles."

At Ardrishaig, six miles beyond Tarbert, and on the west side of Loch Gilp, the outward run of the *Columba* ends, and passengers for the West Highlands tranship to the *Linnet*, in order to be conveyed through the Crinan Canal.

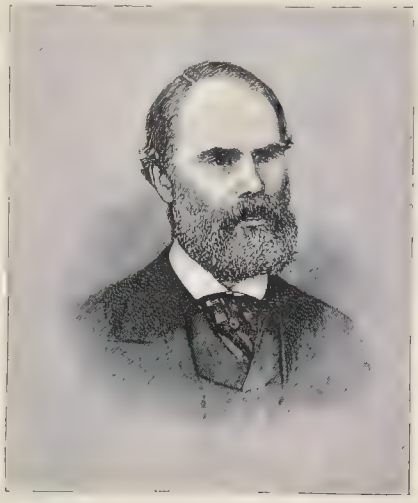
ROBERT WALKER.

THE CHIEFS OF OUR NATIONAL MUSEUMS.

No. III.—THE BRITISH MUSEUM. MR. AUGUSTUS WOLLASTON FRANKS AND MR. SIDNEY COLVIN.

MR. A. W. FRANKS, C.B., F.R.S., LL.D.

IN the first article of this series, that which related to the National Gallery, the remark was made that the management of that institution was far more generally understood than that of the British Museum. Wonder and awe are still the emotions most generally stirred in the breasts of the visitor to Bloomsbury, and "carping criticism" is silenced in the presence of such great monuments of antiquity as the Elgin marbles and the frieze of the Parthenon, or of the seemingly immeasurable expanse of books in the library and reading-room. Moreover, students are, as a rule, quiet folk, to whose bosoms burning questions are not congenial. May it not further be added that the directors of the British Museum have ever shown a laudable desire to move with the times, and to popularise the treasures committed to their keeping?



Mr. A. W. Franks.

Certainly it is true that one hears very few complaints of the British Museum. Testimony to the success of their endeavours is ungrudgingly borne upon all fit occasions by those best qualified to offer opinions (as, *e.g.*, at the meetings of the Library Association). They work—these custodians—for the most part laboriously and unseen, a strong band of willing hands, in all about three hundred strong. As we write, a list of the whole working staff of the British Museum is before us. It starts with the names of the forty-nine Trustees, "official," "royal," "family," and "elected;" the principal Librarian, the eight "Keepers," the assistant-keepers, first and second-class assistants, and so on, including altogether some hundred and fifty persons; it concludes with a further list of clerks, attendants, foremen, workmen, four-and-twenty policemen, "seven stokers, seven masons, and one formatore." In this place we only propose to give an account of the "Keepers" of some of the artistic treasures of the Museum, and, first of all, of Mr. Franks; a selection prompted at once by his long service, his splendid munificence, his great attainments, and his European fame. It is superfluous to state, perhaps, that the actual "Chief" of the British Museum, the Director and Superintendent of all the collections, is Mr. Maunde Thompson, whose official title is Principal Librarian and Secretary to the Trustees. To him all the other officials are subordinate.

Augustus Wollaston Franks was born at Geneva on the 20th March, 1826. His father, a member of the Hertfordshire family of Franks of Wood Hill, was a gentleman of fortune and of taste, passing much of his time in foreign travel, residing now in London, now in Geneva, now in Rome. His mother was a daughter of Sir John Sebright. It is believed that his father's classical tastes suggested his first Christian name; his second was that of his godfather, Dr. Wollaston, the celebrated chemist, who first discovered the malleability of platinum, invented the *camera lucida*, and observed the dark lines of the solar spectrum. Mr. Franks, senior, was a great collector, after the fashion of his day. He collected pictures, bronzes, statues; and it is therefore not singular that, by the law of antipathy, his son's otherwise similar tastes should have been exercised in a widely different field. When quite a boy, he accompanied his parents to England, and was duly sent to Eton, and from thence to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1849, and M.A. 1852. Meanwhile, and afterwards, his parents resided in Upper Seymour Street, where Mrs. Franks delighted to assemble at her house many of the most eminent professors of the arts and literature of the day.

One year before he terminated his connection with the University, Mr. Franks's career had become fixed. In the month of March, 1851, he received his appointment as "Assistant" in the British Museum—exactly forty years ago. Two years later (in 1853) he was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries; it is therefore clear that he had already begun to make his mark, though his Fellowship of the Royal Society did not follow for over twenty years (1874). Young Franks's appointment was to look after the mediæval and British antiquities, then under the supervision of Mr. Edward Hawkins as Keeper. In those days there was but one series of appointments under the Keepers, these were

those of the assistants. Panizzi, who was appointed Principal Librarian in 1856, effected many changes in the organization of the Museum staff; among those which he projected was the creation of a new Keepership, to which Mr. Franks would have been appointed; but this scheme was disallowed, or rather the Treasury refused to find the salary for it. Franks therefore remained assistant to Dr. Samuel Birch, the famous archæologist and Egyptologist, who had, in 1861, become "Keeper of the Oriental, Mediæval, and British Antiquities and Ethnographical Collections"; and it was not until 1866 that a division of the keeperships was effected, and Mr. Franks obtained the independent keepership which he still retains. It should be mentioned that Mr. Franks's principal lieutenant in his official cares is Mr. Charles Hercules Read, F.S.A., a gentleman who has caught much of the enthusiasm for archæological research and the study of the past that distinguishes his eminent chief.

It must not, however, be supposed that the exercise of Mr. Franks's energies had been confined within the bounds of his official employment. This was, indeed, very far from being the case. He had inherited from his father two possessions at all events of value, a "taste," or hobby for "collecting," and with this the means also for gratifying it. It was not long before Mr. Franks's collection began to attract the notice of persons of similar instincts, and among them was one of the best-known of the archæologists of his time—the late Mr. Henry Christy. Mr. Christy was one of that class of men, happily as numerous to-day as at any past time, who combine with the keen business faculty an ardent love of the arts and of literature. He was a Quaker, and a member of the well-known firm in Gracechurch Street. He travelled widely and read much, and he turned his opportunities to excellent account. At his death, in 1865, at La Palisse, he left his large collection to four trustees, Dr. (now Sir Joseph) Hooker, Mr. (now Sir John) Lubbock, Mr. Daniel Hanbury, and Mr. Franks. They were desired to utilise the whole of the collection for the public good in the manner they considered most suitable, and the British Museum was indicated as the most desirable ultimate *locus in quo*. The collection was housed in Mr. Christy's suite of apartments in Victoria Street, in the building now known as No. 123. As soon as the trustees entered into possession, a description of it appeared from the pen of Mr. Franks. From that time up to 1882, the collection remained in Victoria Street. A period of five years was at first fixed by the Trustees of the British Museum as the limit after which they would receive at Bloomsbury this noble gift; but it required two further periods of the same space before they realised their intention. In view of the semi-curatorship, which seems to have devolved upon him practically from the beginning, Mr. Franks had taken up his residence in another part of the house in Victoria Street. It is characteristic of Mr. Franks, that he has remained there up to the present time. The noble collection is at length at Bloomsbury, and is under the charge of the vigilant custodian who has guarded it from the first; the rooms inhabited by the late Mr. Christy, that so long housed his treasures, have passed into the occupation of the American legation; Mr. Franks has become the official tenant of one of the houses within the gates of the Museum allotted to the Keepers (1877); but he retains his apartments in Victoria Street, and there, as well as at his "House," have his own treasures been gathering with the passing years.

Of the extraordinary richness and variety of these collections it is now time to speak somewhat more at length. There is, indeed, a sense in which they speak for themselves, for, with a munificence and public spirit almost without a parallel, Mr. Franks has during the last few years made a large part of them over to the British nation. This gift is fitly housed with the other national treasures at the great house in Bloomsbury, in the department over which their donor has so long presided with great honour to himself, and with such immense advantage to the public. A portion of it—the Oriental pottery and porcelain—had been visible to those of its future owners, the public, who cared to undertake the enterprise, for several years at Bethnal Green; and those wise men who reversed the journeyings of their historical predecessors, and went to the east, returned westwards full of the praises of the exquisite and well-nigh priceless examples of rare and beautiful objects there on loan from Mr. Franks. At length the removal of the National History collection to South Kensington came to the aid of the Trustees, and a fine suite of rooms was placed at the disposal of the "Keeper of British and Mediæval Antiquities and the Ethnographical Department," in which to amalgamate, classify, and exhibit, the original objects of his charge, the "Christy" and other important collections, and his own benefactions. This last comprises specimens of pottery of all nations, Italian majolica, glass, crystals, enamels, and other exquisite and costly wares in profusion and variety; it is particularly rich in examples of Chinese and Japanese ware above mentioned, and some of the Italian majolica is the finest in the world. Concerning his magnificent gifts, it is fitting that we quote the words of Mr. Franks's official superiors, the Trustees. In their report presented to Parliament in the year 1886, they say:—

"A very valuable donation, one of a series extending over many years, has also been received from Mr. A. W. Franks, the Keeper of the Department of British and Mediæval Antiquities. It consists of numerous pieces of rare English porcelain and pottery, selected from his own collection, in order to complete a series representative of English ceramics, recently purchased from Mr. Henry Willett, now placed on exhibition. The specimens contributed by Mr. Franks cannot be valued at less than £4,000.

"It is hardly possible to mention this donation without referring to the extent and character of the assistance given by Mr. Franks in the formation of the various collections of which he has the particular charge. It is due to Mr. Franks, not only as a judicious purchaser of antiquities on the part of the Trustees, but as a contributor from his own resources and his influence with collectors, that the British Museum has at this time choice and well-arranged examples of Romano-British and Mediæval Antiquities, a collection of glass of all ages, representative collections of pottery, of Japanese and Chinese porcelain, of pre-historic objects, of Hindu and Buddhist antiquities, and a gallery of ethnographical illustration. As conspicuous instances of the exercise of his influence in obtaining important donations for the Museum, the following acquisitions may be referred to"—the Christy collection, valued at £10,000; the Slade collection, valued at not less than £28,000; Mr. John Henderson's collection, valued at £15,000; Canon Greenwell's gift, estimated at over £4,000, are then directly attributed to Mr. Franks's influence, and the report proceeds:—

"The individual objects which have been presented to the

Museum, owing to the assistance given by Mr. Franks to collectors, are too many to be enumerated.

"To his direct generosity the Museum is indebted for countless objects, valuable in themselves, and more so as supplying wants for the collection. Scarcely a meeting of Trustees is held at which donations from Mr. Franks, more or less considerable, are not reported. Collectively they include British and Anglo-Roman antiquities; coins and medals; topographical and other drawings; a large collection of Chinese and Japanese pottery and porcelain, containing the rarest specimens, and valued at not less than £10,000; Indian antiquities, ethnographical objects in great number, and numerous specimens of Italian majolica, Palissy and Sgraffiato ware, plaques, tiles, etc. The value of the various objects presented by him certainly exceeds £20,000, and that of the collections obtained through his influence cannot be far short of £60,000.

"It is not on account of these donations only that the Trustees and the public are indebted to Mr. Franks. His collections are formed with all the advantages of knowledge and experience, and therefore with the utmost economy; and the arrangement has been carried out with a taste and judgment which greatly add to their value. And this labour of arrangement will be admitted to be of no slight consideration when it is remembered that every object now exhibited in the extensive space comprised in Mr. Franks's department, has been placed in its position by his own hands, and under the difficulty of having to adapt for the purpose cases and shelving designed for wholly different collections."

It has already been stated that the learned societies of the country have recognised Mr. Franks's pre-eminence in his own branches of study by the bestowal of their fellowships, and it may be added that foreign governments have not been slow to perceive and avail themselves of his great abilities. In 1889 the advisers of the Crown appeared to think that some mark of their appreciation of Mr. Franks's well-nigh forty years of service, and his unrivalled munificence, might not be deemed inappropriate. The measure of the country's gratitude is easily stated; its rulers ungrudgingly bestowed upon him the Companionship of the Bath. The year 1858 had seen Mr. Franks Director of the Society of Antiquaries; he retained this post until 1866, when he retired; but he held it again subsequently from 1873 until 1881. He is now one of its Vice-Presidents. His own University of Cambridge has conferred upon him the degree of *Litt. Doc.*, and he is perpetual Vice-President of the International Congresses of Pre-historic Archæology. One remarkable evidence of the wide Continental reputation of Mr. Franks may be mentioned here. Last year (1890) the government of the Swiss Confederation resolved upon the establishment of a National Museum. The principal Swiss Cantons at once entered into a rivalry as to the town in which the building should be placed. The central Government at Berne came to an extremely sensible, if somewhat unusual decision. They issued a self-denying ordinance, and resolved to place the claimants in the hands of a commission of foreigners, hoping thereby, we presume, to reconcile conflicting interests, and possibly to anticipate the proverbial verdict of posterity. The Commissioners named were three: one Englishman, Mr. Franks; one German, Dr. Essenwein of Nuremberg; and one Frenchman, Mons. Darcel, the distinguished Director of the Cluny Museum, Paris. To Mr. Franks was accorded the Presidency. The Commission visited Berne, Zurich, Basle, and Lucerne, comparing the advantages offered by all, and finally decided in favour of Berne. People who are familiar with the results of Royal Commissions and their reports, will not be surprised to hear that the building in all probability will be erected at Zurich. Mr. Franks's command of the French and Italian languages, which he speaks as easily as he does his own, was of great service to him on this occasion, as on his many other expeditions to the Continent.

Mr. Franks' literary labours have not been heavy, and are hardly of the kind that makes for the popularity of the circulating library. The pages of the *Archæologia* and the transactions of the various learned societies, particularly those that have the care of past times, are enriched by many notable and valuable contributions from his pen. He wrote (1849) a work on "Ornamental Glazing Quarries," and (1857) contributed an important chapter on "The Vitreous Arts" to Mr. J. B. Waring's "Art Treasures of the Manchester Exhibition." He has edited Kemble's "Horæ Ferales," and in his notes to this volume he differentiated a new epoch in British archæology, to which he gave the name of "late Celtic," a term which has met since with general acceptance. He is now at work upon a volume explanatory of Japanese sword guards, of which and netsukés he has a fine collection. But the record of Mr. Franks's life will not be found in learned tomes, to be unearthed hereafter by some student of his times. His life is his work; his generosity to the British nation is his enduring monument; the honour and admiration of his colleagues, and, it may almost be said, of the civilised world, is his reward.

MR. SIDNEY COLVIN.

Although the importance of the collection of prints and drawings was recognised from the very foundation of the British Museum, its "department" was not one of those to which a separate keepership was allotted originally. The collections were divided early in the present century, and among the first Keepers of the Prints and Drawings were J. T. Smith, the antiquary and author of "Nollekens and his Times," and W. Young Ottley, author of the "History of Engraving" and "Specimens of Italian Design." Mr. W. H. Carpenter was appointed to the post in 1845, and it was in his hands that the collection assumed something approaching its due importance. He held the Keepership for twenty years, and was succeeded by Mr. G. W. Reid, a gentleman who had been all his life on the Museum staff, as his father had been before him. Mr. Reid resigned the office of Keeper in 1884, and died a few years later. He was succeeded by the subject of this notice, Mr. Sidney Colvin.

Sidney Colvin was born on 18th June, 1845, at Norwood, Surrey. He is the youngest son of the late Mr. Bazett Colvin, who was one of a family that has given several of its members to the service of the State, particularly in India. Mr. Colvin was a partner in the old East-India firm of Crawford, Colvin and Company, of Old Broad Street, which has supplied the City of London with two well-known members of Parliament, within living memory, in the persons of the late Mr. Robert Wigram Crawford and his father. The Hon. John Colvin, who was a famous Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces during the Indian mutiny, was an uncle of Sidney Colvin; Sir Auckland Colvin, who now occupies that responsible post, and Sir Steuart Colvin Bayley, are his cousins. He was educated privately, and proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated as third

classic in the year 1867, having gained the Chancellor's Medal for English in 1865. In the year 1868 he was elected a Fellow of that distinguished college. The bent of his mind would appear to have been from the first towards a literary career, and, as is usual, his earliest contributions were published in the columns of the periodical press. Nearly all his work at this time was upon matters of interest connected with literature and the Fine Arts; it is to be found mainly in reviews and magazines. In 1869, the year of Colvin's Fellowship at Trinity, the foundation of the Slade Professorship at Cambridge gave a considerable stimulus to artistic study in the University. Sir Matthew Digby Wyatt was the first Slade Professor, and he held the post for four years. In 1873 Mr. Sidney Colvin was elected to succeed him, and he was re-elected on four successive occasions (1876, 1879, 1882, and 1885). His resignation at the beginning of 1886 was due to the engrossing nature of the duties he had undertaken two years previously as Keeper of the Prints and Drawings at the British Museum. Along with his Professorship, Professor Colvin had held, since 1876, the Directorship of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. Mr. Colvin soon vindicated the sound judgment of those who had placed him in this important sphere of activity. In particular, his tenure of office was rendered memorable by the establishment of the New Museum of Classical Archæology, now placed in an annexe of the Fitzwilliam. The whole of the arrangements of the institution, from its initiation and first suggestion, were Mr. Sidney Colvin's own. Another important enterprise completed by the Director was to render available to students the valuable collection of engravings both in the Fitzwilliam Museum and the University library, which in some respects, notably in respect of its series of Rembrandt's etchings, is second only to that of the British Museum. He resigned the post in 1884, and the Slade Professorship in 1886; he was succeeded in both positions by Mr. J. Henry Middleton, F.S.A.



Mr. Sidney Colvin.

In 1884 Mr. Colvin came to the British Museum. To use a colloquialism, Mr. Colvin soon found that his work in Bloomsbury was cut out for him. The examples of ancient and modern Art, principally drawings, engravings, and etchings, number many hundreds of thousands. The average increase for some time past has been at the rate of from five to six thousand a year. To give even the barest outline of the contents of what is called the "Print Room," would be impossible. The Exhibition of Drawings and Sketches which has been opened during the present summer has provided us with some notion of their richness and variety in one section only. As the catalogue to it informs the reader, the principle adopted has been to make the Department of Prints and Drawings as complete for the purposes of historical study as means and opportunities allowed. With that view there have been added from time to time specimens by the chief masters of the Continental schools of all periods of their history, and particularly by every hand of note in the British school, so that no name mentioned in the annals of our native Art, or at any rate as few of them as possible, may remain unillustrated. There is not the slightest doubt that this is the only ideal that the curator of a museum or gallery may put before himself, whether the object of the collection be natural history, or some branch of the arts, or of literature.

The exhibition just referred to, only offers specimens of one corner of the vast accumulations of the department. Mr. Maunde Thompson, in the preface to the last edition of the new catalogue of the Museum, justly claims for it to rank among the very first of its kind in existence, and goes on specially to mention the fine collection of original drawings of the Old Masters, with etchings and engravings of the different schools from the earliest periods. It is specially rich in early Italian prints before Marc Antonio—probably it is the best collection of these in the world. In addition to other accumulations, it includes the collections of Sir William Hamilton, acquired in 1772; of Mr. Towneley, 1805 and 1814; of Baron Moll, 1815; of Mr. Payne-Knight, 1824; of Mr. Sheepshanks, purchased in 1836; of Mr. Harding, purchased in 1842; of Raphael Morghen's works, purchased in 1843; Sir William Gell's drawings, bequeathed in 1852 by Mr. Keppel Craven; Mr. Edward Hawkins's political prints, purchased in 1867; Mr. Felix Slade's collection, bequeathed in 1868; and Mr. John Henderson's, in 1878.

Almost everybody who reads at all, even those who only read newspapers, have heard at one time or another of the vicissitudes of the great catalogue of the printed books, or in other words, of the library of the British Museum. There was a time when, like the famous lions in Trafalgar Square, this catalogue proved a never-failing resource of the comic journalist and the burlesque writer. That time has passed. It is conceivable that a similar fate overhangs the projected catalogue of, or rather "Index" to, the prints and drawings

of the British Museum. It may be news to many of our readers that such an index is not only in contemplation, but is actually in course of compilation by Mr. Colvin and his colleagues; not, indeed, on the impractically colossal scale on which it was planned originally by Mr. Reid, but in an abridged form, which will place the student in possession of a working key to the entire contents of the Department within the compass of three or four volumes. It will contain many thousand entries of names of the artists employed in the production of the examples of Fine Art from the earliest period to the present time. The scheme of the volumes is to represent the present state of the collections at the Museum, and the system under which they are kept and cared for. It will strictly correspond to the arrangements of what is still known as the Print Room, though the cabined, cribbed, confined apartment on the great staircase so long known under that denomination was abandoned when the department entered upon the occupation of its present fine rooms upon the completion of the "White Wing" in 1889. On the advantages which this index will confer upon students and upon all who are interested in the Fine Arts, we need not enlarge.

In our account of Mr. Franks and his works, we expressed our conviction that there was less complaint regarding the management of the British Museum than of any of our national collections. In respect of the Print Room, criticism, so far as we are aware, limits itself to a single complaint, that the prints are "hidden away" somewhere from the public gaze, and that it—the public—knows nothing of them, and is not encouraged to learn anything. That there may have been some foundation in times past for this complaint is possible. In the nature of the thing, prints and drawings have to be, for the most part, hidden away—in cases, in portfolios, in drawers, even in safes. The British nation can hardly be expected to provide an edifice in which eighteen hundred thousand exhibits may be adequately exposed at once to its appreciative gaze. But, at all events, since its new housing in the "White" building, enormous strides have been made by the "Department" towards the popularization of the treasures committed to its charge. The exhibition of the wonderful collection of Japanese drawings with which the opening of the "wing" was signalised in 1888, revealed the possession by the country of an almost unsuspected treasure. This has been followed by the exposition of a collection of water-colour and other drawings, to which reference has already been made in these columns. In the gallery at the top of the north-east staircase there has been placed an extremely choice and valuable exhibition, to illustrate the history and processes of the art of engraving, its growth and development in its main branches; and a further separate exhibition to show the varieties and history of colour printing, is already half promised. These are but the forerunners of what will probably be a long series of special exhibitions, which will bring to light many of the wonders and treasures of these incomparable collections. Much advance has also been made of late in the facilities offered in the Print Room to students and others who desire to inspect its contents at their leisure, so that it is not too much to say that at this moment it is a simpler matter to procure a print there, than to procure a book in the Reading Room.

We have left ourselves scant space wherein to mention Mr. Colvin's literary labours outside those attaching to his Keepership. In 1872 he was the author of a volume, "Children in Italian and English Design," which contained many illustrations of singular beauty, and enjoyed a wide popularity. To the series of "English Men of Letters" he contributed, in 1882, a monograph on "Landor," and followed it up, in 1884, by "Selections from the Writings of Walter Savage Landor." In 1886 he contributed a volume on "Keats," to the same series.

J. F. Boyes.

BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.

From the Picture by Mrs. Alma Tadema.

A BRILLIANTLY able pupil of her husband, Mrs. Alma Tadema has carried far the completeness of her painting of surfaces, lucid, golden, polished, silken. Like her master, she achieves the illusions of her texture and textiles less by the finish of much work than by a kind of fundamental security in the establishment of her scheme of relation, distance, emphasis, and light. To have brought this study of inanimate things to so much perfection is to endow them with a kind of vitality. And this vitality is apt to share the honours of chief attention with that of the figures. These have no precedence, as it were. Nevertheless, their life, in the charming group at play in the picture, is certainly not lacking. Expression, action, and poise are all the more true for being unstrained in intention and unconventional in grace. In her study of the girlish, but rather later than childish, age which she has represented, Mrs. Alma Tadema has succeeded singularly well. The youthful forms, with a suggestion of a delicacy and slight weakness in growth, the general slenderness without attenuation, the absence of all abrupt or accentuated curves, are all characteristics of the age of these playmates which less artistic or less observant eyes would hardly have delighted in so much. Let us add a word for the charm of this painter's conception of feminine dress, in which she chooses all that is the most contrary to the evil quality of vulgarity in any form. We dwelt at greater length on Mrs. Tadema's work in the year 1883, p. 345.



Fig. 1.—PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE MOUNT

THE ALPS OF NEW ZEALAND.

THE articles on the Swiss Alps recently contributed to the *Art Journal** by Mr. Clinton Dent have attracted so much attention here, that I am led to the conclusion that a somewhat similar article regarding the Southern Alps of New Zealand may prove interesting to the majority of your readers, and more particularly to English Alpine climbers. Unlike Mr. Dent, however, I shall have to treat my subject more from a descriptive than from an historical and scientific point of view; in the first place because our Alps have as yet little or no history, and, in the second, because Mr. Dent's remarks on glacial action are almost precisely the same as apply at the Antipodes.

The Alps of New Zealand extend in an almost unbroken line from the extreme north to the south of the Middle Island. In the south the ranges, which run in different directions, are intersected by the west coast sounds on the one side, and by the fiords of the great lakes on the other. As the mountains in many cases come sheer down to the water's edge, and as their lower slopes are densely wooded, while their tops are crowned with perpetual snow, the grandeur of the scenery is almost beyond imagination. Among these ranges there are innumerable peaks, glaciers, and waterfalls. One of the latter—the Sutherland Fall—discovered a few years ago by the Hermit of Milford Sound, is said to be the highest waterfall in the world. The peaks are in most cases very steep, and none of any importance have yet been climbed. Some of them, such as Mount Balloon, are hardly likely to be scaled—at all events in this generation.

A great tract of mountaineering country lying between the lakes and the western sounds is still marked on the map as "unexplored," and among these mountains discoveries of importance may yet be made. Of recent years several passes between the lakes and the sounds have been discovered. The principal are the one between Lake Te Anau and Milford Sound, some three years ago by a surveyor named Quintin McKinnon, and that between Manapouri and Doubtful Sound, discovered by the writer in 1888, while searching for some trace of the late Professor Brown. Brown, a M.A. of Cambridge, was Professor of English Literature in the Otago University, and, during an expedition into the mountains at the head of Lake Manapouri, he wandered away from his companions and was never again seen or heard of. It is surmised that he lost his way, and perished in a snow-storm, or was smothered in an avalanche. The search party, which included Mr. S. Mackenzie, M.H.R., and Mr. McKinnon, had a very hard time of it, and met with many difficulties and dangers; but the grandeur of the Alpine scenery, witnessed for the first time by man, sufficiently compensated for all these. The view of one range of mountains in the direction of the sound, with snow-crowned summits, and high waterfalls, was particularly impressive. All our searching proved futile. Pro-

* Vol. for 1890, pp. 179 and 190.

NOTE.—Mr. Malcolm Ross, the author of this paper, will be happy to give any further information to Alpine climbers concerning the Alps of New Zealand. He is also willing to place his services gratuitously at their disposal.—ED.



COOK RANGE AND TASMAN GLACIER.

visions ran short, and bad weather came on, so we had to beat a hasty retreat. Before leaving, however, a rough wooden cross and a small cairn were erected near the spot where the Professor was last seen. At the foot of the mound we planted a specimen of the *Ranunculus Lyalli*, wreathed the cross with beautiful Alpine flowers, and then, shouldering our packs, sorrowfully wended our way back down the steep Disaster Burn, and on through miles of dense bush back to Manapouri, "the lake of the dark influence." Further search has since been made, but no trace of Professor Brown has been found, and his bones must now lie among the pure Alpine snows of that unfrequented country. Thus was the first life sacrificed in connection with New Zealand mountaineering. It remains to be seen whether our Southern Alps are to exact a tribute of lives in like proportion to the giant peaks of Switzerland.

Going farther north, we have another series of fine mountains: at the head of Lake Wakatepu, Cosmos Peak, Mount Tyndall, Mount Anstead, Mount Edwards, and other glacier peaks, are all over 8,000 feet high; and when it is remembered that a peak of 8,000 feet in New Zealand is equal to one of 11,000 feet in the European Alps, from a climber's point of view, it will be seen that there is a splendid field here for Alpine work. Of these peaks, Mount Earnslaw, 9,165 feet high—a massive mountain, with glaciers on all sides—is the most important (Figs. 2 and 3). The Rev. W. S. Green, A.C., made an attempt to climb it in 1882, but, owing to bad weather and want of time, his expedition ended in failure. Since then the writer has twice ascended the mountain to a height of about 8,000 feet, discovering a new glacier and two waterfalls, while last season Harry Birley, a guide, made the ascent of one of the peaks alone. The highest peak is still unconquered.

Mount Aspiring, about thirty miles north-east from Earnslaw as the crow flies, is nearly 10,000 feet high. The summit—a splendid rock-peak—rises abruptly from an immense glacier basin, and is often spoken of as the Matterhorn of the Southern Alps. No one has yet attempted to climb the final peak, and, from what I have seen of it, the best Alpine Clubbist would have all his work cut out to reach the summit.

Mount Aspiring is really the termination of the main range of the Southern Alps. Beyond that point they stretch in one long line to where Mount Cook, or Avrangi, towers majestic, his snowy crown 10,000 odd feet in air. At Mount Cook we are in the midst of the grandest scenes of the Southern Alps. Formerly it was a difficult matter to visit this locality; now two days' coaching from the Fairlie Creek Railway Station lands the traveller at the Hermitage, a comfortable accommodation house at the very foot of Mount Cook. We look out from the dining-room window on to the ice-seamed sides of Mount Sefton, a glorious peak draped in white glaciers, and we can hear the avalanches thundering down. At its foot the Mueller Glacier extends—a sea of ice for eight miles; while up another valley, under the great buttresses of Mount Cook, runs the Hooker Glacier, curving round to Mount Stokes (10,090 feet), and St. David's Dome (10,440 feet) at its head. It receives some fine tributary streams of ice from the western slopes of Mount Cook, notably the Empress, Noeline, and Mona Glaciers. The ice from the Empress Glacier and the upper portion of the Hooker is very much broken up by pressure while rounding a rocky buttress just above the Noeline Glacier, and forms a beautiful ice-fall (Fig. 5). During an expedition to the glaciers of Mount Cook in 1890, I climbed Mount Sealey to a height of upwards of 8,000 feet. From this point I commanded a view of the whole of the

Mueller and Hooker glacier systems. Immediately below, the Metelille Glacier curved gently down for some distance, and then poured its ice in one great mass into the Mueller, which, broken and crevassed, flowed northward in a gentle curve 4,000 feet below my point of vantage. From the source of the Mueller, the eye swept round the peaks and glaciers

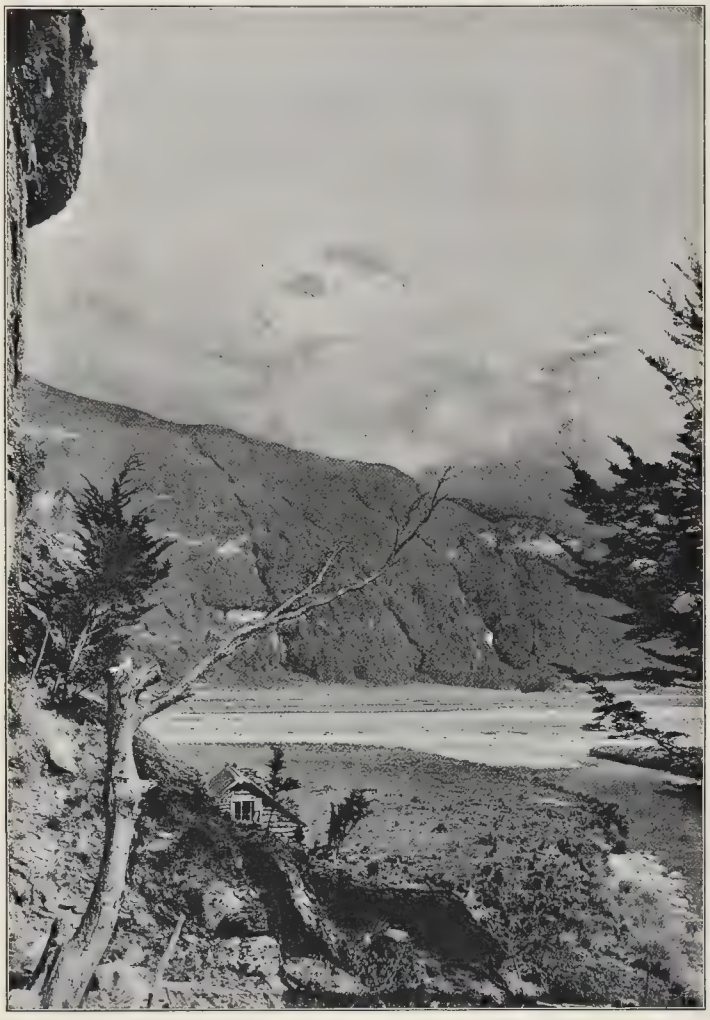


Fig. 2.—View of the Eastern Peak of Mount Earnslaw from the Rees Valley.

of the Moorhouse Range to Mount Sefton, rearing his ice-seamed sides over 10,000 feet in air. Then the fine peak of Mount Stokes, far away at the head of the Hooker Glacier, with the glistening snows of St. David's Dome, came into view; while down from their bases flowed the Hooker Glacier itself, with the tributary glaciers from the long southern *aréte* of Mount Cook in continuous streams into it. Over this great rocky ridge, on the Tasman side (see Figs. 1 and 4), appeared the bold form of Mount Haidinger, with his fine glaciers robed in shadow, save for a little patch of gleaming white on the western slope. Then came the Kron Prinz Rudolf Peak, Mount de la Bêche, with the white cones of the Minaret Peaks high above all the glaciers. Still farther afield was the beautiful Elie de Beaumont, flanking the north-western side of the Tasman valley, and just beyond it the Frau von Leudenfeldt Glacier, the Leudenfeldt Saddle, and the white mass of the Hochstetter Dome terminating the valley. Down from the latter came the great Mer de Glace of the Tasman, plainly visible for eighteen miles, down past Elie de Beaumont, curving round between De la Bêche and Malte Brun with a majestic sweep, then flowing in a straighter line past the Kron Prinz Rudolf Peak, and Mounts Jervis, and Spencer, and Haidinger, and Haast, receiving tribute from glacier after glacier, till it stopped far down the valley, melting slowly, and issuing forth in another form—the Tasman River. Flanking it to the eastward was the Malte Brun range, steep and rocky; and beyond that, in the hollow between it and the Liebig range, lay, in dim shadow, the Murchison Glacier. What a glorious panorama of mountain scenery it was! Dozens of peaks, from 8,000 to 12,000 feet high, and between forty and fifty glaciers were in sight at one time; while, right in the midst of it all rose the dark buttresses of Ciorangi, pile on pile, the final peak, 12,349 feet high, gleaming in the setting sun. Miles and miles away, on the east coast, a grey haze hung over the sea, and midway, in the tussocky plains of the Mackenzie country, lay the beautiful Lake Sekapo, like some huge turquoise, glorious in a golden setting. This was the view from the eastern side, and though it is perhaps the most comprehensive that has ever been obtained in the Southern Alps, it does not exhaust all that is to be seen in the vicinity of Mount Cook. For instance, a journey up the Tasman Glacier will reveal new features of Alpine scenery that well repay one for much toil and trouble. In the

autumn of 1890, having heard so much about the grandeur of the scenery, I determined to go and see for myself, and my wife—though only one woman, Frau von Leudenfeldt, had previously made the journey—resolved to accompany me on this expedition. After a few miles' tramp from the Hermitage, we crossed the Hooker River—a foaming torrent—in a cage which dangles from a wire rope, and which it is no easy matter to pull across. Beyond the river there are five or six miles of fairly good walking, and then comes a fearful scramble for eight miles through patches of scrub, and over the rough rocks of the lateral moraine of the Tasman Glacier. It was impossible to do the up journey in one day, and so we had to sleep out in the open one night, under a stunted Alpine pine, with the thermometer at six degrees below freezing point. Next evening we reached our destination, Green's Fifth Camp, where Annan, a shepherd whom I had engaged, had pitched a tent for us. Green's Fifth Camp is an excellent point whence to make various Alpine expeditions, difficult or easy, as the climber may wish. It was from here that the Rev. W. S. Green, with the well-known guides, Kaufman and Ross, made his celebrated ascent of Mount Cook, on which occasion he got within about 40 or 50 feet of the actual summit. A graphic account of his climb and his more perilous descent will be found in his "High Alps of New Zealand." This was in 1882. Since then various attempts have been made to climb the mountain, but all endeavours to gain the



Fig. 3.—Distant View of Mount Earnslaw from the Head of Lake Wakatepu.

actual summit have, for one reason or another, ended in failure. Mr. Mannering, a Christchurch gentleman, and a cousin of the late Mr. Fox who was lost in the Caucasus, has been most persistent in his efforts, and this season, in company with Mr. Dixon, he reached a point 140 feet from the summit. At the moment of writing this another Christchurch gentleman, Mr. Harper, who has served a useful apprenticeship in the Swiss Alps, is on an expedition in the Mount Cook district, so it will be seen that Alpine climbing is fast gaining a footing in New Zealand. There is certainly a great deal to be done, none of the first-class peaks having yet been topped, while many fine glaciers are as yet even unnamed. As Mr. Green has put it, there is, in the vicinity of Mount Cook alone, work for a whole generation of climbers. Future mountaineers will not have to contend with many of the difficulties which the pioneers have encountered, for the Government are now awakening to the fact that the scenery is one of the best assets which the colony possesses, and are spending thousands of pounds in forming roads and tracks, so that the chief points of interest will be easily accessible to tourists, who are coming in increasing numbers every year from all parts of the world. With the facilities that at present exist for travel, it is a wonder that more of the English Alpine Clubbists do not come out to New Zealand. There is certainly here a splendid field of virgin peaks which the best among them need not deem unworthy of his prowess.

The fauna and flora, too, are both unique and interesting. The dreaded kea, a mountain parrot with a surprisingly

powerful beak, of which, curiously, the upper mandible is jointed, has his home in these fastnesses. He is much dreaded by the runholder because of his *penchant* for the kidney fat of the sheep, to obtain which he settles on the back of the unfortunate animal, and tears away wool and flesh till the desired dainty is reached. The weka—one of the New Zealand wingless birds—is quaintly interesting, if only for the intense curiosity it evinces in the doings of the "featherless biped." In more southern latitudes are found two other species of these wingless birds—the kakapo and the kiwi—now gradually becoming extinct. There are many other birds likewise to be met with, interesting alike to the naturalist and the sportsman.

At Mount Cook the flora is particularly beautiful and interesting. In the sub-Alpine glens, numerous berry-bearing plants abound, while in favourable localities the Alpine vegetation is varied and luxuriant. Many species of the Alpine ranunculus and numerous varieties of the celmesia, or mountain daisy, are met with at every turn. The gentian also flourishes, and among the rocks, at higher altitudes, the edelweiss, differing but slightly from the Swiss variety, grows in profusion.



Fig. 4.—The Tasman Glacier and Mount de la Bêche.

The scenery of the Tasman valley is of surpassing grandeur, and photographs give but a poor idea of it. From the Hochstetter Dome to the termination of the valley there is a sea of ice eighteen miles long, and from one to three miles broad. Into this grand stream flow many other large glaciers, the finest of them all being the Hochstetter, which, descending from the shoulder of Mount Cook, pours its mass of broken ice in one huge cascade into the Tasman Glacier, 4,000 feet below. The ice from the Hochstetter cuts into the Tasman at an acute angle, and, the two glaciers flowing onward and not pressing very closely together for some distance, a deep chasm is formed between them some 500 feet deep. Standing near the foot of the Hochstetter, we look up over this beautifully coloured cascade of broken ice, with its cubes and spires and pinnacles, to where the tent-shaped top of Avrangi towers high above the dark precipices and treacherous ice-slopes. Occasionally the air vibrates with the loud roar of some avalanche. Away to the right, beyond the Hochstetter and the great ice-plateau at its head, are the higher snows of Mount Tasman, with his pretty Silverhorn. About three quarters of a mile farther on the Freshfield Glacier, a Y-shaped stream, comes down at right angles. Then comes the glorious mass of the Haast Glacier in sunshine and shadow, and, beyond this again, the square-topped Mount Haidinger (Fig. 1),

10,020 feet high, robed in white glaciers, stood as the next worthy member of this giant family. Then are seen Glacier Peak and Mount Spencer, Mount Jervois, the Kron Prinz Rudolf Peak, with the great Franz Josef Glacier, above which, farther to the right, gleam the pure white snows of the Minaret Peaks and the glaciers of De la Bêche, much broken and rent with crevasses, such as are seldom seen outside the regions of polar snow. Part of Elie de Beaumont is also visible; but the upper portion of the Tasman is hidden by the splendid buttresses of the Malte Brun range, one peak



Fig. 5.—The Empress Ice Fall.

of which towers up like a Matterhorn. The Rev. Mr. Green said he tried vainly to recall the view in Switzerland on the great Alitsch Glacier in front of the Concordia hut to establish some standard for comparison. Then he tried the Görner Glacier, on the way to Monte Rosa, but the scene up the Tasman so completely asserted its own grandeur that he felt compelled to confess it surpassed anything he had ever beheld.

MALCOLM ROSS.

NOTE.—The illustrations to this article are reproduced from photographs by Messrs. Wheeler and Son of Christchurch, Mr. J. R. Morris of Dunedin, and Mr. F. Muir of Dunedin.

THE PROGRESS OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

No. 5.—DAMASK, NAPERY, AND NEEDLEWORK.

THE oldest of all the manufacturing arts is that of weaving; for interplaiting of rush, and then of fibre, was the natural outcome of that desire for garments which Mother Eve's indiscretion has bequeathed to every branch of her descendants as soon as civilisation touches them at all. From clothes it was only one step farther in progress to arrive at cloths. Table-covers of washable nature were certainly extant before Edgar's reign, for there are MSS. of the ninth century with illuminations showing festive tables, both oval and oblong, covered with voluminous napery. Such liberal proportions were given that the sides might spread well over the laps of the diners, and be requisitioned as towels, for fingers were made before forks. Forks, which have since so controlled our table customs, are only three hundred years old as regards England, though Italy had adopted such requirements (one would not think it to see a macaroni-eater of to-day) centuries before. Among the *personalia* of Edward I. there was a crystal fork, but it was some time subsequent to that, that guests were expected to bring forks in their pockets if they were so particular as

to want such implements. Meanwhile the large table-cloths served as a convenient, if gruesome, napkin in common. Later, a rose-water dish and a napkin were brought round to each guest in turn, and from these have developed our separate finger-bowls and serviettes.

Linen was first made in England in John's reign, but it is scarcely to the little brief authority in which he was dressed as Lord of Ireland, that we can place Erin's present excellence, if not supremacy, in flaxen manufactures for table use. Such linens are currently spoken of as damasks, but not so very long ago their generic name was "diaper," a corruption of d'Ypres, from the Flemish town of Ypres, which was renowned at the latter end of the twelfth century for its linen outputs. Dinant and Paris followed Ypres, and in course of time Britain followed France and Belgium; nor did she lose ground in the race for wealth and for reputation in textiles of lint. Up to quite recently, "damask" has been distinctive name enough for such (despite purists' objection that the word is not applicable to any geometric design), though old-world folk have dubbed it "satin-damask," owing to its sheen. Now, however, there is a real satin damask, inasmuch as the warp is of fine linen and the weft is of silk. It is, of course, more sumptuous-looking than is whole linen, but it is not so suitable to its purpose, and its beauty is somewhat skin-deep, as it is wanting in the rich body that sound, fine, double damask has, and which emphasises the purity of the colour.

It is curious how few housekeepers bestow personal attention on table linen, although every care and much lucre will be devoted to flowers, service, and ornaments. They will even depute a servant to buy the napery. Consequently a fussy naturalistic pattern, that cannot be classed as design at all, often mars a table whose other appointments are elegant; and perhaps the cloth's tone is impure in addition. This last evil is one to which all wash-tub visitants are subject, for none but the sward-bleaching Scotch laundresses understand how to retain the snowy whiteness of newly bought napery. But a hostess who cares that every detail shall reveal her refined taste, will not only be fastidious in the choice of table-linen designs, but she will see that there is an undercloth of swan-skin. The opacity of this prevents any shade from the wood coming through, and so sullying the dead whiteness which is not only an essential

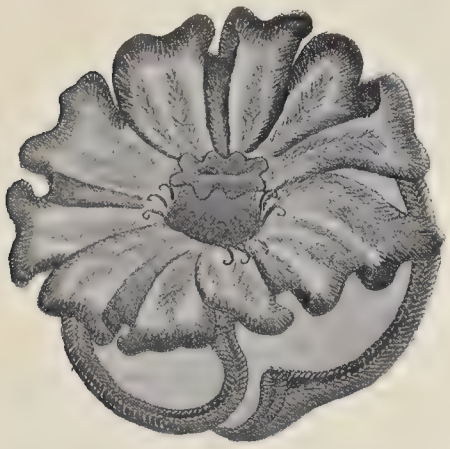


No. 1.—Table Centre (Poppy Flower and Buds). Royal School of Art Needlework.

to the material, but also throws up the colours and brilliancy of flowers, glass, and silver. She will also see that the cloth is not laid inside out, for double damask, by the very nature of its weaving, has the pattern faintly in relief on the right side, thus imparting a handsome surface. It is very common indeed for cloths to be wrongly laid, and some people cannot discover the difference.

Splash work, wool crewels, ink drawings, or decalcomanie on jean, were the d'oyleys once in use, and contemporary with them were pots of imitation begonias and crotons. That was the time when table-cloths had monstrous bouquet-pattern centres, and all the bordering, which was of huge flower vases or cinerary-looking urns panelled off by a baluster, hung below the table edge. So thoroughly was the mission of design for flat surfaces misunderstood, that instead of arrangements and shading which suggest the decoration being all on the same plane, there was attempt to render perspective and actual roundness. A cloth that Messrs. Hunt and Sons, of Dunfermline, made for the Queen in the forties, was thought very lovely as well as wonderful. Would the makers themselves think so now? There was a picture of Balmoral Castle in the middle, oak sprigs and V. R. powdering the space between that and the border with its fine frenzy of deer, dogs, and thistles. Damask was piratically introduced into Dunfermline from Drumsheugh by a man named Blake, who, simulating imbecility, had been allowed to play in a room where the intricate weaving, hailing originally from Damascus, and since simplified by the Jacquard loom, was done secretly. The knowledge thus fraudulently acquired he took to his own town of Dunfermline, which may be called the capital of linen damask, for Ireland's industry is scattered between Belfast, Larne, Lisburne, Banbridge, etc. Even thirty years ago, when steam-power had only been at work for one decade, Dunfermline's trade was estimated to be equal to that of the whole of Europe. Messrs. Erskine & Beveridge's business was founded just half a century ago, and ten years later steam began to tell against them. Since then hand looms have steadily decreased, and the above firm have now some 1,100 looms with accommodation for more. Men can earn more at the factory than at home, hence cottage looms are almost exterminated near large towns, though Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver depend on North of Ireland peasant-weavers for all their finest table-linens and cambrics.

The very virtues of Jacquard's invention led to vices, for it



No. 2.—D'Oyley. Royal School of Art Needlework.

operated quickly in regarding design as a mere reason for elaborate execution, and we have only lately awakened to the evils of this. Steam-power was first worked with success in Belfast about forty years ago by Messrs. Corry, Blarn & Co., and, as in all mechanically produced goods, the gain has been to the coffers of commerce rather than that of solid advance. But the time has not yet come when machines can invent patterns, and the human agency thus brought to bear is, or should be, so paramount that the machine-wrought substance is a secondary, if not still more subordinate consideration.

How far invention or truth may go in damaskeening is not easy to define, beyond the broad line that as a table is a flat field to support objects, the cloth's pattern ought not to represent depth beyond depth, or lifelike things in the round. Flowers should be wholly or semi-conventionalised; and the same holds good with animals, in dealing with which Dr. Dresser's designs for Messrs. Wilson and Sons have sometimes been specially able. One of his designs is of owls, small birds, and butterflies, with the border's panelling formed of bamboo canes and foliage. He usually displays a feeling for Japanese character, than which there can be none more appropriate. No. 9 shows the middle and narrow border of such a cloth, in which varied diapers prettily break, yet connect, the discs with bamboo, storks, and peony flowers. Severe convention is illustrated in the well-covering pattern

designed for Messrs. Erskine, Beveridge & Co. (No. 5), the whorls of which, amid light leafage, are not restless, although full, as is the case with many modern patterns, particularly with those that are powderings of sprigs, butterflies, and blossoms of different sizes. This, and the other all-over designs illustrated, are very different to the mean little sprays, straggling trails, and stripes which constituted the all-over patterns enjoyed by the middle classes at the time when the upper classes relished heavy centre-pieces. Messrs. Walpole Brothers have designs made that will admit of crests or coat-of-arms being introduced in such a way as to merge into the surrounding parts, instead of being framed in ponderous scrolls, and crushed in without regard to the cloth in its entirety. Nearly all Mr. Lewis Day's arrangements are thus adaptable to insertion of armorial bearings or monograms, for to produce an absolutely new cloth costs some £80 or more. It is expensive to plan even a monogram in proper style, and the cutting of cards for its weaving is costly. Mr. Wilson—of Messrs. Wilson and Sons—is himself a practical and artistic designer, so he is the more capable of appreciating Mr. Day's and Dr. Dresser's work. A serviette with meandering cobœa filling and gloxinia corners (No. 4), is one of Mr. Lewis Day's inventions for this firm, and the graceful Renaissance wreath (No. 3) is another; the centre of the latter is a combination of the two characters which appear in the table-cloth that matches this napkin, and in the cloth's filling charming little Adams festoon patterns are more prominent. Moderate purses are also



No. 3.—Serviette (Renaissance Wreath). Designed by Lewis F. Day for Messrs. Wilson and Sons, London.

cared for by three of Mr. Day's all-over fruit designs—pome-

granate, large filbert, and bearing olive-branch, with bordering to all of them of bold fig and fig-leaf. These have every

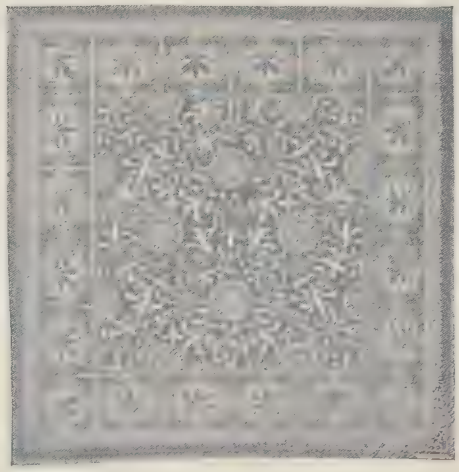


No. 4.—Serviette (Cobœa Scandens and Gloxinia). Designed by Lewis F. Day for Messrs. Wilson and Sons, London.

feature that a cloth in general use should have, as there is none of that fussiness which decorators know as a "busy" pattern, and there is just that obedience to natural characteristics which a thorough designer—one who goes to nature for his observations, and applies them with discrimination as to purpose, material, and proportion—understands.

What is commercially known as the "best trade," evinces just now a preference for Renaissance styles, but a thoughtful woman will consider her table plenishing before she buys her cloth. As in everything else, there should be relation of the part to the whole. It is of no use, and only produces a muddled effect, to choose a delicate trailing pattern, or a bold one, both of which need to be seen in large spaces, if the table is to have fern fronds and flowers lying between a number of vases and dessert-holders. Nor, if ribbon some five inches wide is laid flat just beyond the plate and glasses line, with upright bows at the corners and midway in which flowers are placed, should those cloths be chosen which have corner-pieces within the hollow square made by the border. Instead of these a surface that will not be broken up, such as the late Miss Wilson's judicious arrangement of a Persian pattern, or plain stripes, moiré, etc., is better. There is danger that the profusion of embellishments now indulged in, with the object of subduing the glare of white cloth, will discourage fine designing. Stripes, watering, and other simple things, are rapidly ousting designs proper, according to the experience of many authoritative firms. Mr. McClelland finds that such taste even rules with those who do not dress their table elaborately, but who break its baldness by a runner of grey linen worked with pale colours, and panelled off by Torchon lace; or by square centres set on cornerwise, such as linen worked with bird designs in silk, or the afternoon tea-cloths that are white damask of silk warp and fine linen weft, in splendid patterns. Messrs. Walpole Brothers partly anticipate that highly decorated tables will temporarily at least affect skilful design, and certainly diagonal striped filling of good proportion, and a Celtic bordering (No. 8), with perhaps Celtic character applied to crest or monogram woven in the corner, is very advantageous where glass or plate placed thereon is much chased or engraved. The first revolt against the style of pattern which completely occupied the cloths pendent sides and ends, was led, we believe, by Messrs. Walpole Brothers. To them also is credit due for throwing the border higher up, so that it frames the table where the covers are set, and in fact has two borders. As a specimen of weaving damask, we may mention one of their cloths, though its principles are not what have been set out in an earlier portion of this paper. Water-lilies as if upon the surface of a lake are the filling; the border is the pond's margin, with reeds and aquatic birds, kingfishers, etc.; the hanging part is the lake's depth, with shimmer of water, in which fish are depicted as swimming. It is not intended to imply that involved pattern is necessarily objectionable, for this is certainly not the case with one of ferns made by Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, of which the Queen has signified her approval. It contains no less than forty-four distinct varieties of British and Irish ferns, but the lightness and generally flat formation of fronds lend themselves well to patterning on one plane, and to those who comprehend the intricacy of cards, wires, shafts, and needles of looms, it is a very interesting specimen of the weaver's art. Shamrock powdering with rose and fern border is not florid; neither is the palm and passion-flower (No. 7); and Moorish designs, arabesques, fleur-de-lis, conventional vine-leaves, etc., are treated with knowledge by the designers for this enormous Belfast house.

Serviettes are invariably of the same pattern as the cloth, but with only one border, and the middle is often an amalgamation of the other border and of the filling. Such marriage is necessitated by the article's reduced size, for whereas it used to measure 31 in. by 36 in., it is now reduced to 21 in. by



No. 5.—Serviette (Conventional Flowers). Messrs. Erskine, Beveridge & Co.

31 in. Sideboard slips should also match the dinner napery if they are to be of damask, but the old Danish sideboards in tiers,

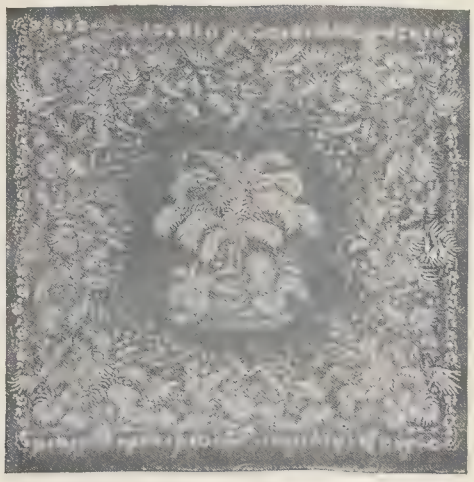
or other shelved buffets, often have ornamentally-worked cloths. Crewel embroidered sideboard slips have disappeared, and those with veined hems, or the drawn threadwork (*point tiré*), which had its origin in Persia and Greece, but is best done in Germany, are its substitutes now. Sometimes these slips and the serviettes are of most dainty laciness and of unpatterned linen, and occasionally similar *point tiré* table slips replace table-cloths. Irish women are not originators, though good copyists; so all the best open-worked napery, silk or cambric d'oyleys of cobweb texture, etc., are done in Germany for the Irish manufacturers. This would seem as if something were rotten in the state of British needlecraft. One old Irish dame is an artist with her needle, and makes round d'oyleys of fairy-like lace, infinite in stitch and original in design, but by no argument can Messrs. Walpole induce her to give lessons to others, so that with her an



No. 6.—Part of a Silk Table Centre (Pansy Pattern). Royal School of Art Needlework.

art will be lost. A set of d'oyleys by this obdurate lady is valuable, for she can only produce about three a month, so minute is the execution.

Such stress was laid in a former paper (p. 141) on uniformity of colour in decoration, that it should not be necessary now to say that if d'oyleys are not pure white, they must agree with the table centre. Nothing can excel the soft colourings and beauty of pattern in the fine silk Turkish *point tiré* embroidered d'oyleys which Mr. Liberty's co-operation with the Turkish Compassionate Fund has put within the reach of every one. These harmonize with the richest centres, or the most impecunious can match the tone of the cheaper sets, in crêpe printed with gold Chinese lettering, which is a better centre than billowy gauze or thin silks, though no very poor material, unless enriched by hand work, is worthy of such a use. The sight is naturally attracted to the centre, and should be given



No. 7.—Serviette (Palm and Passion Flower). Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver.

something to rest on that is rich in substance and colour, or graceful in design and delicate in stitchery.

Fashion has decided that oblong centres shall replace squares. They may be only moderately long narrow mats, or between five feet and six feet, and two feet wide, according to the table's dimensions. These, and squares to which some people cling, are often made of remnants of old English and



No. 8.—Serviette (Celtic Border). Messrs. Walpole Brothers.

Lyons brocades, Portuguese and Oriental embroideries, etc., searched for with genuine love in the quest at Chesham

House, Messrs. Howell and James', and in other less notable quarters. Such centres have a full edging of doubled Athene satin, or Liberty satins, which are not so papery and cold in their *reflets* as are French satins.

Genuine kincobs light up well, and are requisitioned as centres; also net worked in Madras with beetle wings and lined with a colour; old Chinese velvet brocade on satin grounds, or enriched with gold; Turkish and Moorish silk gauze bordered with flowers in pale pomegranate tones, and lined with silk of the brightest colour in the embroidery; brocaded silk grounds, having Japanese satin-stitch embroidery in richer colours, and an edging or framing, as it were, of dark silk, applied panelwise to carry out the Japanese effect.



No. 9.—Table-cloth (Stork and Peony). Designed by Dr. Dresser for Messrs. Wilson and Sons, London.

It will be seen from this that centres are not all of solid opaque silken goods as in the days of plush. Indeed Indian, Chinese, and Japanese silks are oftenest the basis. Mr. Liberty sends a good deal of Tussore, soft Indian silk, and even coarse Syrian cotton, to be embroidered at a town of Roumania. One very pretty example on natural Tussore, worked in Damascus, is a copy of a Florentine design; so modern centres are decidedly cosmopolitan. A centre is not an object for very close inspection, therefore its pattern should be definite, a theory which is well grasped by the Royal School of Art Needlework. Of course this school has made design a great point and has had the patronage needed to stimulate its efforts. Many of the centres worked there are in delicate hues on cream linen, but No. 1 is an example of bold poppies done in massive outline in shades of crimson wool on cream twill, with stamens and calyx of grey green silks. The flowers and stems are so placed, that when cut out, the edge shall be irregular; this is considered a novelty. The same plan is followed in No. 6, which is a particularly beautiful example of couched Italian stitches in delicate ivory tones shading into faint colour at the flowers' eyes, done on a ground of soft but not dead green *armure royale*. This silk is the best for embroidery purposes, as it is supple without being loose, and has no suggestion of jute adulteration such as corded silks possess. The reproduction cannot show, as the work does, how well French knots on the edge of the pansies' faces, and button-holing on those whose backs are upwards, imply slight concave and convex curvature. Magnified flowers, arranged so that the work may be cut out round the edge from the foundation, make d'oyleys that look very well and correspond to the design of the table centre (an illustration is given in No. 2), but the ground is of finest linen instead of silk.

When linen table-slips are used instead of table-cloths, it is not customary to put any silk or embroidered piece in the middle of the board, or, at most, a rich small square is set cornerwise for the lamp or chief ornament to stand upon. Such slips look best when of the fine hand-spun and hand-made Langdale linen, with delicate *point tiré* borders done in white flax thread; but sometimes these are removed for dessert, and handsome silk ones replace them. A set made to accompany Messrs. Phillips's Worcester service having hand-paintings of orchids, was of thick ivory ribbed silk with mauve shaded orchids worked as a border along the edge that lay on the table, and the hanging edge was a tasselled fringe of all the shades. That rich silks are suitable cloths for feasts, whether of flesh, fish, fowl, or fruits, we do not admit, but if they *are* chosen the material should be worthy of the laborious work put upon it, so *armure royale*, or the corded silks with least "dress" in them that are procurable, should be the foundation. Miss May Morris has done much by precept and practice to direct public taste in the matter of decorative embroidery, and her principle that fine silks should be worked on pure thick silk grounds, is one to bear in mind when preparing or ordering table-slips or table-centres of handwork. Some of the latter are done on *matelassé* or small damask grounds, and enriched with gold thread, but to our thinking this gives a teasing effect, and savours of painting the lily.

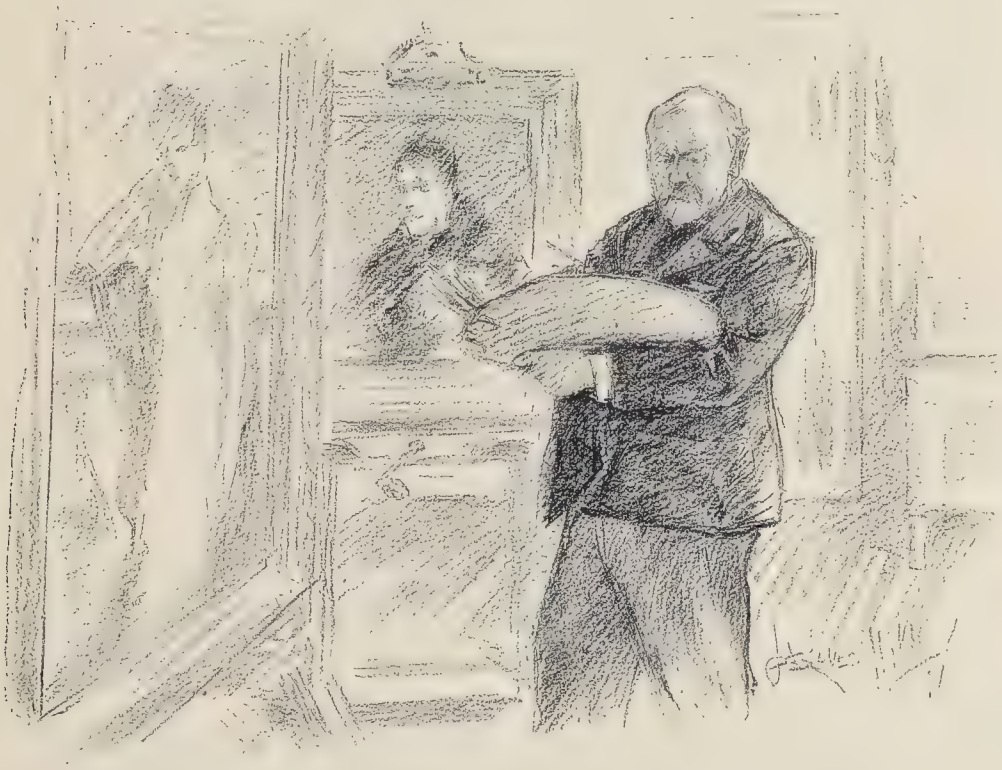
ROSA CRANDON GILL.

THE SUMMER EXHIBITIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

II.—THE ACADEMY AND THE NEW GALLERY.

"La mission de l'art n'est pas de copier la nature, mais de l'exprimer."
BALZAC.

THIS is an admirable maxim that the Royal Academy of Arts has this year chosen to place on the fly-leaf of its catalogue, and the solemnity with which it is brought forward may afford not only instruction but amusement. Such a dictum given forth by the august Forty as an instruction to outsiders in Art, and an admonition to the general public, irresistibly recalls Hamlet's advice to the players, as delivered with all possible unction and naïveté by Mr. Henry Irving. The Forty have not, if the truth must be told, shown much mercy on the present occasion to those who have attempted to "exprimer la nature" from their own standpoint, and in a fashion not coinciding exactly with the views of a hanging

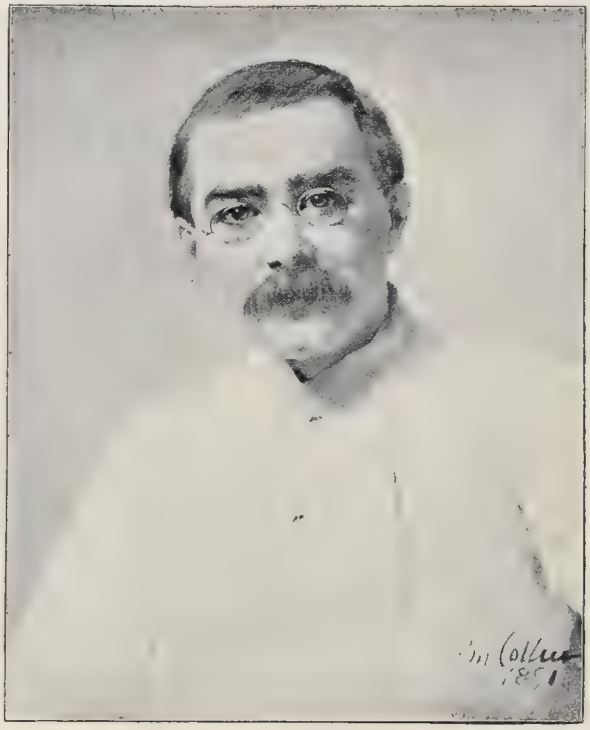


Mr. J. Pettie, R.A., in his Studio.

committee, in which Scottish and Teutonic elements appear to have predominated. For this is, at Burlington House at least, a year of ruthless and deliberate skying, which must be held to reveal either extraordinary ineptitude, or a deliberate intention to visit with what is practically banishment, those who have profited by the recent developments of modern French Art, and of the foreign schools generally. *E pur si muove*, Messieurs of the Hanging Committee and the Academy! Art must move on, even if such onward motion should not constitute a real progress. It must follow a development in sympathy with the views, the wants, the feelings of the time, and it will not truly and permanently influence, unless it be itself influenced by the world, which it is its mission to express. The Art which

does not move on must inevitably become fossilized, devoid of true vitality and interest, even though it should faithfully reproduce, nay, surpass in technical skill, that Art which it continues, and upon which it is based. We may passionately admire the Florentines of the fifteenth century, the age of Raphael, the age of Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyck and Velasquez; we may be charmed by the graces and refinements of the eighteenth century, both in France and in England; we may even pin our faith to what is best in the Art of the last decades; but we must nevertheless work out our salvation in our own way, and let what we paint render the essence of what we are. We may assimilate and adapt to our own uses all that is finest in the work or thought of our predecessors, but we must not merely imitate their achievements or perpetuate their traditions, under pain of being swept away and submerged by that which, even if inferior in aim and accomplishment, yet emanates more naturally from the *milieu* in which it is created.

Even the New Gallery, that supposed haven of the genial *méconnus* whom the Academy drives wounded into its arms, shows this year a certain conservatism, and a certain shrinking from those who most resolutely and uncompromisingly present the problems of modern Art and modern life, which causes us a little to regret the defunct Grosvenor Gallery.



Mr. Rudyard Kipling. From the Picture by the Hon. John Collier. (*New Gallery.*)

There, after certain displays of extraordinary mediocrity which followed upon the retreat of Messrs. Carr and Hallé, the last exhibition gave signs of a real effort to keep in touch with the curious transitional phases of pictorial expression which most truly represent the problems, both artistic and social, of the moment.

Monumental and Decorative Art.

Here our attention is in the first place claimed by the two important works of Mr. Burne-Jones—the 'Star of Bethlehem' (New Gallery), as he has preferred to call his 'Adoration of the Magi,' and the 'Sponsa de Libano' (New Gallery)—both of them on a vaster scale than anything the master has yet attempted, and painted in a curious water-colour, or rather body-colour medium, which aims at reproducing the fresh bright tints, though it cannot give the swiftness and decision of true fresco. No sacred theme has been more popular with the schools of the fifteenth and the earlier half of the sixteenth centuries, whether Italian, Flemish, or German, than the pilgrimage of the Wise Men to adore the Divine Infant in the arms of Mary; for in interpreting it the masters of Florence, of Bruges, of Cologne, were able to display in all its fervour and all its naïveté the piety of the newly-awakened Kings of the East while revelling in the splendours of their fantastic costumes, and of the rich gifts which they bore. Mr. Burne-

Jones, wisely declining the for him impossible task of approaching his subject as one of sacred art proper, has sought to create it anew by interpenetrating it with his own peculiar vein of mysticism. But even his most ardent worshippers—those who love to lose themselves in what they choose to fancy are the shadowy enigmas of his painted poems, and to imagine therein depths where the uninitiated can only see a very flat surface—will hardly maintain that the 'Adoration' is a complete success, even should it be agreed to exempt it from the ordinary canons of criticism, and to judge it only from the master's own standpoint. We may choose to think it unimportant that the background of the green summer landscape, in which the scene passes, should obtrude itself into the very foreground of the picture, that the right eye of the Virgin should be drawn in inexplicable fashion, that the head of the Divine Infant should be of abnormal size, and not very visibly attached to its body. What we must really deplore is the failure to grasp the concentrated power and beauty, the intense dramatic unity of the subject, whether it be approached from the mystical or the purely religious standpoint. The central group of the Virgin and Child is almost mean in its forlornness and want of true inspiration, while the Magi, who come to present their offerings clad in raiment splendid with embroideries of mysterious import, are moved by a languid curiosity rather than drawn on by



Return of Persephone. From the Picture by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A. (Royal Academy.)
By permission of the Fine Art Society.

the magnetic attraction of a new and all-conquering influence. The St. Joseph is an austere and noble conception, while in the beautiful figure of the angel who, holding a globe of fire, hangs suspended straight and motionless in the air—an unseen spectator of the scene—the pre-Raphaelite master exercises all his old fascination. This strange, radiant figure, resembling a statue from Chartres or Rheims, into which the glow of life should have been infused, is the one part of the 'Adoration' which is in truth worthy of Mr. Burne-Jones at his best. Very interesting is the large decoration 'Sponsa de Libano,' with its quiet yet highly decorative combination of few and relatively sober hues, and its arrangement of lines, which somehow or other preserves a charm of *ensemble*, notwithstanding the incomprehensible stiffness of two of the principal figures. The Spouse wanders pensive in a garden of lilies, by the side of a shallow pellucid stream, while above, in the air hover—if we may style their attitude hovering—the North and South Winds, depicted as two fair youths, with violently flying draperies but perfectly rigid limbs, who vivify with their sweet breath the fair pleasaunce beneath. There is here a very evident reminiscence of Botticelli's famous 'Birth of Venus,' at the Uffizi; the embodiments of the winds just described being very similar to the Zephyrs who waft Aphrodite to Cythera, but much stiffer even than the Florentine originals, while the figure of the nude goddess of love is not at all dissimilar from the draped form of the Spouse.

In his 'Perseus and Andromeda' (Royal Academy), Sir Frederick Leighton has evidently been haunted by the idea that his new version of a dangerously familiar subject must not in any particular resemble any 'Perseus and Andromeda' which had preceded it; for he has not a little twisted and distorted the elements of his picture in his effort to attain originality. Right over his nude figure of the forlorn princess, overshadowing her with his huge wings and body, hangs, or rather clings, a huge golden-hued dragon belching forth smoke and flame, but already half-slain by the golden arrow of Perseus, who sails high in the clouds, mounted on the winged Pegasus. It is somewhat strange that the erudite President



Perseus and Andromeda. From the Picture by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A. (Royal Academy.)

should have here given to the Argive hero the winged steed and the arrows which belong properly only to Bellerophon, conqueror of the Chimæra, whereas it was with the aid of the helmet and the winged sandals, which he afterwards presented to Hermes, that he slew the Gorgon, and delivered the lovely daughter of Cepheus. It would be a mistake to cite Ingres as having taken a similar liberty, since his picture in the Louvre depicts the deliverance of Angelica by Roger—that is Ariosto's modern rendering with variations of the old myth. Sir Frederick Leighton's second contribution to the Royal Academy, 'The Return of Persephone,' shows Demeter receiving with outstretched arms of welcome from the guardian Hermes a bloodless and almost fainting Persephone. Here the wax-like forms and the endless folds of the wind-blown classic draperies are rendered with the artist's usual elaboration and finish, the form and gesture of Demeter lacking, however, largeness of style, and failing to express the overmastering strength of maternal passion which the situation demands.

Avowedly decorative in aim is Mr. W. B. Richmond's ambitious classic fantasy, 'Amor omnia vincit' (New Gallery), in which he represents in a classic hall or portico, through which appears the prospect of a Grecian sea, studded with islands, Aphrodite standing in naked beauty as she receives from her handmaidens a splendid saffron-hued vesture. The brilliant, cunningly-assorted hues of the canvas show that Mr. Richmond has made a notable advance as a a colourist; but, again, his work conspicuously lacks the quality of style in the elaborate draperies, and, indeed, in the whole design, in which we miss that cunning harmony of parts, that rhythmical elegance of movement, without which such a performance has no real *raison d'être*.

There is no Albert Moore on the present occasion, that master of novel and subtle arrangements of colour and line having, almost for the first time for a number of years, retired into his cave, disgusted, perhaps, by the persistent indifference with which his undoubted claims, as an artist of singular originality within certain rather narrow limits, have been ignored by the Academy. Here, however (Royal Academy), is a large decoration, 'Summer,' by Mr. W. Reynolds Stephens, which calls up faint recollections of the absent painter, although it is greatly wanting in his peculiar qualities of subtlety and charm. Hardly more than a decoration is Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's daintily-tinted but otherwise uninteresting 'Judgment of Paris' (Royal Academy), while Mr. W. H. Margetson in his huge 'Pygmaljon' fails to exhibit any novelty of treatment such as would justify the choice of a subject harped upon *ad nauseam* by both painter and poet.

A bold flight is that attempted by Mr. Frank Dicksee in his 'Mountain of the Winds,' in which, substituting for pictorial purposes the mountain for the classical cave, he depicts, half wrapped in mist, the four Winds preparing to take breath for their courses on the earth. The West, appropriately a fair youth, pours rose leaves into the lap of the South, whom the painter has chosen to represent as a youthful female figure, while the North is almost wholly enveloped in cloud, and the East appears as a naked male figure of cruel and venomous aspect, drawing forth a steel blade of murderous keenness. Here, at any rate, is a display of the fine draughtsmanship peculiar to this artist, and it is placed at the service of a conception which, if not highly spontaneous, shows at least a measure of genuine imaginativeness. Mr. Dicksee is, unfortunately, not a born colourist, and although he knows perfectly well what should be done to lend to his work a decorative aspect, he is unable completely to achieve the brilliancy at which he aims. It will be convenient to discuss here the only two works of importance—other than that of Mr. Burne-Jones already discussed—which come within the category of sacred art, or to speak more accurately, deal with sacred themes. Mr. Arthur Hacker has evidently been disquieted by the modern Munich school of naturalistic sacred art invented and led by Herr Fritz von Uhde. He has not, however, in his 'Christ and the Magdalen' (Royal Academy) adopted the kind of *modernité* in vogue in the Bavarian capital, but has rather sought to strike out a new path of

his own midway between idealism and realism. This group, showing the Magdalen prostrate at the feet of the Saviour, into whose face she gazes with an expression rather of ardent love than of devout adoration, is certainly one of the best composed things of the year. The painter has, however, made a capital mistake, into which Herr von Uhde and his school never fall—that of showing Christ himself as a mortal among mortals, mean in physique, weak and suffering in body, and himself pitiable as he is pitying. The true ring of sincerity does not, indeed, make its presence felt in this clever piece, which remains therefore without sufficient excuse, if we adopt the highest standpoint in estimating its worth. Its sober grey tonality is not so much sad as weak, and too much wanting both in accent and relief. The 'Hail Mary!' of Mrs. Marianne Stokes (Royal Academy), is another clever attempt to renew by means of freshness of treatment a well-worn subject. Here in an upright oblong canvas is depicted Mary Virgin musing with eyes bent to earth, while behind her, whispering in her ears the words of the Annunciation, appears the archangel Gabriel, halo-crowned and bearing the wand of lilies. The quaint little mediæval Virgin is evidently a type derived from Zeitblom, or some cognate painter of the school of Ulm or Augsburg. Here again there is undoubted thoughtfulness and ingenuity of conception,



Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A.

yet hardly that thrill of human if not of sacred passion without which such a work has to-day no true place in Art.

Imaginative Art.

On the borderland between this and the foregoing category are a group of works to which we are now about to refer. It is evident that in his 'Ulysses and the Sirens' (Royal Academy), Mr. J. W. Waterhouse has put forth all his powers as an executant, and that it has been to him a labour of love. In a narrow rock-bound cleft of the sapphire-blue Mediterranean is depicted the ship of Odysseus, painted with strange archaic devices; the central figure is that of the Wanderer himself, bound with strong bonds to the mast, while his companions, with ears carefully guarded against the fatal sweetness of the Siren song, are busily plying their oars. Close round the vessel, and even on its very edge, have gathered the Sirens, revealing the heads and the unbound tresses of beautiful women, with the bodies of strong birds of prey. This new realisation of the Odyssean legend is a quaint and curious one, wrought out with an abundance of exquisite detail, especially in the heads of the Sirens, to whom Mr. Waterhouse has, however, too uniformly given the beautiful type of English womanhood. Yet with all this the impression asserts itself that the backbone of the subject is lacking. The temp-

tation, the involuntary effort of Odysseus to follow the ravishing sounds is hardly suggested, while his companions remain stolid and little moved; the clashing elements of struggle, mental and physical, which constitute the drama are therefore absent. And then these strange birds with human heads are rather Harpies than Sirens, and we feel too much that if the piercing sweetness of their song should not prevail, they may too easily rend with those cruel eagle-claws



Mr. Solomon J. Solomon painting the 'Judgment of Paris.'

of theirs the coveted victims. Infinitely more beautiful is the Homeric version, in which the sea-nymphs accursed of the gods recline on the shore of their fatal island, and thither seek to lure with their heart-searching music the unwary mariner. The same painter's 'Circe' (New Gallery) is at least as remarkable as the performance just discussed, in virtue of the beauty and certainty of the execution, and the happy fashion in which the accessories are devised; while here again exception might be taken to the handling of the subject. The 'Flora' (Royal Academy) is a little study of rare charm,

which some reconsideration of the accessory detail would render quite perfect.

The Assyrian bas-reliefs at the British Museum, showing mighty warrior-kings hunting the lion and the tiger in the desert, have evidently furnished Mr. Briton Riviere with the central subject of his curious triptych, 'A Mighty Hunter before the Lord' (Royal Academy). Here the Assyrian monarch, swiftly driven in his chariot across the sandy wind-swept desert, has wounded to death a lioness, and now meets with his spear the king of beasts himself, as in terrific fury he attacks the royal car from behind. The wings of the three-fold canvas show on either side the dead beasts mourned over in the night by their bereaved males.

It is always with a certain reticence, with a certain regret, that we approach the discussion of any quite recent painting by Mr. Watts. 'The Nixie's Foundling' (New Gallery) belongs, alas! to the category of productions of which it is better to say, "Non ragioniam di lor ma guarda e passa." On the other hand, 'The Deluge—the Forty-first Day' (New Gallery), which has all the appearance of being a much earlier work, though it has not previously been seen in public, is a Watts, showing all the master's old sublimity of conception, and executed, too, in a manner fairly worthy of the great subject. We behold nothing but the retreating waters and the cloud-laden heavens, through which pierces with an all-conquering radiance the central sun of the Deity, sending forth beams which disperse the elements on every side. Here is an invention such as only the modern Blake could have

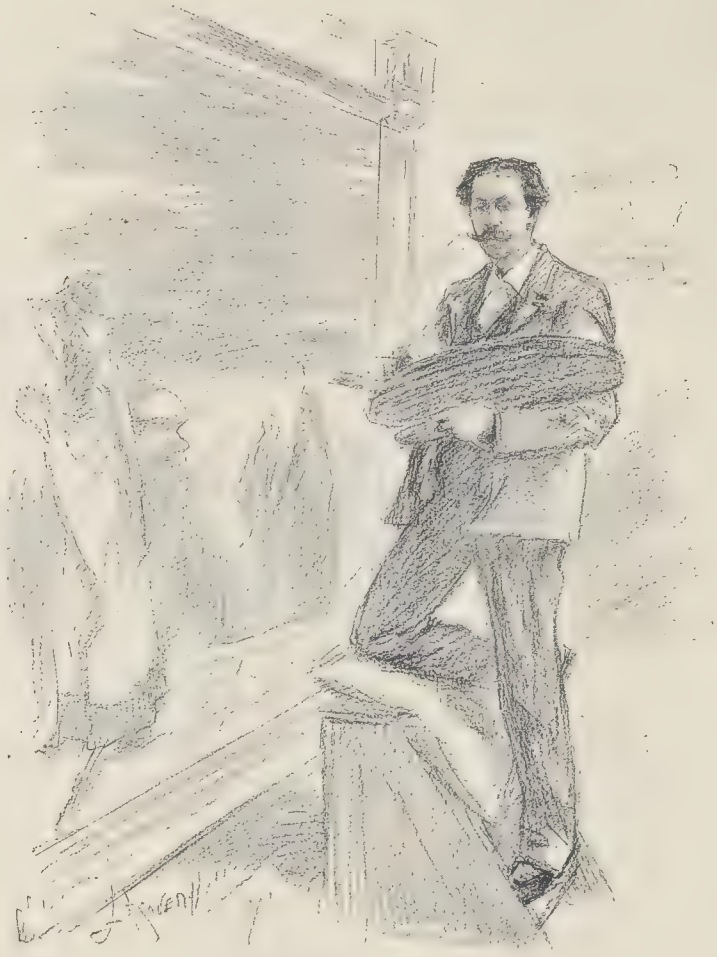


Mr. G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.

given birth to, which in our opinion may take its place beside that famous 'Olive Branch' which is one of the distinctive creations of the master. It may fairly be questioned whether the quality of true imagination informs Mrs. A. L. Swynnerton's curious 'Cupid and Psyche,' (New Gallery). The artist, in love with the unidealised truth, has not departed far from her vigorous and over-British young models; but it cannot be gainsaid that she has to an extraordinary degree preserved the quality of life, and that her flesh-painting has a certain quivering reality not to be found in many renderings of the nude by contemporary English artists. A reproduction of this picture will be given in our next number. It does not appear necessary to describe in detail Mr. J. M. Strudwick's 'Elaine,' at the aspect of which all who are acquainted with his frigid yet prettily wrought pre-Raphaelitisms can easily guess.

Mr. Philip Burne-Jones's huge 'Earth-rise from the Moon' deserves an especial mention, if only in virtue of the sensational quality of his curious conception. There is undoubtedly *primâ facie* a certain element of the grandiose and the awe-striking in this presentment of a scene of absolute airless solitude and desolation, illuminated by the lurid, threatening globe of earth which rises over crests of mountain peaks; but unfortunately, after the first sensation of novelty and surprise has worn off, one cannot but become aware that the painter has frittered away his opportunity by a triviality of

treatment which entirely fails to reach the height of his argument. Placed, as he places us, on the very summit of the mountains of the moon, we become aware only of one cramped corner of space, instead of being oppressed, as we should be, with a sense of the shadowy and the limitless. And then these silent craters of extinct volcanoes, which should suggest



Mr. Herbert Schmalz.

terrific abysses, are they not rather in form and dimensions sand-heaps patted by the spades of children? A sense of the ludicrous is introduced, too, by the strange disproportion between the skeleton of the extinct lunarian lying in the foreground and one of these same terrific craters, placed at what the artist makes to seem an inconsiderable distance in the rear.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

(To be continued.)



Sleeping Figure. From a Crayon Sketch by Edward Calvert.

SLEEPING FIGURE.

STUDY FOR A CLASSICAL COMPOSITION.

WE give on this page a reproduction of a small crayon sketch by Edward Calvert from the collection in the White Room at the British Museum, to which we referred in our April Number. It is a study for a classical composition of 'Lotis and the Satyrs,' which is one of a group of six sheets, No. 458 on the folding screens in the centre of the room. Edward Calvert was born in 1799 and died 1883. In his early life he executed some original engravings, breathing much of the religious and pastoral sentiment that distinguished the works of William Blake, with whom he was intimately associated. In Calvert's more matured life he devoted himself to classical subjects. Several of these are to be seen in this collection, exhibiting great simplicity of treatment and a perception of the Greek ideal of primitive life.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

THE purchases this year by the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest have been 'St. Elizabeth of Hungary's Great Act of Renunciation,' by Mr. P. H. Calderon, R.A., for the sum of £1,200, and 'Pandora,' a statue by Mr. Harry Bates.

Professor Herkomer, R.A., has accepted from the Government of Victoria an invitation to assume the duty of purchasing works of Art for the National Gallery now being founded at Melbourne. In this connection four pictures have already been purchased by Mr. Herkomer, including 'Ulysses and the Sirens,' by Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A.; 'The Crisis,' by Mr. F. Dicksee, A.R.A.; and a cattle-piece by Mr. R. Meyerheim.

Among other purchases from the Royal Academy we may mention Sir Frederick Leighton's marble group of the 'Athlete Struggling with a Python,' by Professor Jacobson, of Copenhagen, for presentation to the Danish National Gallery. The same painter's 'The Return of Persephone' has been acquired by Sir J. Kitson for the Leeds Municipal Gallery. Mr. Fildes's 'Doctor' goes to Mr. Tate, and is part of his gift to the nation. Mr. Dicksee's 'The Mountain of the Winds' has been purchased for a private collection in Australia. Sir J. Millais, and Messrs. MacWhirter, Gow, Waterlow, David Murray, and Mr. Stanhope Forbes, will all receive Australian gold in return for their pictures. Mr. Farquharson's clever Nile picture goes to the collection of Mr. Joicey, M.P. Lastly, Mr. Solomon's beautiful nude figure has found a purchaser at the price of £800.

Apropos the site granted by the Government at South Kensington for a Gallery of British Art to which we referred last month, a memorial has been presented to the Marquis of Salisbury signed by gentlemen for the most part connected with our learned and scientific societies. The memorialists point out that Parliament voted £100,000 for the purchase of a site at South Kensington upon which to erect suitable buildings for the Science Museum of the Department of Science and Art, and for the extension of its Science Schools. They object to the proposal to appropriate a considerable portion of this site for the erection of a Gallery of British Art, and also to the stipulation of the donor that this gallery shall have no connection with the Science and Art Department.

We have to record a gift to the British Museum by Mr. A. O. Hume, C.B., who, some years ago, presented his large collection of Indian birds to the trustees of the same institution. It consists of a collection of nearly three hundred heads of horned game animals of India and Central Asia. During a long residence in India Mr. Hume had exceptional opportunities for forming this excellent collection, which is now arranged in the Natural History Museum in Cromwell Road.

The office of Visitor to the Slade School of Fine Art, recently instituted by the Council of University College, has been offered to and accepted by Mr. Edward J. Poynter, R.A.

The accompanying illustration is an engraving of one of five caskets lately presented in connection with the honorary freedom of the Borough of Grimsby. They are of gold and silver-gilt, jewelled with diamonds and rubies, and have been designed and made by Messrs. Barnett and Scott, of Hull. The designs are Renaissance, with wrought scroll supports and feet; the top is embellished with beadings



Casket. By Messrs. Barnett and Scott.

dividing into panels various nautical emblems in high relief, and surmounted by the Grimsby Arms and riband titled with the "County Borough of Grimsby" on the one side, and the old Grimsby Arms and Motto on the other. The ornamentation on each casket is varied and appropriately adapted to the recipients. An elaborate monogram of diamonds and rubies forms an important feature. The various armorial bearings are emblazoned in heraldic colourings, and upon the panels are views of the Grimsby tower and shipping, the Park, Albert Gardens, and other local features. Each casket contains the resolution of honorary freedom, ornately illuminated upon vellum.

REVIEWS.—Mr. John W. Bradley has utilised the leisure that the completion of his "Dictionary of Miniaturists," or as he calls the work, "Materials towards a Dictionary of Miniaturists," has given him, by writing a learned and voluminous biography of Giorgio Giulio Clovio (Bernard Quaritch, London). The subject of this work of nearly four hundred pages was a contemporary of Cellini—in his time quite as celebrated, Mr. Bradley informs us, as the better-known master. Though the illuminator during his life, through the fact of his work being hidden between the covers of books not accessible to the public, was not known as the painter or architect was known, he was compensated by the knowledge that his work, though only visible to a few, was more certain of preservation than painting or fresco. To this the list of works by Clovio given by Mr. Bradley testifies. He began the profession of miniature painting about 1520, and after a long, full, and honourable life, died at Rome in 1578, at the age of eighty. The work is illustrated by eighteen plates, including portraits of the miniaturist and examples of his work.

As everybody who lives in London, and many who live out of it, are interested in the history of its streets, houses, and churches, we can safely predict a ready sale for the revised edition of Peter Cunningham's "HANDBOOK OF LONDON," which Mr. John Murray has just issued. Mr. Henry B. Wheatley is responsible for the new edition, the last having appeared as long ago as 1850. Since that time several authorities have had a hand in the revision of Cunningham's "Handbook," but death has taken each in turn before their work was finished, till the duty devolved upon Mr. Wheatley, who has successfully brought it to a conclusion. Three bulky volumes of nearly 600 pages each, clearly printed on good paper, with the articles running in alphabetical order from Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, to Zoological Gardens, is the appearance presented by this new edition of London Past and Present. The information under the various headings is generally full and accurate, but events move so rapidly nowadays that some of the descriptions are already incomplete, not to say incorrect. In the article on the Grosvenor Gallery, for instance, we read that a summer exhibition of works by living artists is held, and also that there is a winter loan exhibition of pictures and drawings by ancient and modern masters. As it was known a year ago and more that the Grosvenor Gallery was doomed, this information about a non-existing establishment might surely have been amended, or at least put into the past tense.

OBITUARY.—We have to record the death of Mr. Keeley Halswelle, a well-known and popular painter, who did not attain Academical honours. He was born at Richmond, Surrey, in 1832, and received his Art education at Edinburgh and at Paris. Beginning as a painter of landscape, he after a while devoted himself to the portrayal of scenes of Roman life, a selection of which, with a short biography of the painter, were published in the *Art Journal* for 1879, p. 49. After a long course of figure subjects, many of which were exhibited at the Royal Academy, he returned to landscape, chiefly painting the Highlands and the Thames valley. One of his best-known pictures was 'Non Angli, sed Angeli,' which was engraved in the *Art Journal* last year. Mr. Halswelle died in Paris on the 11th of April. We also have to record the deaths of Mr. W. David Price, the well-known collector of works of Art, and of M. Chapu, the French sculptor.



THE SUMMER EXHIBITIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

III.—THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND NEW GALLERY.*

CLASSICAL, ROMANTIC, AND MODERN GENRE.

IN the first of these categories Mr. Alma Tadema still reigns supreme: it may indeed be said that he has invented and popularised in the schools of Europe the more realistic point of view in approaching the reconstitution of antique personages and antique manners. His *terre à terre* rendering of the Græco-Roman civilisation, which still retains its piquancy, would have an infinitely enhanced interest could the Anglicised Dutch master infuse into it just that human element which it lacks. The 'Earthly Paradise' (Royal Academy) is, in many respects, a very fine example of the artist's powers, but it remains, for the lack of that quality of human passion, rather a splendid exercise in colour and gradations of light than a true picture. The 'Love in Idleness' of the same master (New Gallery) has a motive so nearly resembling that of many predecessors from the same skilful brush, that a detailed description is not necessary. Very masterly, however, is the rendering of the open-air effect and the fashion in which true atmospheric environment is given to two youthful chaplet-crowned heads,



Figures from "For of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven." By Frank Bramley.

* Continued from page 190.

seen against a background of sea so deep and brilliant in hue that it appears almost a violet-purple. Mr. J. B. Weguelin's 'Old Love Renewed' (New Gallery)—an illustration to the ode of Horace beginning "Quid si prisca redit Venus"—shows, with infinitely less finish and mastery than are attained by Mr. Tadema, a greater freedom of brush than has been exhibited by the same artist on former occasions, together with a measure of real humour. Mr. E. J. Poynter's 'Knucklebones' is a little study of three beautiful nude damsels lounging at rest in the embrasure of a marble portico or hall, which lies wide-open to the sun-lit sea-shore, after a bout at the game of *astragaloi*. The figures in this piece are charmingly placed, and lighted with a greater sense of atmospheric effect than usual; altogether a certain well-defined quality of style, and also of impersonality, would have taken it out of the present category, had its dimensions been larger.



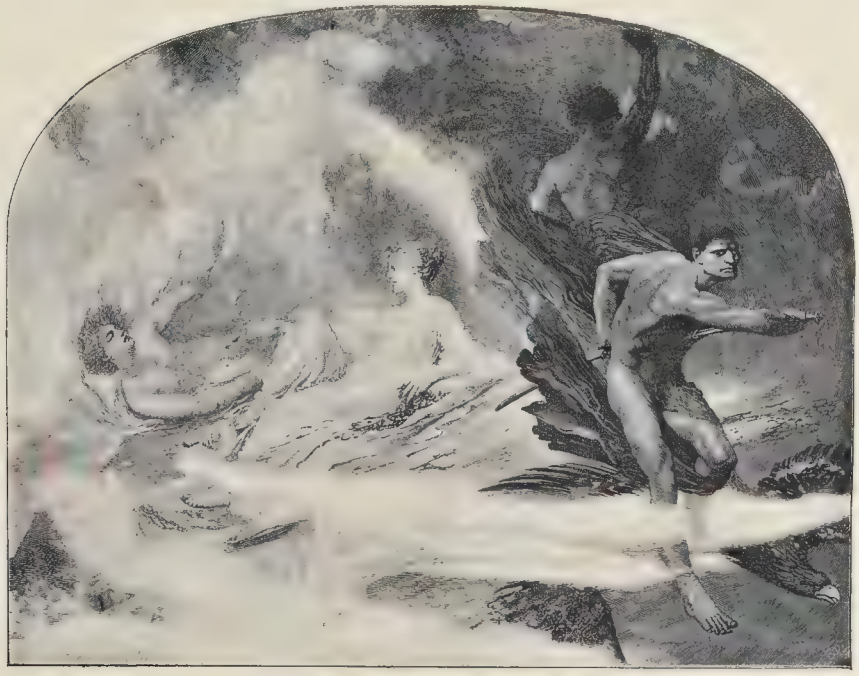
Mr. J. MacWhirter, A.R.A.

The romanticism of English Art has always been of the anecdotic type, mainly occupied with illustrating and commenting romantic literature, rather than of that more passionate and more self-sustaining quality to be found among the best of the French *romantistes*. And now that the thing itself is dead, or can boast only a factitious existence, there are, luckily, from year to year fewer efforts made to galvanize it into a semblance of life. The veteran Sir John Gilbert has even now in his best performances—as in the 'Knight Errant' at the Royal Water-Colour Society—flashes of what approaches to the genuine romantic spirit; but in his 'Don Quixote discourses upon Arms and Letters' (Royal Academy) we can trace no spark of latent fire, while the execution of the large canvas is feeble in the extreme, and the colour toneless. What, too, shall be said of Mr. Calderon's 'St. Elizabeth of Hungary's great Act of Renunciation,' showing the royal saint kneeling naked at the foot of the altar, as in the presence of some monks and nuns she renounces parents, children, friends, and the pomps, pleasures, and vanities of this world? Having shown a singular audacity in choosing for representation such a subject, the painter should surely have made out of the saint-like queen something beyond a timidly drawn and lifeless figure; he should surely have sought to give some element of dramatic force and grandeur to his scene. Moreover it would appear that Mr. Calderon's strange version of the legend is due to a misapprehension, and that, according to a more normal interpretation of the text, what St. Elizabeth put off, as a preliminary step to her renunciation, was not her entire clothing, but only her outer vesture, with its distinguishing marks of sovereignty.

Mr. Val Prinsep's 'The Emperor Theophilus chooses his

Wife, A.D. 829,' presents a quasi-classic theme, but treats it in a fashion which, for lack of a better description, may be termed romantic. He has, however, painted in a fashion less horny and opaque than that which usually characterises him, and has succeeded, too, in imparting to his canvas an aspect of decorative splendour quite in harmony with the scene depicted. 'After Langside: Queen Mary's Farewell to Scotland,' is the contribution of Mr. Andrew C. Gow, the latest R.A. It shows, as might have been expected, much honest, thorough work, and a fashion of drawing of the human figure in costume which, in its dry correctness, approximates rather to the school of Meissonier than to that of any English artist. Mr. Orchardson's 'An Enigma' cannot be said to add anything to our knowledge of his artistic personality, although it exhibits him once more as a consummate executant and a keen student of human nature.

Besides portraits and portrait studies, Mr. John Pettie sends this year only the single figure, 'The Violinist,' showing in agreeable fashion a youth in the costume of the middle of the last century practising the fiddle. A picture, which in a rare degree unites the suffrages of the general public, and of those who exact from Art something more than the amusement of an unoccupied moment, is Mr. Luke Fildes's, 'The Doctor.' Here, in the cottage of humble folk, we are made to behold the very climax and crisis of a sad scene. The concentration of the interest upon the two chief personages of the tragic



The Mountain of the Winds. By Frank Dicksee, A.R.A.

scene is admirably managed, the artificial light cleverly treated, yet without *bravura*, traces of technical skill and artistic reticence being everywhere apparent. Even those who very justifiably hold that such subjects, with their easily obtainable pathos, do not belong to a high order of Art, will be compelled to admire here a skilful, pathetic, and characteristically English performance.

By a curious coincidence Mr. Frank Dicksee exhibits in an adjacent gallery 'The Crisis,' a picture the dramatic interest of which is very nearly akin to that of Mr. Fildes's picture, though its component parts are dissimilar. Here then we have another crisis, which the beholder may solve for himself, according as he is of a sanguine or a despondent temperament. The drawing of both heads is masterly, and such as few English artists could equal; the conception, too, shows the painter more in touch with humanity than he has previously been, though there is about it a deliberation which robs the scene of some of its spontaneity, and therefore of a part of its effect.

The so-called Newlyn school of painters, who while treating typically English subjects have chosen to do so with a technique founded on French teaching, have been among those who have suffered most from the vagaries of the hanging committee. While recognising the sincerity of their aims and the genuineness of their effort to renew English Art by feeding it from without, we may fairly take exception to the dirtiness of a grey tonality lacking the sparkle and the delicate gradations which French artists have often shown themselves able to impart to

it, and betraying too uniform a reduction of both the related and the contrasting tones to what is very nearly a monochromatic scheme; an equally important fault, too, is the curiously photographic mode of grouping, or rather placing, the figures in a fashion which is supposed to give added nature to the subjects represented, but in reality suggests a timidity which neither adheres to nor boldly oversteps artistic canons. The two chief performances are those of the artists heading this school, Mr. Stanhope Forbes and Mr. Frank Bramley. The former contributes 'Soldiers and Sailors—the Salvation Army, 1891' (Royal Academy), depicting on the quay of some Cornish fishing-town a gathering of Salvationists playing on their uncouth instruments and lifting up their voices under the open canopy of heaven. The grouping is here so unpictorial as to appear almost like a photograph from life. The colouring is unnecessarily depressing in its uniform greyness; but some of the types of these weather-worn young women, redeemed only from grotesque ugliness by transparent sincerity of faith, are realised with a sympathetic truth which renders them intensely pathetic. Somewhat more successful from a purely pictorial point of view, but again unnecessarily clumsy in composition, is Mr. Frank Bramley's 'For of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven' (Royal Academy), of which the motive is a funeral procession of white-robed girls and children singing hymns, as they bear along the pier or quay of a seacoast town the flower-strewn coffin of a child. Somehow here, although there is perfect sincerity and a commendable truth and reticence in the display of feeling, the right note is not quite struck; perhaps because Mr. Bramley, having foresworn the artificialities of composition, has not been able without them to emphasise sufficiently the main motive of his picture. Other interesting performances which may be classed as belonging to the same school are Mr. Chevalier Tayler's 'La Vie Boulonnaise,' wherein this rising young artist has very happily grouped the crowds of fisherfolk which animate the quays of that seaport; Mr. H. S. Tuke's 'The Lamp-Cleaners' (New Gallery), a naturalistic study boasting a greater variety of colour than is to be found in the canvases just mentioned, but even more photographic than these in its grouping, and moreover wanting in any but a purely external interest; Mr. Frank Brangwyn's unfairly skied 'As-



Mr. H. Moore, A.R.A.

sistance' (Royal Academy); and Mr. W. H. Y. Titcomb's characteristic 'Old Sea Dogs'—by far the most agreeable and the most decorative in colour of the series, if not quite the equal in earnestness of the just described canvases by Mr. Stanhope Forbes and Mr. Bramley.

In his large diploma work, 'On Strike,' Mr. Hubert Herkomer makes the capital mistake of working out on a scale fully equal to that of life a subject which in no way calls for such treatment. We cannot help recalling a single figure, 'The Malcontent,' by Ludwig Knaus, lately seen at the French Gallery. Here was shown within a modest compass the very essence of a similar subject, and in such fashion, too, as to hint at a thousand things as to which the mere canvas itself was silent.

Mr. George Hitchcock's 'La Maternité,' is a work already so well known as to be almost celebrated, for it has won honours both at the Salon, the Exhibition of 1889, and later on at Messrs. Goupil's, in Bond Street. And yet the hanging committee, not having the courage of their opinion and unwilling, apparently, to take the responsibility of actual rejection, has sent it to Coventry—in such an effectual way, too, that only those who knew the picture previously can form any idea of what it really is. There are few, if any, more accomplished performances in this year's exhibitions than 'La Maternité,'



Jeunes Bœufs. By E. Debat Ponson. (Paris Salon.)

which the Academy has now thought fit to relegate to the ceiling, after having, two years ago, accorded a place of honour to the same painter's 'Tulip-culture,' a clever and sensational performance which was yet far less complete and less significant than the present unfairly handicapped example.

MILITARY SUBJECTS.

There is among the year's pictures even more than the usual dearth of those painted memorials of victory and defeat which our neighbours so dearly love, but in which we have ourselves never taken more than a lukewarm interest, save when the purely human and the anecdotic side of the subject predominates. The most noticeable canvas properly coming under this heading is Mr. Vereker Hermilton's large 'Attack on the Peiwar Kotal,' a very clever, if not an absolutely convincing performance, giving evidence of foreign and probably French training. Purely anecdotic, and no doubt correct enough in its reproduction of the various uniforms and the accessory details of the scene, is Mr. Ernest Croft's 'The Morning of Waterloo: Napoleon's Headquarters.' But how meagre in suggestion how mean in aspect, is the whole, and especially the presentment of the great Emperor on the eve of his downfall! Shall we class under this heading Mr. Lockhart Bogle's portentously vulgar and over-emphatic, yet all the same vigorous and inspiriting performance, 'The Pibroch' (Royal Academy), which conjures up the vision of a huge, red-bearded piper

footing it by the side of a beacon fire, as he plays the battle tune of his tribe to arouse them to vengeance?

PORTRAITS.

At the head of this section we will place what is, on the whole, *the* picture of the year, Mr. J. E. Sargent's 'La Carmencita,' though it might equally well claim to take its place under the heading of "Imaginative Art." Intensely modern, intensely realistic in treatment, showing rather an accentuation of what is most characteristic in the model than an effort to tone down its most personal attributes by the infusion of a false and cheap ideality, this portrait-study is yet truly imaginative, inasmuch as it suggests a whole *milieu* round about and centring in the individuality of the person portrayed, while it extracts from a subject, in which it might easily be obscured and vulgarised, a certain fiery essence of truth and vitality, which is the real poetry giving colour to the finer realism of the dying century. If the critics of the genial painter say that the influence of Velasquez over him is strong as ever, and that superimposed on it comes in this instance that of Goya in his *Caprichos*, we shall be unable to contradict them. Those, too, who find in Mr. Sargent's 'Carmencita' a veritable *Fleur du Mal*, with something of that halo of decay which gives a lurid fascination to the creations of Baudelaire, may not be far from the truth. Yet it would puzzle us and them to point to any painter now living who could have done this particular thing as supremely well as it is here done. The Franco-American master's portrait of a white-robed young girl, shown at the New Gallery, reveals a measure of the same extraordinary power, in the rendering of a stiffly posed but yet very living figure, looking out of the canvas with an almost uncanny truth and fixity of gaze; while the 'Mrs. M.' (Royal Academy) is both more elegant and more ordinary. M. Fantin-Latour's 'Sonia, Daughter of General Yanovski,' a portrait seen last year at the Salon, represents with a quiet mastery of execution, and a singular warmth of human sympathy — which, by the way, is the one quality too rarely evoked in Mr. Sargent's portraiture — a young lady clad in simple walking costume. There is about this picture a perfume of virginal innocence and simplicity such as is too rarely suggested in any performance of the modern French school. We are on the firm dead level of ordinary life with Mr. Orchardson's admirable 'Walter Gilbey, Esq.' (Royal Academy); and yet this master, by his supremely skilful and humorous treatment of a subject not obviously inviting to the painter, has made out of his unexaggerated presentment of this well-known authority on the breeding of horses a masterpiece, excelling as much in subtlety and naturalness of conception as in excellence of realisation. Only less good is his large 'Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, Bart.' (Royal Aca-



Mr. Alfred East.

demy), in which the finely-designed accessories bear a more important relation to the figure of the sitter.

Both these works are among the numerous so-called "presentation" portraits which crowd the Academy, and we have seen that the Scotch master possesses the magic to make them interesting. But the estimable gentlemen who have deserved well of their country—or rather their County Council—are surely taking up more than their proper share of space on the walls of our chief exhibitions. Their merits are no doubt undeniable, and it pleases their provincial admirers to see them here; but on the other hand the interest of their features to the general public is not always of a palpitating order.

None of Sir J. E. Millais's contributions are quite up to the standard of former years; neither the 'Mrs. Edward Gibbs' (Royal Academy), nor the 'Portrait of a Lady' (New Gallery), nor even the 'Mrs. Chamberlain,' which is, however, notwithstanding something not altogether satisfactory in the colour-harmony, the best of the series. Many passages in this work show the hand of a master of his craft, and indicate the freshness and ingenuous beauty of the sitter. An exception among the portraits of the year is Mr. J. M. Swan's 'Mrs. Jan Hamilton' (New Gallery) the finely-modelled head of a pale lady with colourless hair, relieved against a beautiful but overstrong background of purple pansies embroidered on green. We welcome Mr. Swan's temporary abandonment of his carnivorous beasts in favour of humanity, resulting as it does in one of the most pathetic pieces of portraiture to be seen among the summer's pictures; but we must deplore his persistence in one monotonous, though sufficiently agreeable, colour-scheme, and the lack of force in his flesh-painting. Most brilliant in this particular, though open to the reproach of a certain fidgetiness of technique, is Mrs. A. L. Swynnerton's delightfully living portrait-study, 'Maurice, Son of Edmund Powell, Esq.' (New Gallery). Mr. Shannon's admirers will find his usual fascinations of modish grace, and his usual very obvious limitations, in his series of presentments of fair dames to be seen at the two exhibitions, and of which the two most noticeable are the 'Mrs. C. C. Chambers,' and the 'Winifred, Duchess of Portland' (both at the New Gallery). The former is graceful and charming in its ease and elegance of pose, but shares with all Mr. Shannon's portraits of ladies an unpleasant leatheriness and opacity of texture in the flesh. The latter, a large, seated full-length, has a pretentious and almost hieratic rigidity of attitude, insufficiently redeemed by the quality of life; but in the largeness of its lines and the simplicity of its arrangement it preserves nevertheless a certain decorative quality.



Cupid and Psyche. By Mrs. A. L. Swynnerton.

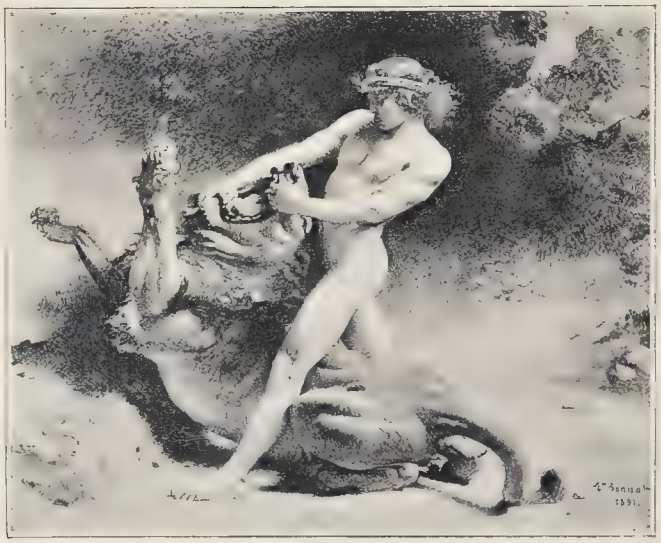
There is nothing new to be said about Mr. Ouless's serious and highly-studied portraiture, of which the least good example is the 'Colonel J. W. Malcolm' (Royal Academy), and the best, the 'Lord Edward Spencer Churchill' (Royal Academy). A very manly, broad, and pre-eminently British style is that which Mr. W. Carter displays in his full-length, 'The Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham' (Royal Academy), and his half-length, 'The Rev. Frederick Pretyman, B.D.' (Royal Academy). We like not at all the textures of Mr. Hubert Herkomer's series of portraits in the two exhibitions, and look in vain in the full-lengths, 'The Lady Helen Fergusson' (New Gallery) and 'Sir Sydney Waterlow, Bart.' (Royal Academy), for any special truth of characterization or any pictorial charm which should atone for their defects. Somewhat better is 'The Very Rev. the Dean of Christchurch' (Royal Academy). We take little

pleasure, too, in the waxy surfaces and the pretentious attitude of a seemingly over-life-size 'Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox,' by Mr. W. B. Richmond. Among meritorious performances coming under this heading, to which we are unable to refer in detail, are Mrs. Mariette Cotton's 'Mrs. Mahlon Sunds' and 'Frederick Martin, Esq.' (both at the Royal Academy), Mr. W. Llewellyn's 'Mrs. Reckitt' (New Gallery), Mr. McClure Hamilton's 'The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.' (Royal Academy), and the Hon. J. Collier's 'Miss Mabel Pollock,' 'Miss Nina Welby,' and 'Rudyard Kipling, Esq.,' of which the last-named is a very bright, sympathetic, and solidly modelled likeness of the literary hero of the hour.

LANDSCAPE.

Landscape proper flourishes this year rather at the New Gallery than at the Royal Academy, where it has to a certain extent been shouldered out by portraiture. We would point in the first place to Mr. Adrian Stokes's beautiful sea-coast piece, with cattle reposing, called by him 'The Setting Sun' (New Gallery), from the red orb which is therein seen rapidly descending on the calm, opalescent waters. It shows, with here and there a certain indecision of brush, the unity of conception and design, the simple, serious pathos by which Mr. Stokes has already made for himself a place apart among English landscape painters. The same artist's 'Through the Morning Mist' (Royal Academy), though less uniformly successful, is also distinguished by passages of rare beauty. Another painter whose refinements of colour and tenderness of feeling take him out of the category of photographers of nature is Mr. Alfred East, whose 'Daphnis' (New Gallery) is a semi-idealised scene of pastoral beauty, in the centre of which stands the young Greek shepherd, tending his milk-white goats under spreading elms tinged with ruddy gold by the setting sun. Mr. Ernest Parton, after remaining too long stationary, gives evidence of an unmistakable advance—under the inspiration, as we guess, of foreign example—in his 'November' and 'The Close of the Day' (both at the New Gallery).

Of the landscape painters commanding a wide and general popularity the best of the younger generation is Mr. David Murray, who possesses rare skill in the choice of homely yet beautiful subjects, which he treats with much pictorial effect, and without any undue straining after mere scenic attractiveness. Of a higher interpretation of nature, however—of an assimilation of her moods to those of humanity and a projection of self into the scenes depicted—this very able painter shows little trace. His best performance is the happily conceived 'Season of Mist and Mellow Fruitfulness' (New Gallery), while the clever 'Marigolds' and 'Gorse' (Royal Academy) are more marred by the painter's besetting sin of paintiness.



Jeunesse de Samson. By L. Bonnat (Paris Salon).

The noble, pathetic art of Professor Costa asserts itself this year less convincingly than usual, the best of his performances being 'A Tomb on the Via Latina at Sunset' (New Gallery). Both Mr. William Padgett and Mr. W. J. Laidlay strike us as being painters who have a refined and personal vision of the less obvious beauties of nature, while in neither is the technical power at all adequate to give perfect expression to what the artist conceives. The best performance of the former is 'Hurried Clouds on the South Downs' (New Gallery); while the latter is represented by 'Evening' (New Gallery) and by 'Starlings Roosting' (Royal Academy), the last-named work being a very pretty conceit obviously inspired by Japanese Art.

Mr. S. H. Boughton has rarely of late years done as well as in his series of fresh, bracing, and subtly rendered winter-scenes, of which some are at the New Gallery, others at the Royal Academy. Mr. Leader's chief contributions are the finely designed but metallic 'Manchester Ship Canal' and 'Still Evening' (both at the Royal Academy); Mr. Frederick Goodall has the large and in its way imposing scenic prospect 'The Isles of Loch Lomond' (Royal Academy); the diploma work, 'Autumn Morning,' alone represents Mr. Vicat Cole; while Mr. Peter Graham's style is exemplified by two of his familiar Highland subjects, 'Morning Mists' and 'Evening.'

Almost for the first time, Mr. J. C. Hook shows signs of weakness in his sea-coasts and rivers (Royal Academy), while he does not come out strongly in his self-portrait, done by desire for the Painters' Gallery at the Uffizi. The finest of Mr. Henry Moore's contributions is 'The Setting Sun now gilds the Eastern Sky' (Royal Academy), the masterly study of a sea agitated by conflicting currents and lit by the red hues of sunset.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



Graveyard of Soldiers' Pets, Edinburgh Castle.

REGIMENTAL PETS.



"Conas," Pet of the 1st Seaforth Highlanders.

A LOVE of animals has ever been a characteristic of the British soldier, and there are few corps in Her Majesty's service which do not possess a four-footed favourite; though in certain corps these "Pets" take a more prominent position than in others—indeed, we may almost describe them as being "on the strength" of their respective regiments. In the list of "Regimental Pets"—past and present—may be found a great variety of animals, but probably the pets best known to the general public are the famous goats of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

The Welsh Fusiliers, the old 23rd, are a very ancient corps. They were embodied in 1689, and it was, we believe, at an early period of their existence that the custom of having a goat, with a shield and garland on its horns, to march at the head of the drums, first obtained. Grose, in his "Military Antiquities," mentions this custom as follows:—"The Royal Regiment of Welsh Fusiliers has the privileged honour of passing in review preceded by a goat with gilded horns, and adorned with ringlets of flowers; and although this may not come immediately under the denomination of a reward for merit, yet the corps values itself much on the ancientness of the custom. Every 1st of March, being the anniversary of their tutelar saint, David, the officers give a splendid entertainment to all their Welsh brethren; and after the cloth is taken away a bumper is filled round to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, whose health is always drunk the first on that day, the band playing the old tune of 'The Noble Race of Shenkin,' when a handsome drummer-boy, elegantly dressed, mounted on the goat, richly caparisoned for the occasion, is led thrice round the table in procession by the drum-major. It happened, in 1775, in Boston, that the animal gave such a spring from the floor that he dropped his rider upon the table, and then, bounding over the heads of some officers, he ran to the barracks with all his trappings, to the no small joy of the garrison."

Major Donkin, another military writer of the last century (1777), also gives an account of the famous goat of the Welsh Fusiliers, but in his version of the above episode, he states that the unfortunate drummer-boy was killed by the fall, and consequently the practice of mounting the goat during his march round the mess-table was discontinued.

The same goat which threw the drummer, accompanied his regiment into action at Bunker's Hill, when the 23rd had all their officers, save *one*, placed *hors de combat*. Fennimore Cooper mentions the presence of the goat at Bunker's Hill in his novel, "Lionel Lincoln":—"The Welsh Fusileers," he writes, "had hardly men enough left to saddle their goat. . . . . The corps was distinguished alike for its courage and its losses."

What became of the Bunker's Hill goat we cannot tell; neither can we say how many successors he had between the years 1775 and 1844. In the latter year the then regimental goat died, and, to compensate the 23rd for their loss, Her Majesty presented the regiment with two of the finest goats from a flock—the gift of the Shah of Persia—in Windsor Park; and since that date the Queen has continued to supply the Royal Welsh Fusiliers with goats as occasion has required

"Billy"—or "Her Majesty's goat," as he is always styled—bears between his horns a handsome frontlet; a silver shield, surmounted by the Prince of Wales's plume and motto, upon which is inscribed, "The Gift of Her Majesty Queen Victoria to the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. A.D. MDCCCXLVI. DUW . A CADWO . Y . FRENHINES." "Billy" always marches at the head of his battalion, alongside of the drum-major.

The 1st and 2nd battalions of the Welsh regiment (formerly the 41st Welsh and 69th South Lincolnshire) also have goats as "pets." "Taffy," the goat of the 2nd Welsh, came to an untimely end last year, when the battalion was stationed at Cork. His portrait is here given.

A famous regimental pet in days gone by was "Black Bob," a horse which belonged to the 8th King's Royal Irish Light Dragoons—now Hussars. Black Bob was foaled at the Cape; his dam being an Irish mare, his sire a Godolphin barb; and he became the favourite charger of Rollo Gillespie, Colonel of the "Royal Irish."

The heroic Gillespie fell at Kalunga (1814), and after that affair Black Bob was put up for auction, "with his saddle and housings still spotted with the blood of his gallant master." Gillespie was greatly beloved by the Royal Irish, and they

determined not to let his charger go out of the regiment. The upset price was 300 guineas, and an officer of the 25th Light Dragoons bid 400 guineas; but the Irish troopers subscribed 500 guineas amongst themselves, and so Black Bob became their property. Black Bob was indeed "made much of" by his new owners; he always marched at the head of the regiment, and could distinguish the trumpets of the 8th from those of any other corps. It is said that he was particularly partial to the air "Garryowen," always pricking his ears when the band struck up the national tune.



"Cheeky," Pet of the 24th Regiment.

At length, when the 8th were ordered home, circumstances rendered it imperative that their "Pet" should be sold, and Black Bob was bought by a civilian at Cawnpore, to whom the Irish troopers returned half the purchase-money on his solemnly undertaking that the old horse should pass the remainder of his days in comfort. But poor Bob had only been three days in his new quarters when he heard the trumpets of the 8th as the regiment marched off at daybreak to embark for Calcutta. At the well-known sound the old horse became frantic, and made every effort to escape from his stable; until, worn out with his exertions and well-nigh strangled, he sank down exhausted.



"Plassey," Pet of the Royal Madras Fusiliers.

As days passed by, and Bob saw no more the familiar uniforms, and heard no more the trumpets nor the voices of his old comrades, he began to pine away, refusing his corn and any other food that was offered him; so his owner had him turned out into a paddock. But the moment he was free, Black Bob jumped the bamboo fence and galloped off to the cantonments of the European cavalry. Making for the parade-ground, the old horse trotted up whinneying to the saluting point, and on the spot where he had so often taken post with Rollo Gillespie on his back, watching the squadrons of the Royal Irish defile past, Black Bob fell down and died.

Another corps, the 13th Hussars, had, if we recollect rightly, a pet horse. This horse was one of the survivors of the Balaclava charge, and after remaining many years with the 13th, he was presented to Her Majesty, and died, we believe, at Windsor at an advanced age.

The 95th Derbyshire (now the 2nd Battalion Derbyshire Regiment) possessed at one time a highly-prized pet. It was on the 30th March, 1858, that Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Raines,* of the 95th Foot, led the third assaulting column at the capture of Kotah, an important fortified city of Rajpootana. The assault had proved successful; Kotah was taken, and the 95th, under Colonel Raines, were engaged in clearing the streets, when a private of the Grenadier Company noticed a fine black ram tethered in a garden. It was a magnificent animal, with enormous curved horns, one, in fact, of the famous breed of Rajpootana "fighting

* Now General Raines, C.B., Colonel of the 3rd Buffs.

rams." Colonel Raines's attention being drawn to this ram, it struck him how very well it would look marching at the head of the 95th, so, as there was no actual fighting going on at that moment, he ordered the Grenadier to take possession of the animal. The order was readily obeyed, and thus the 95th acquired this handsome representation of their county badge (the "Derby Ram"), for the ram proved a willing prisoner, showing not the slightest disposition to resent its compulsory enlistment into Her Britannic Majesty's service. The 95th highly approved of their prize; the ram was forthwith dubbed "Derby I.," and handed over to the care of the big drummer, who from that time became his "comrade."

"Derby" subsequently accompanied the regiment throughout the Central Indian campaign, marching with the headquarters upwards of 3,000 miles. When the mutiny was crushed, and peace was restored to India, the ladies of the 95th made Derby a handsome scarlet body-cloth, embroidered in floss silk with the "honours," etc., of the corps. Derby I. met with his death in 1863, when he was unfortunately drowned in a well at Hyderabad. After Derby's installation, the 95th, for many years, were never without a ram to head the regiment on grand occasions.

A very ponderous pet was "Rajah," a young elephant



"Derby," Pet of the 95th Regiment.

which once belonged to the 1st Battalion 25th King's Own Borderers. Rajah's mother was shot by some officers of the 25th, and Rajah—then a baby elephant—was adopted by the battalion. He became a great favourite with all ranks, and the ladies of the 25th worked him a fine saddle-cloth, with all the regiment's devices and honours embroidered in gold. Rajah accompanied his battalion home to England in 1856, and was subsequently presented by the officers to the Edinburgh Zoological Gardens.

Many years ago the Borderers possessed another Regimental Pet, a handsome deer. One fine morning this deer, in a fit of light-heartedness, so far forgot himself as to pin his commanding officer against a wall with his horns. The gallant C. O. was promptly rescued from this undignified position, more startled than hurt; but so flagrant a case of "insubordination, accompanied by personal violence," could not be passed over, and the rash deer suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

The Royal Warwickshire is one of those corps which has

adopted a living representation of the regimental badge as a pet. The ancient badge of the 6th Foot was a "White Antelope ducally gorged and chained, *or;*" and it is thus referred to in a clothing warrant of George II., dated 1st July, 1751:—"In the centre of the Colours 'The Antelope,' being the ancient badge of the Regiment. The front of the Grenadiers' caps to be of deep yellow, with the *Antelope* as on Colours. The same device to be painted on the Drums and Bells of Arms, with the rank of the Regiment underneath."* Tradition connects the antelope borne on the colours of the 6th with the services of that regiment in Spain in 1710. At the battle of Saragossa (20th August, 1710) the 6th captured several Spanish standards, and Colonel Thomas Harrison, who commanded the 6th at that time, was sent home with despatches, and with the standards taken on that day. The standards — thirty in number — Colonel Harrison presented to Queen Anne, and it is supposed that he applied for and obtained permission for his regiment to adopt as a badge the device emblazoned on one of the captured standards—namely, an *Antelope*.† The Royal Warwickshire, then, has an Antelope for a badge, and an Antelope for a regimental pet; and the latter is as much prized and petted by the officers and men of the 6th as are "Her Majesty's goats" by the Welsh Fusiliers.



Pet of the Royal Warwickshire.

The antelope—"Billy," as he is named—always heads his battalion when marching past, he being led by two smart little drummers. Billy's horns are tipped with silver, and his neck is encircled with a handsome silver collar, having two silver chains, one on each side, for his conductors to lead him. On grand occasions Billy wears a body-cloth of royal blue, edged with gold lace, and embroidered at the corners with the badges and "honours" of the regiment. Some thirty years ago the 6th had a fine bear as a pet, but Bruin was never regarded with the same favour as the antelope.

In the summer of 1863 the people of Ross and Cromarty presented a young deer to the "Ross-shire Buffs," who were then stationed at Shorncliffe Camp. "Roderick," as the deer was named, became very popular with the Highlanders, and a pioneer was told off to look after him. Whenever the regiment furnished the garrison guards, Roderick might be seen doing "sentry-go" with the sentry in the main guard, which was just opposite the lines occupied by the 78th. On parade Roderick always went round the different companies, and when column was formed he took up his position in front of the band, beside the drum-major. Roderick had a great antipathy to men who did not belong to his own corps, especially to artillerymen; but his pet aversion was the armourer-sergeant of the 78th, whom he often chased, though he never attempted to injure him so long as he was in uniform.

When the 78th Highlanders embarked in H.M.S. *Himalaya* for Dublin, Roderick at first refused to go on board, but when he found that the whole regiment was going, he embarked, and he was the first on shore when the ship arrived at Kingstown. At Dublin Roderick became very wild, and nearly killed a barrack-labourer; so he was presented to the Dublin Zoological Gardens, where he spent the remainder of his existence.

In the hot season of 1869, two officers of the 5th Lancers—



The Derby Ram. From a Drawing by General Raines.

Captains Chaffy and Thackwell—while on a shooting expe-

* The "White Antelope, ducally gorged and chained, *or*," was the badge of King Henry VI. The other badges of the Royal Warwickshire are:—the "Rose and Crown"—the rose slipped and leafed; and the "Bear and Ragged Staff" (the feudal badge of the House of Warwick), which the regiment derived from the 1st Warwick Militia on the introduction of the territorial system.

† Referring to the regimentul badge of the 6th Foot, the following is an extract from a letter in the *Royal Military Chronicle* for October, 1811: "Sir,—The following notes respecting the 6th regiment of Foot are at your service. . . . . The badge of the corps is the *antelope*. I have been informed by the present General Campbell, that they took a stand of colours from a Spanish regiment (the Royal African) in the battle of Almanza, which had the *antelope* for their badge: since which time they have borne it. The general has been upwards of 20 years in the corps, and is therefore likely to know. Sir G. Nugent, the present colonel, has in vain made several researches to discover the true origin of its acquisition. If

dition in the Terai, encountered a fine tigress with cubs. They killed the tigress, but not before she had severely lacerated Captain Thackwell's arm—so severely, indeed, as to render amputation necessary, the operation, unhappily, resulting in the death of the unfortunate officer. The two cubs were captured and taken to Lucknow, where they used to play about the 5th Lancers' mess. One, however, choked himself with a lump of raw meat which he had purloined. The surviving cub was presented by Captain Chaffy to the Madras Fusiliers, who gave him the name of "Plassey," and constituted him their regimental pet.

Plassey became very tame, and was on most friendly terms with the men. He lived at the officers' mess, and when allowed to be at large he amused himself by stalking a small donkey which was wont to wander about the mess compound. He was also introduced to an antelope and a dog, with whom he lived amicably while the regiment remained in India. Plassey accompanied the 102nd to England, being granted a free passage by the captains of H.M. ships *Jumna* and *Himalaya*. Two young leopards and his canine ally were his fellow-passengers. Plassey landed with the regiment at Dover, where suitable quarters were provided for him, in the main *fosse* of the citadel, beneath the officers' mess. There Plassey lived a happy life with his friend the dog, his "personal attendant" being the adjutant's groom, who fed and looked after him. At meal-time Plassey always allowed the dog to have the first "go-in," but when he thought his canine companion had taken a fair share, he would give him a gentle pat with his paw as a reminder. When Plassey was nearly full-grown, and in the zenith of his popularity with the Fusiliers, an old lady-resident of Dover wrote to the general commanding the district, and stated that she had *seen Plassey disembark*, and that ever since she had remained a prisoner in her house, fearing to go out lest Plassey should have escaped and be roaming about the town! So frequent were this old lady's letters and complaints, that at last the general felt compelled to take notice of them, and so poor Plassey was sent off to the Zoological Gardens, accompanied in his exile by his faithful dog. Plassey developed into a magnificent animal, and never outgrew his amiability; he was several times visited by an officer of the 102nd (from whom the writer obtained the above particulars) whom he invariably welcomed with affectionate remembrance. Plassey died at the "Zoo" in the spring of 1877, and his head and skin were long preserved in the officers' mess of the 102nd,



"Taffy," 2nd Welsh Regiment.

which ancient and famous regiment is now known as the 1st Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Numerous indeed are the corps which have dogs as their four-footed favourites.

A famous dog was "Dash," who served with the Royal Marines battalion in Spain during the Carlist war of 1836-7. Dash belonged to Captain Bury's company, and was always foremost in the fray. Dash was amongst the wounded when the position of Ametzagana was carried by the British Legion, assisted by the Marine Battalion, on 10th March, 1837; but his wound did not deter him from heading the column which repulsed a Carlist attack on the 16th March. On this occasion Dash was hit in the leg, and after the fight was over the Marines knighted him with a drummer's sword, at the same time investing him with a medal made from a Carlist bullet. "Sir Dash," we believe, survived the campaign, and returned to England with the battalion.

I were allowed to make a conjecture, it would be, that probably that badge was given at the time of the regiment being raised for the service of the United Provinces, and perhaps the original gift ought to be looked for in the archives of the Hague. . . . .—X." With reference to the above, we may mention the fact that the 6th took a prominent part in the battle of Almanza (1707), where it suffered very severe losses. The 6th was certainly one of the "Holland" regiments of 1673-4, but the distinguishing badge of those corps was the "Rose, slipped and leafed", (not the common heraldic rose), which is now borne by the two surviving "Holland" regiments, namely, the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers and the 6th Royal Warwickshire. X.'s conjecture is therefore, in all probability, erroneous.

The 66th (2nd Battalion Royal Berks) had a dog which was present with the regiment at Maiwand, of which "fated field of strife" he was one of the few survivors. "Bob" was decorated with a silver medal, and accompanied the 66th on their return home. He died, we believe, at Chatham, and his remains were stuffed, and found their resting-place in the sergeant's mess.

For the portrait of "Cheeky" we are indebted to Captain Lukis, late 64th Regiment, who also furnished us with the following particulars:—Cheeky came out of the rebel camp at Barilly, North-Western Provinces, in 1857, and joined the *Sahib logues*, attaching himself to the 64th. He then had on a collar with a lady's name engraved on the plate. Cheeky always accompanied his new friends into action, and had a curious habit of chasing spent shot. Cheeky returned home with the 64th, and died at the Curragh in 1860.

In Edinburgh Castle there is a cemetery for departed "soldiers' pets," of which we are able to give two views. The cemetery is maintained by the officers and men of the different corps quartered in the Castle. Amongst the inscriptions on the tombstones may be found the following:—

"78th Highlanders. In Memory of Tiney. 27-2-78."

"In Memory of Flora. Canteen Pet, Royal Scots. Died 7th February, 1885."

"In Memory of Jess. The Band Pet. 42nd Royal Highlanders. 15-6-81."

"'Maruf.' 2nd Battalion the Royal Scots. 17th January, 1886."

"Don, 5 years the Pet Dog of the Sergeants' 1st Battalion Seaforth Highlanders. Died 9th August, 1886."

"'Let Sleeping Dogs lie.' In Memory of 'York.' 1st Seaforth Highlanders. Died 21-3-87."

"Conas. 1st Seaforth Highlanders. Died 5-4-87."

"In Memory of Pat, who followed the 72nd Highlanders in Peace and War for 10 years. Died 9th March, 1888."

"Flora. The Band Pet 79th Q.O.C. Highlanders. 1-10-76."

"In Memory of Kate. The Drummers' Pet. 92nd Gordon Highlanders."

J. Percy Groves,
Late 27th Inniskillings.

"A HISTORY OF THE OLD WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY."

When Mr. Roget undertook the task of writing this voluminous compilation, he probably never contemplated the extent to which he had committed himself. For many years past rumours have been afloat that such a work was in contemplation, and it was known that Mr. Jenkins, the late secretary of the Society, was engaged upon it. It now appears that shortly before his death, feeling he could not complete it, he called in Mr. Roget and asked him to endeavour to carry his scheme into effect. That gentleman assented, with the result that he has been occupied for a considerable portion of seven years in so doing.

The structure of the two bulky volumes published by Messrs. Longmans is this: After a short introduction upon water-colour Art, we are introduced to it as it existed in the last century, the era of topographic prints, dealing for the most with the picturesque, and the architecture of gentlemen's seats, both being usually executed from the tinted drawings of travelling artists. Thence we pass to the life and times of Thomas Girtin, who, although a contemporary of Turner, has been accorded the precedence, presumably on account of his exclusive use of the water-colour medium. The third section treats of the founding of the Society in 1805, and the following one of its vicissitudes in its early habitats at Brook Street, Bond Street, and Spring Gardens, until it ended its career in 1812, and from its ashes arose the "Oil and Water-Colour Society," which in its turn in 1820 was remodelled and reverted to the exclusive exhibition of the lake medium.

Thenceforward the Society has dwelt in the rooms which it now occupies in Pall Mall, and it is probably peculiar in having enjoyed a tenancy of such continuous length. Mr. Roget continues his survey, using as resting-places the commencement and terminations of the various Presidencies—Christall's in 1831, Copley Fielding's which extended until 1855, Lewis's which only lasted three years, Frederick Taylor's, which covered the period 1858-1870, and Sir John Gilbert's, which has covered the space between then and the present day.

The biographies, which naturally cover a considerable amount of ground, are confined to those members who were elected during Copley Fielding's presidentship and those who have died since. The line had to be drawn somewhere, although even by fixing a date no less than thirty-five years back, the following members still come outside its limits. The two Fripps, Carl Haag, Paul Naftel, Sir J. Gilbert, S. P. Jackson, W. Callow, Miss Harrison. The list of the elections is carried on to the present time, but by an omission no notice is taken of these in the index, wherein none of the recent names figure.

Amongst quite modern events which are chronicled is the correspondence which took place in 1888 with reference to the amalgamation of the Old and New Society, and it must in justice be said that, on the face of it, the latter acted in a most generous manner, and it is a matter of much regret that the opportunity which then presented itself of establishing an academy of water-colour Art has been indefinitely postponed through the conservatism of a few of the Old Society.

As Mr. Roget remarks, to form a just estimate of a work of Art, some acquaintance with the artist's intention and the conditions under which his labour has been performed, is generally indispensable. The large body of collectors are, for the most part, not through any fault of theirs, entirely ignorant concerning these preliminaries to a thorough knowledge of their possessions. They should, one and all, be grateful to Mr. Roget for what must have been to him quite as much a duty as a pleasure, and show their gratitude by acquiring a work which must add to the pleasure they derive from their much-cherished works of Art.



Crinan.

THE CLYDE AND THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

No. II.—FROM ARDRISHAIG TO FORT WILLIAM.

"IF a man had nothing else to do than to make tours, I know not where or how he could better spend his money and his time than in wandering up and down and about the shores of the Clyde and those of all the lochs that open into it, and in ferreting out the endless corners and nooks in which it abounds. Castles, towns, ships, islands, rocks, mountains, bays, creeks, rivers, cascades, trees, lakes, cliffs, forests, country seats, cultivation, what is there, in short, which may not be found on the shores of the Clyde; and what is there of all these which is not beautiful?" So wrote Dr. John Mucculloch, in 1824, to Sir Walter Scott, and the lapse of years has not robbed his words of their force and truth. At Ardrishaig we bid good-bye, with a backward look of regret, to the Clyde and its lochs, and change from the luxurious and stately *Columba* to the little *Linnet*, that conveys the passengers for the West Highlands through the canal to Crinan.

The Crinan Canal, nine miles long, was formed to save, on the route from Glasgow to the West Highlands, the tedious circuit of the Mull of Cantyre, where the "ever-vexéd" waves play havoc with all tender stomachs and land-lubber legs. Sir John Rennie, the celebrated engineer, laid out the canal in 1793, but the route was not opened until 1801. Even then the work was not finished, and various accidents occurred to the embankments, etc. Telford then took charge of the undertaking, money was obtained from Government, the necessary repairs were set agoing, and in 1817 the Caledonian Canal Commissioners undertook the management of the completed Crinan water-way. The canal, which "is cut chiefly through chlorite schist, traversed by trap dykes," is supplied from eight reservoirs situated among the Knapdale Hills. On 2nd February, 1859, the embankments of some of these reservoirs gave way, and the water rushing down into the valley, nearly filled the channel of the canal with débris. It took about a year to make good the damage, at a cost of some £16,000.

Before the days of the *Linnet*, a track-boat, drawn by horses, was the means of transit through the canal. In the "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," the Queen records that on the occasion of her visit to the West of Scotland in 1847, "We and our people drove through the little village (Lochgilphead) to the Crinan Canal, where we entered a most magnificently decorated barge, drawn by three horses, ridden by postillions in scarlet. We glided along very smoothly, and the views of the hills were very fine indeed."

There are altogether fifteen locks upon the canal, through nine of which the *Linnet* passes. The scenery along the banks is very pleasant, with trees growing close to the water's edge, and wild flowers and bracken in abundance. As the passage through the locks is tedious, the passengers who are in any way actively inclined prefer to walk a great part of the way, and make closer acquaintance with the charms of the road. Here and there the traveller is offered milk and oatcake, for a consideration, by sun-tanned, bare-footed boys and girls, who manage to gather not a few pennies from the tourists. On a fine day, with a holiday-making feeling all over you, and the pure, sweet-scented Highland air blowing in your face, and the hills beside you flecked with sunshine, he would be a churl indeed who did not feel at peace with all the world, and disposed to liberal deeds and kindly thoughts. You leave behind you, with the city and its smoke, the cynicism and the peevishness that are begotten of the city and its worries.

On our way we pass the little town of Lochgilphead, and many handsome houses, the seats of well-known Highland families. After we leave Cairnbann and its lochs, the great Crinan Moss, some 5,000 acres in extent, extends to the right, and the lower hills of Knapdale to the north are backed up in the distance by the majestic heights of Mull, Morven, Kingairloch, and Cruachan. Right across Crinan Loch stands Duntroon Castle on a bold promontory. It was once a stronghold of a branch of the Campbells, but is now almost entirely a renovated modern building, belonging to Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch.

At Crinan the *Linnet's* voyage ends. We could not travel far in the Highlands without the aid of Mr. MacBrayne. One of his commodious, comfortable steamers, probably either the *Chevalier* or the *Grenadier*, awaits the arrival of the *Linnet*, and conveys passengers northwards. The sail between Crinan and Oban is one of great beauty, and Mr. William Black, in his "Princess of Thule," has, with a light and sympathetic touch, described many of its charms as seen in sunshine and calm weather. Let Scotsmen grant at once that the weather on our West Coast is very often the reverse of what it should be, if the comfort and enjoyment of travellers and tourists had only to be consulted. It *can* rain here, and it does rain, when it has once made up its mind to do so, in a steady, dogged, persistent manner, that must make the passing stranger hopeless of ever seeing a clear sky again in this quarter of the world. The Atlantic winds blow in saturated with the breath of the ocean, and hill and glen and sea are wrapped in a dreary sheet of mist and rain. I don't blame travellers when, speaking out of the bitterness of their own experience, they denounce West Highland weather; but I do blame them when, judging simply by that experience, which after all is limited, they declare that they have invariably found the land only a desolate waste of bog and water, the people



Lugsailing. Lismore, Loch Linnhe.

a dispirited heartless set of serfs, and the mountains and the lochs merely a weariness and an oppression to the spirits.

There is a reverse to the picture of gloom and wet: if we have days full of rain and storm, we have days, too, full of sunshine and brightness and peace, when "the very gentleness of Heaven broods o'er the sea," and the fleecy clouds in the sky and the wreaths of mist on the mountain's brow serve only to scatter variety of light and shade over the panoramic expanse of hills and lochs. Nothing can excel the beauty and the joy-giving power of a fine day in early summer in the West Highlands. It has a charm peculiarly its own; its influence steals into our veins like an elixir; we feel life to be a good thing, and "this fair green earth of God's" a pleasant dwelling-place. One hour of sunshine and blue sky is worth ten of rain and driving clouds. Always may good weather attend the way through the West Highlands of all well-disposed and candid-minded travellers!

On the shores of the Sound of Jura, to the south of Crinan Loch, stands Downie House, where Thomas Campbell the poet was, in his early manhood, for some time a tutor. He was also engaged in teaching in Mull. In his poems he has made good use of the local knowledge he thus gained, and of the Highland traditions and stories current among the people. The steamer passes the mouth of Craignish Loch, studded with upwards of twenty picturesque islands of very varying sizes, many prettily wooded, and sails into the Sound of Jura. The view here is remarkably fine, sweeping round from the hills of Islay and the "Paps of Jura" (about 2,000 feet high) over the innumerable islands and islets, whose grey-green, rugged, and fantastic forms stud the blue waters, across to the peaks of Mull and Morven and the ranges of Appin. It is a splendid panorama of jagged and imposing mountain masses.

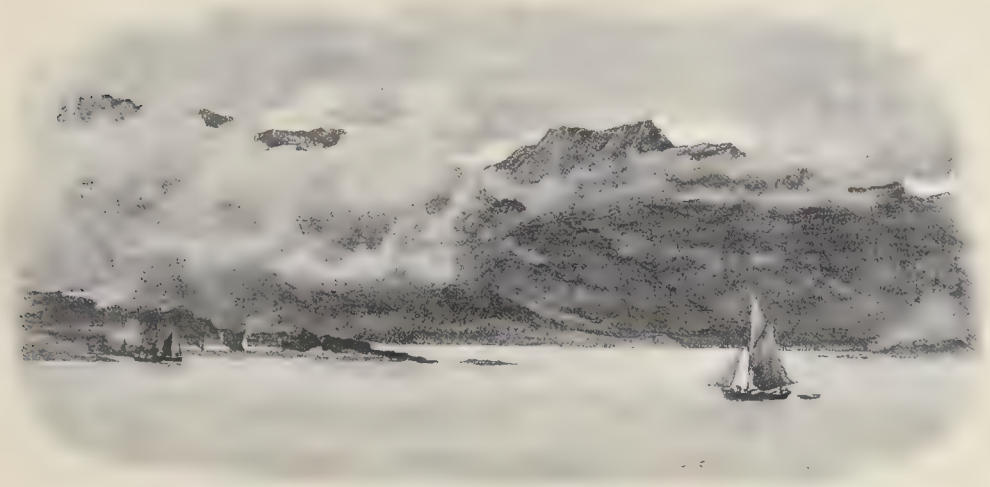
Between the islands of Scarba and Jura, at a point repre-

sented to the left of our illustration of Crinan, lies the famous whirlpool of Corryvrechan.

"And verdant Islay called her host;
And the clans of Jura's rugged coast
Lord Ronald's call obey.
And Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corryvrechan's roar,
And lonely Colonsay."

The whirlpool, which is best seen after a westerly gale and with a flood tide, is caused by the Atlantic tide rushing between the two islands at a velocity of not far short of twenty miles an hour, and of meeting in its course the obstacle of a great rock, which rises from a considerable depth of bottom to within a comparatively short distance of the surface. The result is an expanse of tumultuous tossing water, the roar of which, when it is at its wildest, can be heard at a distance of many miles, but the ferocity of which has, I think, been somewhat exaggerated in popular legend. All the tides run strongly and fiercely about here, and the steamer sailing through, for example, the "Dorus Mor" or Great Door, a strait between Craignish Point and the Island of Garbreisha, often comes in for a good tossing. The unrespecting waves ignore the dinner hour and the comfort of the diners.

Off the coast of Lorne, between Craignish and Oban, there lies a perfect archipelago of islands, through which the steamer threads her way with care—Shuna (belonging to the Corporation of Glasgow), Luing, Lunga, Seil, Easdale (famous for its slate quarries), and away to the west of Phladda Lighthouse, the Isles of the Sea, where St. Columba first landed from Ireland—their name is legion. In themselves these islands are picturesque; in some places low-lying, in others precipitous, with elevated trap dykes upheaving through the schistose rocks, and curiously shaped cliffs due to the action of the waves on their slaty shores. We pass for a short time outside of the labyrinth of islands to the open ocean, and then



Morven, Loch Linnhe.

round, under the mighty shadow of Mull and the smaller bulk of Kerrera, into the bay of Oban. The last large island on the right is Seil, and it is connected with the mainland by a bridge some thirty feet high.

Oban has a just right to be considered the capital of the West Highlands, and there is not in the whole kingdom a more prettily situated little town. The white houses edge the bay: they stand against a background of green and well-wooded hills, and fronting them is a magnificent panorama of mountain scenery. There are two or three blots on the fairness of the Oban landscape. In the first place, the old pier, with its tumble-down sheds, is not good enough for a coal wharf on the Tyne. Again, the railway station is, outwardly, an obtrusively ugly erection, which would be in its proper place in a second-rate Lancashire manufacturing town. The new tall chimney for the distillery is not an ornament to the place æsthetically, however much it may testify to its commercial prosperity, and several of the villas that have been lately erected are not architecturally beautiful. But these remarks embody all the disparaging comments that can be made about Oban. It is delightfully situated, its climate is good, it is the very centre of the West Highland tourist traffic, it is the starting-point of several charming walks, it is, in its season, a gay, bright little place, full of life and animation.

"For Oban is a dainty place;
In distant or in nigh lands,
No town delights the tourist race
Like Oban in the Highlands."

So sang Professor Blackie, who was a dweller in the town, and an enthusiastic lover of its beauties, till the railway broke in upon its seclusion. The unmitigated ugliness of the station frightened the Professor away to other latitudes.

It was about the beginning of this century that, thanks to the enterprise of a family named Stevenson, Oban began to be of some importance as a shipping port. The introduction of steam navigation gave it a great lift. It is now a police and

parliamentary burgh, with a resident population of some 5,000, which is much increased, of course, during the summer and autumn months. Then Oban is at its gayest and busiest. Beds are at a premium; the esplanade echoes the footfalls of tourists of all nationalities; kilts abound, worn mostly, however, in an awkward and uncomfortable way, by young men whose feet are more accustomed to stone pavements than to heather. The whiteness of their legs betrays them. Even Jews sometimes wear kilts, and Highland photographers keep on stock a supply of the "Garb of Old Gael" for the temporary use of such of their Cockney customers as wish to pose as Roderick Dhus and Rob Roys. There is no place in Scotland where there is more human nature, good, bad, and indifferent, bustling about, than at Oban during the season.

When Dr. Samuel Johnson and Boswell crossed to Oban from Mull (in an open boat: MacBrayne was not then living), they found there "a tolerable inn." Things are changed since Johnson's day. Genoa has been called a city of palaces, Oban may well be called a town of hotels. It contains between thirty and forty. Their signs meet your eye in every direction; the houses are of all sizes and of all kinds, and he must be a wanderer difficult to please who does not find somewhere a congenial shelter. The smoking-room of one hotel in Oban claims more than passing mention. It is, on summer and autumn evenings, the favourite gathering-place of all artists and literary men who visit the West Highlands, and its walls, quaintly decorated with armour and pictures and *bric-à-brac*, have been the unconscious auditors of many a merry jest and pleasant story.

The stranger must not mistake the unfinished structure that crowns a height above the town for a ruined castle. It is only the Hydropathic Establishment, a sad memorial of the mistake that is made by those who begin to build ere they have counted the cost. It is crumbling to decay, and would look venerable were it only covered with ivy. Over £15,000 have been wasted on it: it would take nearly another



Falls of Lora. Entrance to Loch Etive, Argyllshire.

£40,000 to complete the design. Oban's male population, who are athletically disposed, find vent for their energies in boat-sailing and in golfing on the new links, beautifully situated near Ganavan. The lug-sail boats belonging to the Club are marvels of speed and good sea-going qualities; and the weekly races in the season are keenly contested. One of our illustrations shows one of the famous little beauties thrashing through the water off Lismore. During the summer Oban Bay is crowded with yachts of all sizes and rigs, and the season winds up in September with the Regatta, as many fireworks as can be let off in the space of an evening, and the Highland sports and ball, when Celtic youth and beauty and manhood have high jinks and a mad, merry time of it altogether. Efforts are being made just now to establish in Oban an annual Highland Eisteddfod (they call it there—but no Sassenach should try to pronounce the words—"Am mod Ghaidhealach"), where bards and bagpipes will be allowed "ample room and verge enough" for the display of their powers.

I last saw Oban in May, when the spring sunshine was bright and the tourists not yet in possession of the esplanade. Oban was at its fairest, with the fresh green flush upon the young larches, and a sea and a sky so similar that you could not tell which was the bluer and the deeper. I shall not soon forget the view from Ganavan Bay, right across the still expanse of water, glistening as if it had been powdered with diamond-dust, over green Lismore, long and low-lying, to the giant hills of Mull and Morven.

The history of the West Highlands, even down to comparatively modern times, is one continued record of outrage and bloodshed. Every man's hand was raised against his neighbour; it seems to have been unbecoming in a proper spirited gentleman to die quietly in his bed, and the rule of life was Rob Roy's—

> "That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

We see evidence of the habits of the people in the numerous

ruined castles—or keeps—that stud the shores; places not in any way recalling the magnificence of the great English castles, or at all adapted to the conditions of modern warfare, but handy enough for the necessities of the predatory, bloodthirsty chieftains who led the various clans to rob and massacre their neighbours. Prominent among these in the neighbourhood of Oban, and with many interesting historical associations surrounding them, are Dunollie, Dunstaffnage, and Gylen on Kerrera. Dunollie, beautifully situated on a woody knoll overlooking the north end of the bay, carries us back to the days of Somerled, the ancestor of the Lords of the Isles, and to Bruce, whose "Brooch of Lorne" is still preserved in the castle by the Macdougall family. Dunstaffnage is declared to have been the capital of the old Dalridian Kings of Scotland up to 850, and has had many varied fortunes. Of course every one knows that the famous Coronation Stone now in Westminster Abbey was carried off from Dunstaffnage by Edward I. On Kerrera, the rugged island that hems in Oban Bay, Alexander II. died in 1249, and Haco held here his great muster of West Highland chiefs and septs prior to his unfortunate invasion of Scotland in 1263.

Dunstaffnage is at the mouth of Loch Etive, which wanders eastward and north-east among the hills for about twenty miles. The tourist may profitably devote some time to the exploration of the beauties of this region. It is a land of mountains: Cruachan towers to the height of 3,611 feet; Buchaille Etive, guarding the way northwards, boasts of 3,345 feet, and these are only two out of a family of giants. There are softer features in the landscape: the ruins of Ardchattan Priory, brattling burns, wooded banks, and the blue waters of the loch itself. Near the mouth of the loch, and just above Connel Ferry, are the celebrated Falls of Lora. The whole country around here is the chosen seat of Ossianic traditions; you can hardly move a step without coming on one of the poet's birthplaces or on one of his graves. Of course we need not believe all we are told, even by learned



Oban Regatta. From the Picture by Colin Hunter, A.R.A., Royal Academy.

antiquaries, but I think there can be no doubt, from the consensus of tradition, that the ancient Scots held sway somewhere about here, and that Ossian and Fingal—or as much of them as ever actually existed—roamed and fought and rhymed about Loch Etive side and Benderloch. It has been a big controversy, the Ossianic one, but it will not hurt us much practically if we take many of the traditions upon trust. The Falls of Lora—celebrated by Ossian—are a curious example of a salt-water fall, "caused by a rocky reef in the bottom of the loch, whose sides here are greatly contracted." It is more of a rapid than a fall, and makes at half-flow or half-ebb tide not a little noise and swirl. The passage of the ferry is not always permitted by wind and weather (the Wordsworths in their celebrated tour experienced its difficulties), so several of the leading people in the district held a meeting the other day with the view of starting a scheme for a bridge.

On the north side of Loch Etive lies the Benderloch district, rich in cairns and other antiquarian relics. At Ledaig, on the shore of Loch Nell, under what I think is called the King's Cliff, stands the cottage of Mr. John Campbell, the postmaster, known to fame as a Gaelic poet, one of the few genuine Highland bards who still exercise their craft. A kindly, bright, intelligent man is Mr. Campbell, eager at work, and always anxious to do good to those around him. He has made the shingle to blossom like the rose. His garden, where the earliest of strawberries and spring vegetables abound, has been won from the cliffs and sands of the sea-shore; and the grotto on the rocks was constructed by the poet himself, who has shown wonderful ingenuity in overcoming the difficulties of the situation.

A little beyond Ledaig lies Beregonium, said to have been the ancient capital of the Scots, and, overlooking the water, rises the rounded hill, Dun-Mhic-Uisenachain, "the fort of

the sons of Uisenach," Ossian's heroes. The hill is crowned with the remains of a vitrified fort. Its grassy slopes are pleasant to linger upon the length of a summer day. The place is haunted with legends, and you can dream of the old-world kingdom, when

> "Many a stately building shone
> Within the ancient Beregon."

The view is splendid over Loch Nell, with Lady Margaret's Tower, Loch Nell House, the Barcaldine woods, and the ruined castle in the distance peeping through the woods.

The steamer, when it leaves Oban for Fort William and Banavie, passes through the Lynn of Lorne, between Lismore and Benderloch, into Loch Linnhe, which separates Appin from Morven. There are great mountain ranges on every side, scarred with torrent courses. As we journey northward the bulk of Ben Nevis begins to loom above his fellow-mon-



Ledaig, Home of the Bard of Benderloch.

sters, but from here he is not a pretty hill to look at. He is clumsy and ungracious in appearance, not equal at all in beauty to the double-peaked Cruachan. Innumerable islands stud the seas, from "green Lismore" down to tiny patches of rock, some fashioned into curious battlemented forms; lonely sheilings spot the hill-sides, which look more desolate on the left hand than on the right, where there is better wooding; and here and there little hamlets cluster round piers at which the steamer stops. There are several handsome modern houses close to the loch, some of them bosomed in trees, and at least one famous ruin, that of Castle Stalker, a favourite hunting seat of James V., where the great clan, the Stewarts of Appin, held rule in the wild old days.

ROBERT WALKER.

THE CHIEFS OF OUR NATIONAL MUSEUMS.

No. IV.—THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM. SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE OWEN, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.I.E.

FRANCIS PHILIP CUNLIFFE OWEN was born at Geneva on the 8th of June, 1828. His father, Captain George Cunliffe Owen, was an officer in the Royal Navy, and his mother was a daughter of Sir Henry Blosset, formerly Chief Justice of Bengal. The young Philip was destined for the naval profession, to which his tastes and his father's wishes not unnaturally inclined him, and in the year 1840, when he was twelve years old, he made his first essay in seamanship, and, like his father, entered the Royal Navy. After some five years' service, however, it appeared evident that his health was not sufficiently robust for a seafaring career; it threatened, indeed, at this time to break down altogether, and he retired from the service of his country on sea, and promptly embarked on that career of land service in which he has subsequently played so distinguished a part.



Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen. From a Photograph by Walery, Limited.

The Science and Art Department, as we now understand it, with its head-quarters at South Kensington, its vast educational apparatus, its Schools of Art, its collections, its ramifications throughout the length and breadth of the land, and playing so influential and beneficent a part in our national life, could hardly be said, at that time, to have any corporeal, or rather corporate existence. It was the direct outcome of the Great Exhibition of 1851. There had been, indeed, such things as "Schools of Design" under the Privy Council before that, and at their head was a man, to whose large conceptions and vast administrative abilities the time has even yet hardly arrived for full justice to be done—the late Sir Henry Cole. In 1852 he was consulted by the authorities, prompted there is small doubt by Prince Albert, as to the formation of a "Department," always so dear a phrase to the official heart, to provide for the expansion of these schools, and for the addition to them of a scientific curriculum. Some years previously Lord Brougham had declared that "the schoolmaster was abroad," but the wildest dreams of the educational reformers of his day hardly went beyond "the three R's." "Art education" for the masses, in our sense of the term, there was none, and the study of physical science is, it may be almost said, the "note" exclusively of the latter half of this century. In the fifties the hostility to a Science and Art Department of the State was undisguised, and its promoters and instruments did not escape—in the case of Cole himself, perhaps, hardly cared to escape — denunciation and abuse. But they fell harmless upon that clear-headed and resolute individuality. He worked with indomitable will, one of his first aims being to surround himself with a *corps d'élite* of sympathetic eager workers. As an integral part of this *corps* he fixed on young Owen, in whom he was prompt to perceive the elements of future usefulness. Already he might have been said to be somewhat of "an international

man." He had served aboard ship in the West Indies and in the Mediterranean, and had never lost an opportunity of acquiring information, and, in particular, was already familiar with more than one European tongue. About this time, too, he married, his wife being a German lady, daughter of a Prussian cavalry officer, the Baron Fritz von Reitzenstein. Sir Henry (then Mr.) Cole nominated the young clerk of the newly-formed Department to a seat in his own office, and to the direction now given to his career Sir Philip attributes the main interests of his life. It was the era of International Exhibitions. They followed each other in succession in every capital of the civilised world, fast and soon. England had, for once, set a fashion. Before the wonderful collection in Hyde Park had been fully dispersed, or its great covering of glass and iron had been transplanted to Sydenham, the Emperor Napoleon had resolved that Paris should follow suit. The French Exposition of 1855 brought with it many notable events; they need no recapitulation here. To the subject of this memoir it brought his first contact with those exhibitions, with the history of which his name will always be inseparably associated. He was appointed, in its initial stages, one of the superintendents of the British section.

It goes without saying that Owen's work in connection with the Paris Exhibition of 1855 neither began nor concluded with the term of the actual existence of the Exhibition as a public show. It spread, in fact, over the years before and after. That he performed his laborious duties amply to the satisfaction of those who had employed him is certain, and he received very shortly afterwards official recognition in the shape of an appointment as Deputy General Superintendent at South Kensington, under the immediate orders of his old patron, Sir Henry Cole.

It was in this year that the South Kensington Museum was opened to the public. The precise date is certainly worthy of record, June 22, 1857. As we consider its prominent place among the museums and galleries of Europe and America, as we gaze with wonder and admiration upon its countless costly and beautiful treasures, as we recollect the controversies which have attended it throughout its existence, it is difficult to realise the fact that this mother of Art galleries is not yet five-and-thirty years old. People now in middle life remember well when South Kensington itself had absolutely no existence at all; and Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen recalls his strolling over the fields whereupon stands the famous institution, and that a brace of partridges rose from the ground almost at his feet. Sister institutions and "memorials" have arisen, and a "wilderness of stucco and bricks" is the present substitute for the "wilds of Brompton fields."

Four months before the Museum was opened, the seal of official acceptance had been put upon a document which presented to the nation, and in express terms to the infant institution, one of the noblest benefactions it had ever received from a wealthy son. This was the Sheepshanks collection. The donor had stipulated in his deed of gift that the Government should erect a suitable building "free from the inconveniences and dirt of the main thoroughfares of the metropolis," and had added, "I consider such a building might be usefully erected at Kensington." It was impossible to delay longer the housing of these treasures; and thus the Museum, which had been long, as we say nowadays, "in the air," received a local habitation; and, it may be added, a name. For the London wits, quick to perceive a real or fancied resemblance to other objects familiar to their vision, quickly dubbed the new edifice the "Brompton Boilers." For many years, under this denomination, the South Kensington Museum shared with the lions *not* in Trafalgar Square the attentions of the burlesque writer and *lion comique*, and, with Temple Bar, the japes and jests since more deservedly bestowed upon its successor, the "Griffin."

But we are engaged not upon a history of the Science and Art Department, nor of the South Kensington Museum, but upon the biography of its Director. Three years after Sir Philip's nomination to the Deputy Superintendentship of the Museum, he was advanced to the more responsible post of Assistant Director. Then, in 1862, came our own second International Exposition. Sir Philip became Director of the Foreign Sections, and here, again, his linguistic accomplishments stood him in good stead. From that time to the present his life would appear to have been passed in alternations between his duties at the Museum and a series of commissionerships to the various exhibitions at home and abroad, that have, as we have said, characterized the past half century. We need hardly do more in this place than rapidly recapitulate these latter. In 1867 came the second Exposition at Paris, to which he was the British Assistant Executive Commissioner. For the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, the Prince of Wales accepted the Presidency of the Royal Commission for Great Britain, and Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen occupied its most laborious post as secretary. At its close he received the C.B. In the interval between this and the next important exhibition, the retirement of Sir Henry Cole occurred. With general approval Sir Philip became his successor; Sir Henry Cole surviving his resignation for eight years, he died in 1882. The Directorship of the South Kensington Museum, an institution with which he had been associated during almost the whole of his working life, was thus attained by its present incumbent when he was in his fifty-fourth year.

His remaining public services, so far as their dates are concerned, may be rapidly summarised. He was our Executive Commissioner to the great Centennial Exhibition held at Philadelphia in the year 1875, and resided for several months in the United States; a position of unusual responsibility, and involving an amount of toil and trouble for which he was wholly unprepared. But it brought with it corresponding rewards, for he received from the Centennial Commission one of the four silver medals specially struck for the occasion, and awarded to those who had rendered the most conspicuous services. In 1878 came another exhibition at Paris, and once more Sir Philip became secretary to the British Commission, which was, as before, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales. We have seen that in 1873 he had received the C.B.; he was now created K.C.M.G. and C.I.E. Finally, in 1886, came the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, held in the International Galleries at South Kensington, and for the last time, Sir Philip resumed his old post of secretary, and at its close he was advanced a step in the order of the Bath, becoming K.C.B. A list of the other decorations enjoyed by Sir Philip as marks of appreciation of the rulers of the many countries in which his vast official experience has been acquired, would fill many lines of these pages. The names of some of the countries, however, may be given; the list includes Sweden, France, Austria, Bavaria, Spain, Italy, Portugal, Belgium, Norway, Turkey, and Germany. It may be doubted whether any civilian employed in

this country has received as many foreign orders as the subject of our biography.

It might be supposed, not unnaturally, that these repeated interruptions to his directorate at South Kensington would have militated injuriously against the efficient discharge of Sir Philip's duties there. As a matter of fact, the precise opposite has been the case. Wherever his various commissionerships and secretaryships have borne him, the interests of the Museum have never been absent from his mind. Scarcely a journey has been undertaken that has not borne fruit in the enrichment of its collections. It would, moreover, appear that among the lessons which he learned at the feet of his predecessor, Sir Henry Cole, not the least valuable was the art of choosing fit instruments for subordinate positions, so that in the absence of its chief there is always some member of his staff of able and energetic officers available and willing to act as his deputy for the time. A career so varied and so responsible could hardly be expected to escape criticism altogether, but nobody has ever accused Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen of neglecting the interests and prospects of the band of workers with which he is surrounded at South Kensington, and it is impossible for a visitor to make, in his company, even a partial tour of the buildings under his charge, without observing the confidence and affection with which he is everywhere regarded. It is not only there, but in many of the museums both in town and country, not excepting the most important of them all, that men are to be found, high up on the official staffs, who gladly acknowledge that they owe their first step on the lowest rung of the ladder to Sir Philip's recommendation and intervention on their behalf. Since his appointment to the directorship, enormous strides have been made in the increase of the collections, in their popularization, testified by the yearly increase in the numbers of the visitors, no less than in the growing appreciation of the advantages South Kensington offers as a centre of Art education and liberal culture. The whole number of persons who received instruction in Art in some form through the agency of the Department in the year 1889 was 944,553; in 1879 it was 29,191. It may be noted that the total number of visitors to the Museum since its opening, calculated to the end of 1889, was 27,981,615.

Judged not only by these figures, but by the continued and still increasing popularity of the Museum under his energetic administration, it is putting the matter very inadequately to say that Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen has fully justified his appointment. The influence of the South Kensington spirit radiates from that centre to the remotest corners of the kingdom; the personal efforts and attendance of its Director are constantly requisitioned at the provincial Schools of Art, and his presence and genial oratory, characteristic of the worker rather than of the talker, stimulate masters and students alike in their efforts towards artistic accomplishment. Nobody has been more persistent in promoting the establishment of local museums throughout the country, or more successful in prevailing upon wealthy citizens to accord their support to them. At this moment a scheme is under consideration for the establishment by private munificence of an institution, on the South Kensington plan, for the United States; the plans have been laid before Sir Philip, as the most distinguished expert alive, for his advice and co-operation. His was the proposal to utilise the prefaces to certain costly catalogues for the instruction of the general public, and the well-known series of cheap hand-books on Science and Art subjects, issued under the authority of the Department, was the outcome of his personal suggestion. In this enterprise he found, as usual, an able coadjutor in the person of the late learned and accomplished William Maskell, who edited these, and added others to them from his own pen.

Outside the limits of his official duty, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen is known as a practical philanthropist, and has taken part in many well-considered schemes for the benefit of the working classes, especially in the promotion of temperance and thrift. At the East End, where his work in connection with the Bethnal Green Museum is well understood and appreciated, his figure is as popular an one as it is in the West; and farther afield, his name is as a tower of strength alike in Paris and Berlin, New York or Vienna. That Sir Philip may long be spared to direct the fortunes of the great National Institution of which he is the renowned chief, will be the aspiration not only of all lovers of the beautiful, but of all appreciators of laborious and honourable public life, throughout, it may almost be said, the length and breadth of the civilised world.

J. F. Boyes.

GUILDFORD FROM ST. KATHERINE'S HILL.

Original Etching by Percy Robertson.

ENGLISH scenery, with its smooth streams, its rounded pastures, and the deep soil that covers so richly the bones of the land, is generally among the least etchable in Europe. The construction and vegetation of Italy or the East might have been designed with a view to achieving the sharpness of line that suggests the etching-point, and to fulfilling all the other conditions of aqua-fortis engraving. Even France, without fine profiles of rock or delicate horizontal lines of pine or palm, is etchable on account of her poplars and her hedgeless fields. Our hedges, treasuries of flower and leaf as they are in detail, must always be a difficulty to painter and etcher alike, with their arbitrary rectangular forms independent of any suggestions of the rise and fall of the hill-slopes. None the less may passages of scenery be taken unawares, as it were, by one practising the delightful art of etching from nature; they may be caught in the undress of trees disleafed, or half-disleafed, and showing a fine anatomy through a veil either of spring buds or of autumn foliage. Such articulate branches, with a sky-line of roof and tower, and a free space of clear pasture and clear waters, furnish as artistic a subject, to the right selection, as anything that can be found over-seas. Mr. Robertson has made his heart-of-England landscape thoroughly interesting. Clustering town, straying cattle, willows and undergrowth, the tow-path with its incidents, all compose themselves into a most attractive scene; the double turn of the little river is full of charm, and truth of light, of character, and of local physiognomy, makes this side-scene of the pleasant little capital of Surrey as convincing as it is pleasant.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY THE HAND CAMERA.

REMARKABLE as has been the rapidity with which photography has spread during the last few years, there is perhaps no feature of its development more noticeable than the growth in popularity of the hand camera. If one glances over the columns of the photographic journals, or the catalogues of dealers, it is at once apparent that there is an immense demand for this form of instrument, as is shown by the emulation with which all the makers are vieing with one another in producing these cameras, each dealer vaunting his own particular make (some dealers have more than one), as the best in the market and capable of supplying all photographic needs; and even if our observation is confined to the scenes around us, wherever we go we are still confronted by the hand camera in some one of its protean forms.

The popularity, therefore, at the present time of this form of camera cannot be gainsaid, and the question naturally suggests itself, whether this is only a passing fashion, or whether there are qualities in the hand camera which justify the preference so generally shown. It is the object of the present article to show that this form of camera does possess advantages over the older forms which not only render it of great use and interest to every one, but prove it to be the camera which is most completely capable of satisfying the requirements of the artist in particular.



"As much as he can manage." From a Photograph by Mr. A. R. Dresser.

At the outset we must entirely disclaim any intention to arrogate to the hand instrument superiority at all points over tripod cameras. The purposes for which the two classes of instrument are suitable, though in many points overlapping, are yet on the whole so distinct that there ought to be no rivalry between them, and if the intending photographer has a clearly defined idea of the purposes for which he intends to use his instrument, he ought to have no difficulty in deciding between them. What is claimed for the hand camera is that it fulfils the requirements of an artist more completely than any other instrument, and preserves for him details of scenes of which it would have been impossible for him to obtain any record either by the aid of his brush or pencil or by any other camera —details which may be invaluable to him as studies for his subsequent work.

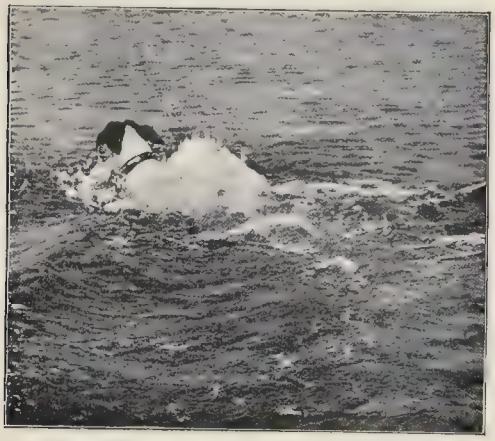
In two branches of work the most ardent lover of the hand camera need have no hesitation in conceding the palm to the tripod instrument. Neither for architectural work nor for portraiture is the hand camera really suitable. Not but what very pleasing pictures of buildings may be obtained by its aid, but it rarely happens that a building is so situated as to admit of its being photographed without tilting the camera, and in the absence of the "swing-back," by which the plate can be kept vertical, the upright lines of the image will converge in such a way as to render the resulting picture by no means a "joy for ever" to the artist, however useful it may prove in reminding him of matters of detail. Even, however, where this element of distortion is not present the short focus lens (which is necessarily employed in the hand camera to enable near objects to be in focus) renders the picture unpleasing on account of the violence of the perspective. Of course it is superfluous to say that the length of exposure required for interiors renders the hand camera, used as such, out of the question for these, though where a rest can be found for it, it may be adapted even to this work.

To obtain satisfactory results in portraiture the lens must be of deeper focus than is consistent with the other uses of a hand camera, and for this and other reasons the hand camera cannot compete with the work of special portrait cameras and lenses.

What then are the peculiar advantages for the purposes of an artist which are claimed on behalf of hand cameras?

First, that they are ready for immediate use; *secondly*, that they attract less observation in their use; *thirdly*, they have

compactness and portability. The fact that they possess these advantages over the older form of camera, and the



That Dreadful Stick: After it.

importance of these advantages to the artist, seem so obvious that it may appear almost unnecessary to enlarge on the topic. Every one, even though a ready sketcher or the possessor of a camera of the ordinary type, can recall hundreds of scenes he has witnessed on his travels of which he would gladly have retained a record, but the scene shifted and was gone long before the deftest pencil could transfer it to paper, or the cumbrous tripod be unfolded and the camera racked out and ready for action. Perhaps while driving or journeying by steamer, or even by train, one sees a view or a scene which would make a pleasing picture. The carriage



That Dreadful Stick: Got it.

may be stopped, but even then the delay occasioned in setting up the apparatus may be inconvenient, and is sure to give rise to grumbling by some of the occupants, but on the steamer or in the train one is carried past the scene which has awakened interest long before the apparatus can be brought to bear upon it. It is for occasions like these that the hand camera is invaluable. Some of the prettiest views in the writer's photograph book are bits which have been caught in this way, and which could have been caught in no other way. For instance, there is a view taken from the window of an express train near Drammen, in Norway. It is true that express trains do not travel very fast in that country, and the one in question had not attained to even that limited maximum of speed, but with anything else than a hand camera it would have been impossible to take the view. We were approaching a river, when we saw at anchor



That Dreadful Stick: Waiting.

an extraordinary craft resembling the typical Noah's Ark of the nursery; to seize the case from the hat rack, open it, and point the camera at the object was the work of an instant, and the result is a negative which might have been taken in a camera resting on the most stable of tripods.

Perhaps, however, the value of a hand camera for an artist is most conspicuously shown in the facilities it offers for catching the movements of animals and figures in motion. We are not now alluding to those wonderful photographs which have been recently exhibited at the Royal Institution, and have been reproduced in the pages of a contemporary, wherein horses and other animals are shown in attitudes which doubtless they do assume, but which no human eye is rapid enough to detect. Without suggesting that artists should henceforth

draw animals in the attitudes so shown, we think that few persons will deny that instantaneous photographs are of the highest value to an artist in assisting him to catch the movements of any animal he intends to depict; for these movements are so rapid that they cease and are over long before he can put pencil to paper, and it is of almost incalculable benefit to him to have stereotyped for his leisurely study the most rapid and transitory motion at any stage he may desire. This, however, can only be done with the hand camera. Mr. A. R. Dresser, who is perhaps better known than any one else in the field of photography for his adoption of, and adherence to, the hand camera as a *vade mecum*, has placed several views at our disposal, for the purposes of illustrating our subject. Most of these have carried off prize after prize at the various exhibitions, and our readers will appreciate the author's great courtesy in permitting reproductions to be made of them. Taking these in order, we first notice those of the dog after a stick, which best bear out these observations. In the first there is the dog at the moment of his plunge, in the next he swims back with the stick, and in the third he dances on the shore, all excited and eager for the stick to be thrown again. Look at this last picture. You see the wet hair on the dog's neck as he stands dripping after his swim. You see his eye fixed on the stick which he expects to be thrown again, and every limb seems to quiver with excitement as he draws himself together ready for a fresh spring in whatever direction the stick is thrown. What artist could hope to get his model to stand in an attitude like this, while his likeness is transferred to paper? But by the aid of the hand camera this fleeting moment of excitement is caught and preserved for leisurely study. On the other hand, how would the tripod camera have succeeded in this subject? It might have been possible with that instrument to take the second picture of the series by focussing the camera on a particular spot, and releasing the shutter as the dog swam past that spot, but even then the dog would have to make several journeys before he would swim along the desired line. As for the first and third pictures of the series the difficulties attending any attempt to catch such pictures with a fixed instrument are so great that it might almost be said to be impossible, though fortune might in some cases render the attempt successful. For all practical purposes, however, it may be said that such pictures must be taken with a hand camera or not at all.



Leap-frog.

The picture on page 216, again, gives an admirable notion of a child struggling with a dog, who moves on in stolid indifference—a picture of a moving subject which a fixed camera would fail to catch.

So the picture below, 'Leap-frog,' conveys an excellent idea of the movement of the figures, and for the artist's purpose we have the movement arrested at a point which his eye unaided might not have been able to separate from the subsequent motions. The sixth picture is a photograph of the adjutant bird at the Zoological Gardens, where those who set to work with only a tripod camera will find that all the animals are not such patient sitters as Mr. Stacy Marks' excellent pictures might lead one to suppose. The seventh and eighth pictures are subjects which show the use that the hand camera may be to the marine artist in catching fleeting scenes on the ocean; the last, taken from a yacht, showing a string of barges being towed on the Zuyder Zee, and the other depicting the launch of a boat at Hastings.

This quality of immediate readiness for use is one which should not be overlooked by that increasing section of the community who wander about the country on bicycles or tricycles. From the writer's own experience the amount of time occupied in a day's ride in unpacking photographic impedimenta and attaching them again to the machine is considerable, and it resulted in a determination to make a hand camera the only photographic comrade when cycling.

The second advantage claimed for hand cameras over the older form of instrument is that they attract less observation in use. To this fact is due the title "detective cameras" by which they are so often described. The term, however, is really a misnomer, for of the many forms of camera to which it is applied—whether they be disguised as brown-paper parcels, despatch boxes, dressing bags, or volumes of books—there is not one which does not give adequate warning to all whom it may concern that

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll *prent* it,"



Adjutant Bird at the Zoo.

so as to enable any one to retire from the scene who may have private reasons for objecting to be photographed.

It is, however, of immense importance for the purpose of obtaining artistic effects, that the persons who are to be the subject of the picture, if not entirely ignorant of the artist's intentions generally, should not be aware upon whom his attention is immediately directed—that they should not know the moment of their fate—a knowledge which, as every one knows, is fatal to all natural expression on the face of the photographic subject. Perhaps one is passing through a foreign market-place; one sees a group of market women in picturesque pose and animated discussion, but were an attempt made to set up the tripod and catch their attitudes, their attention would be diverted from their discussion, and if they submitted to be photographed at all—and in many cases they would not—they would at once assume the well-known wooden photographic look, and the result would be for any purpose unsatisfactory, and for the artist's purposes an utter failure.

It is not, however, only, or chiefly, in cases where it is sought to catch the natural expression and attitudes of a group of persons that this quality of the hand camera is of importance. No one who has ever had occasion to set up a tripod stand in an English village street (and *a fortiori* in a town) but will remember the crowd of children who come clustering around, gazing into the lens or placing themselves in a stiff and unpicturesque row in the foreground in rigid and uncompromising attitudes. The desire in this way manifested by so many people of figuring in a picture which they will never see is a curious phase of character, and vanity is probably at the bottom of it. However this may be, it is a trait one meets with wherever one goes in England. Abroad it is even worse. We remember, one day at Trondhjem, having just set up the camera to get a picture of the cathedral, when a crowd of children just released from school burst out and placed themselves in a long unbroken line in the foreground of the picture, and we decided to take a picture of them, partly to obtain an interesting sample of Norwegian town children, and partly in the hope that we should then be left in peace. After expending two plates on them we expected we should get rid of them and be at liberty to take the selected views; but nothing of the kind. It is experiences such as these that make one value the unobtrusive qualities of a hand camera. One gets characteristic views of street scenes as they are daily enacted without awakening idle curiosity, which at once robs the scene of its natural character and deprives one of much of the pleasure in taking it, if not (as too often happens) of the chance of taking it at all.

We do not know whether Mr. Dresser arranged his figures playing at leap-frog or whether he came upon them by accident and took them as he passed; but in the latter case it is certain that it would have been impossible to secure the picture with a tripod camera, as the mere setting up of the tripod



Launching a Boat at Hastings.

would at once be the signal for the cessation of their game, and their interest would be centred in the forthcoming picture, and there would be nothing left for you to photograph.

The third advantage of the hand camera is its compactness. Whether the choice falls on one of the numerous forms of magazine cameras holding from twelve to twenty-four plates, or on one for roller film, or on what may be called the pocket variety, the advantage gained in lightness, compactness, and portability is so obvious that it is unnecessary to dwell upon this.

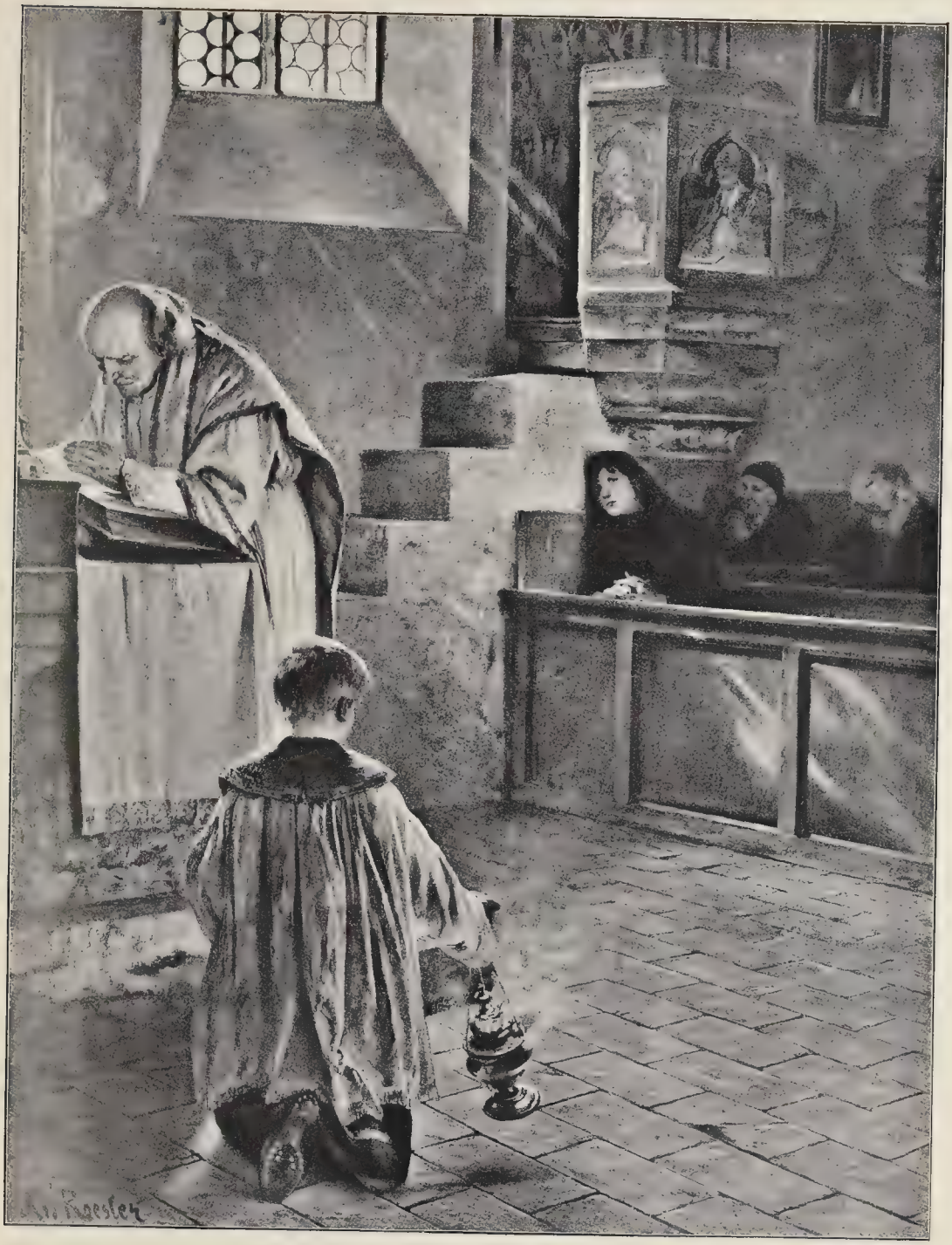
It must be remembered that in addition to the points that have been touched on, many of the hand cameras in the market can be used as ordinary cameras with the aid of a stand



On the Zuyder Zee.

for time exposures, and admit of an adjustment of the focus and of the aperture of the lens. This adaptability for time exposure is the more important in England, where the period during which light admits of instantaneous work is necessarily limited.

In conclusion, we are sure that any one who procures a hand camera will not only find it an unfailing source of interest and amusement, but that if he be an artist the pictures obtained thereby will prove of great assistance to him as studies for his subsequent work. The writer of this article has also to thank Mr. Dresser for most of the hints upon the subject which it contains.



Low Mass. By A. W. Roesler. From a Photograph by Dr. E. Albert & Co., Munich.

LOW MASS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY A. W. ROESLER.

NOW that so many painters, of the foreign schools particularly, are aware of the artistic value of simplicity, they have also discovered that a plain church, where nothing has been arranged for effect, where such ornament as there is makes part of the structure, and where a service, absolutely for use, has gathered a few together, is as pictorial a scene as modern manners have left us. Almost the whole of this scene is simply the light, in its early morning purity and freshness, striking from above upon priest and acolyte, silvering the heads, old and young, giving the beautiful opaque surface of bright daylight to the white textiles of the surplices, giving a modest brilliance to a little gold in the stole and vestment.

THE LATE EDWIN LONG, R.A.

BY the death of Mr. Edwin Long, R.A., which occurred through influenza on the 15th of May, the Royal Academy lost one who ranked amongst the most popular of its members in the eyes of the majority of the vast public which now interests itself in matters of Art. The son of an artist, and born at Bath in the year 1828, Edwin Long was painting portraits and an exhibitor before he was sixteen, and his first picture was hung at the Royal Academy in 1855. It was not, however, until twenty years afterwards that he was elected to an Associateship, but in consequence of the important works which he thereupon exhibited, he was quickly advanced to the rank of full member, that honour coming to him in 1881. Opinions as to his status as an artist differ very materially; to the large mass of the populace he was a great artist, for independently of his painting religious pictures, which are still the most popular, and in spite of his wrapping up his subject in a vast amount of erudition, his work almost always contained a keynote of interest, which not only fastened itself on the memory, but sometimes even engrossed attention to an altogether unexpected extent: an instance of this occurred in his 'Diana or Christ,' which was in consequence extraordinarily popular. Then, again, Mr. Long was exceptionally fortunate from a monetary point of view, owing to a mere accident. It so happened that his most notable work, 'The Babylonian Marriage Market,' was put up for sale in 1882, just at the moment when Mr. Holloway was forming his collection of pictures, and was buying regardless of price: this work sold for 6,300 guineas, the largest price that had ever been paid under the hammer for the work of a living British artist. Henceforward he was enabled to put high prices upon his productions, and it was evidently the means of his building a very handsome dwelling at Hampstead, which he has only lived to enjoy for a very short while. He was a remarkably strong man, never having suffered a day's illness, and this caused a neglect of ordinary precautions and of the sickness when it first seized him, which brought about the fatal result. In addition to those before mentioned, his most notable works were 'The Egyptian Feast,' 'The Pool of Bethesda,' 'The Gods and their Makers,' and one or two pictures which have not been shown in public but at the Doré Gallery in Bond Street, where, since the death of that artist, most of his productions have been shown.



Edwin Long, R.A. From a Photograph by P. Calamita.

MINOR EXHIBITIONS.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELLS' GALLERIES.—We have here an interesting collection of paintings of the Early English School, filling the two principal rooms. Examples of Crome, Cotman, Constable, Morland, Stark, Vincent, Bonington and Müller are hung in orderly array—the works of each painter being kept together, as far as possible, for the sake of comparison and selection. Morland has seldom been seen in greater numbers, and of these thirty pictures from his hand, few will be found to lack interest of one kind or another. Several are well known from reproductions, such as 'The Sleeping Shepherd,' engraved under the title of 'Summer.' For the rest, it is sufficient to note that there are also choice

examples of Collins, John Glover, Wright of Derby, George Chambers, Richard Wilson, and Barker of Bath, together with a few good portraits by Hoppner and Sir William Beechey.

China Painting at Messrs. Howell and James's.—It is agreeable to record that the general level of the work sent in for the Exhibition of Paintings on China at Messrs. Howell and James's Art Gallery in Regent Street is maintained. Mr. H. S. Marks, R.A., again acted as judge in the awarding of a number of prizes to amateur and professional competitors. In the former class Miss Vera von Alexandrowitch takes the Empress Frederick's prize for a table-top with blue ground, a landscape centre, and a delicate and original border design, together with a skilfully painted plate. A set of upright plaques, with flowers and birds, by Mrs. Finch, gained the Princess Alice prize; and another successful exhibitor, the Comtesse du Chaffault, deservedly won an award for enamel painting, her three pieces—two of them figure subjects, another a portrait of Cardinal de Granville—being noticeable for richness of colour. The gold medal for the best works in the collection fell to Herr Carl Schmidt (late court painter to the King of Bavaria). Amongst other good things by professionals may be noted the flower plaques by Miss G. Weiss; Miss A. Hübbe's quaintly designed plates with water-weeds, snails, and fish; and the panels of Miss C. E. Lohr. The productions for simply ornamental purposes are always most in evidence at these annual displays; but it may be remembered there is room for advance in the direction of objects of utility. Miss Ethelind Bonus merits praise for her dainty tea-set with grasses and wild flowers.

The Goupil Gallery.—Mr. John Lavery's pictures at the Goupil Gallery are interesting to those who recognise or admire the work of that group of young artists known as the "Glasgow School." It will be remembered that at the last of the Grosvenor summer exhibitions, a noticeable feature was the display of cleverness and originality from the North. Mr. Lavery, in his manner of painting, is as French as he is Scotch; "impressionism," leavened by native earnestness, being the keynote of his aims and accomplishment. If his execution is somewhat vague in its breadth, his ideas are apparently not so, as his subjects show thought and careful deliberation behind the rapidity of execution. Amongst the most successful things in a varied collection of thirty-five pictures and studies we may name first the 'Ariadne,' the forsaken bride—with unkempt hair and a remnant of gossamer drapery—looking far into the distance of the blue waves. The face is not seen, but the attitude is sufficiently expressive. Nothing could be more opposite to this in character than the 'Equestrian Portrait,' with a skilfully painted horse and a gracefully seated lady-rider. Different, again, are the bits of Tangier, with warm sunlight and effective schemes of colour; 'The Siren,' a pastel figure in the clouds; a large sketchy painting, 'The Night after the Battle of Langside,' skilful in scenic effect; and sundry portraits and other subjects.

The Fine Art Society.—Mr. A. N. Roussoff's water-colour drawings of Cairo and the Nile in one room, and Mr. Walter Crane's designs for book illustrations and wall decoration in the other, are the attractions at the galleries of The Fine Art Society. Mr. Crane's work is too well known to call for special comment. Mr. Roussoff has been widening his field of labour, and shows greater facility in the way of purely landscape Art than on former occasions. As instances, we may refer to a placid and delicate effect of light and reflection, 'Opposite Luxor'; sundry views of the 'Tombs of the Caliphs' under different aspects—dark against the pale, early morning sky, or golden in the evening glow; a large drawing of 'The Citadel, Cairo,' with figures pictorially introduced; a drowsy 'Sunset, after a Strong Hamzin'; the world-famed 'Sphinx' and the 'Pyramids of Gizeh.' Some of the streets and corners of Cairo are noticeable for vivid contrasts of light and shadow, and the market-places are good in colour and well composed.

The Japanese Gallery.—Mr. Larkin's exhibition of old prints and pictures at 28, New Bond Street, are for the lovers of Japan and its arts. The collection comprises choice examples of that unique decorative charm which characterized the colour-printing of the "old masters" of that country, together with a few specimens of modern work. Other branches of artistic skill represented are Persian hangings, Chinese porcelain, jade and crystal curiosities, and lacquered and inlaid trays and panels.

Oriental Carpets.—Nowadays when carpets are sold as complete articles and not in breadths, the purchaser hurries over the selecting process, from compassion for those who have the labour of showing them, and often chooses an article which is quite unsuitable to its surroundings, finding that on its first beating, the substratum being composed of indifferent material, has given way under the blows of the beater and has cracked in every part. Experiences of this sort recur to us in examining a collection of Oriental rugs at Messrs. Bontor & Co.'s, in Old Bond Street, and seeing the great care and pains bestowed upon the framework of their carpets. When the material is of the best, and every thread has to be tied by hand, a carpet, whether English or foreign, must be costly in the first instance if it is to be good. It is as necessary to secure a good back as a good front, and still more so to insure that good materials have been used in the manufacture.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

At the Salon M. A. Chevallier Tayler has been granted a medal of the second class for his picture, 'The Last Blessing,' which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1890. The distinction of a second-class medal had not previously been won by an Englishman for fifteen years. Third-class medals were awarded to Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Brangwyn, and Mr. Grier, while Mr. Harry Tuke received an honourable mention.

As no candidate obtained a majority, the Medal of Honour for Painting was not awarded. MM. Benjamin Constant, Henner, and Rochegrosse headed the poll with 105, 79, and

38 votes respectively, but as there were 306 voters, it would have been necessary for M. Benjamin-Constant to receive 154 votes in order to obtain a majority. The Medal of Honour for Sculpture was awarded to M. Alfred Boucher, who received 85 out of 162 votes. No engraver or architect obtained a majority, M. Jules Jacquët polling 67 out of 143.

The Art Galleries of provincial towns, by their purchase of important works from exhibitions, have no small share in encouraging artists to paint large and important pictures. Among recent purchases of this character we may record the 'Cleopatra' of the Hon. John Collier, by the Oldham Art Gallery, exhibited at the 1890 Academy, and Mr. A. Chevallier Tayler's 'La Vie Boulonnaise' for the Birmingham Art Gallery. This last was purchased by a private gentleman, and presented to the Gallery.

Mr. W. B. Richmond, A.R.A., has just completed a design for the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral: a cartoon, eighteen feet high, representing an angel, with outstretched wings, seated at the Gate of Heaven, divided from the heavenly city by the Gate of Death.

The recently formed Society of Portrait Painters will hold their first exhibition in the rooms of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours at the beginning of July. Independently of members' work, several English and foreign portrait painters will be represented. The committee includes the Hon. John Collier, Jacomb Hood, A. Hacker, S. J. Solomon, J. J. Shannon, H. Vos, and A. Stuart Wortley. Mr. F. G. Prange has been appointed manager.

The Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts have returned to the old dates of opening their exhibition—the first Monday in February and the last Monday in April. In future, artists will only be allowed to submit two works.

Apart from the poverty of its design, a chief complaint against the Jubilee coinage designed by the late Sir Edgar Boehm, was that the coins did not bear their value. From a reply of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the House of Commons we are surprised to learn that the instructions to the artists invited to submit designs for the new coinage contain the following paragraph:—"In the case of the florin, the denomination should be expressed either on the obverse or the reverse; but the indication of the value of the other coins is optional."

The volume which Messrs. Field and Tuer published of "Kensington" was so good in every respect, and so worthy of the standard of excellence which this firm upholds, that we must confess to a feeling of disappointment at the second of the series, "LONDON CITY," which is now before us. At the very outset we are met with an affectation which offends the critical eye. Why should not only the title be cramped up into a corner of the cover, but even the word London be dismembered and made to occupy a couple of lines? This is not Art, it is foolishness. Then, again, what has happened to Mr. Luker, the artist? He stepped at once into the first rank as a book illustrator with his "Kensington," but here we have ill-composed pictures, hurriedly drawn, and either not lending themselves to reproduction, or indifferently reproduced. Why, with such a magnificent subject, and such a chance of further success, has he thrown it away? Does the truth lie in the hurry and scurry with which books have to be produced nowadays; and has he had imposed upon him a task which should have taken him years, but which has occupied him only months? It looks very much like it. Of course this does not apply to all the illustrations, but what could be more ghastly than the 'Metropolitan Meat Market,' or the 'Monument,' or many others? The most distinctive feature of the City is its churches, but of these there is a most meagre pictorial record; there is hardly a satisfactory view of the noble pile of St. Paul's, and half the chapter on this subject is filled up with illustrations of other subjects. It is very unpalatable to have to write thus, after so much labour, expense, and trouble has been spent upon the book, and we can only hope that it may result in the next volume upon the City Suburbs being a more satisfactory accomplishment.

If there is one sign more than another of the change in the current of Art ideas, it is the more liberal spirit which has recently come over the public mind on the subject of the portrayal of the nude. No person of sense can bring any argument of weight which shall logically debar the human body, in its perfect form the loveliest of God's creations, from representation in Art. Where a reasonable objection steps in and should prevail, is when the treatment of the subject passes from the ideal to the sensuous, the gross, and the suggestive. These thoughts occur upon seeing a reproduction which has recently been published by the Berlin Photographic Company of Sir Frederick Leighton's 'Bath of Psyche.' Here we have a figure which, although entirely nude, is modesty itself, and which is a thing of beauty not only from its loveliness of form but from its delicacy of colour; in the reproduction we necessarily lose the latter, but still it serves as a very faithful transcript of the former, and as such it should not be out of place as a decoration of the walls of the most stringent advocate of morality.

The latest number of *Sun Artists* (Kegan Paul & Co.) is remarkable rather for the discriminating article upon the powers and limitations of photography by Mr. J. A. Symonds than for the illustrations of Mrs. Myers' work. In these she does not achieve any success, mechanically or artistically, beyond what scores of humble workmen have attained to, whereas on the other hand she has fallen into certain vulgarities and affectations which the more educated members of the profession are abandoning: for instance, in her summer garden, she places children on a rough walk without shoes and stockings, and with dresses pinned up, as they would never appear except when under the photographer's artistic eye. Mrs. Myers has had the privilege of photographing Mr. Gladstone and Robert Browning, and many will care to have the number if only to obtain their portraits.

OBITUARY.—In addition to the death of Mr. Edwin Long, R.A., referred to in another column, we have to record the decease of Mr. T. Collier, R.I., at Hampstead; also of Mr. T. Brooks, at the age of seventy-three. An illustrated biography of this painter appeared in the 1872 vol. of the *Art Journal*, p. 197.



THE PILGRIMS' WAY.*

IV.—SHERE TO GATTON.

A PATH along the banks of the Tillingbourne, a clear trout-stream which runs through the park at Albury, brings us to Shere, one of the most charming villages in all this lovely neighbourhood. For many years now Shere has been a favourite resort of artistic and literary men, who find endless delight in the quiet beauty of these rural scenes. Subjects for pen and pencil abound in all directions; quaint old timbered houses, picturesque water-mills and barns, deep ferny lanes shaded by overhanging trees, and exquisite glimpses of heather-clad downs meet us at every turn. After passing Gomshall, the station for Shere on the South-Eastern Railway, we can regain the open country



Dorking from Pickett's Hole. From a drawing by A. Quinton.

by a lane which turns off at the Abinger Arms, and follow some of the rough paths which lead along the downs, for the sake of the beautiful prospect they command over Leith Hill and Holmbury. Fair as the scene is, travellers are seldom seen in these hilly regions, and so complete is the stillness, so pure the mountain air, that we might almost fancy ourselves in the heart of the Highlands, instead of thirty miles from town. Here it was, in the midst of the wild and lovely scenery of these Surrey hills, that a sudden end closed the life of a great prelate of our own days, Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford and Winchester. A granite cross at Evershed's Rough, just below Sir Thomas Farrer's house at Abinger Hall, now marks the exact spot where his horse stumbled and

* Continued from page 152.

fell as he rode down the hill towards Holmbury on that summer afternoon.

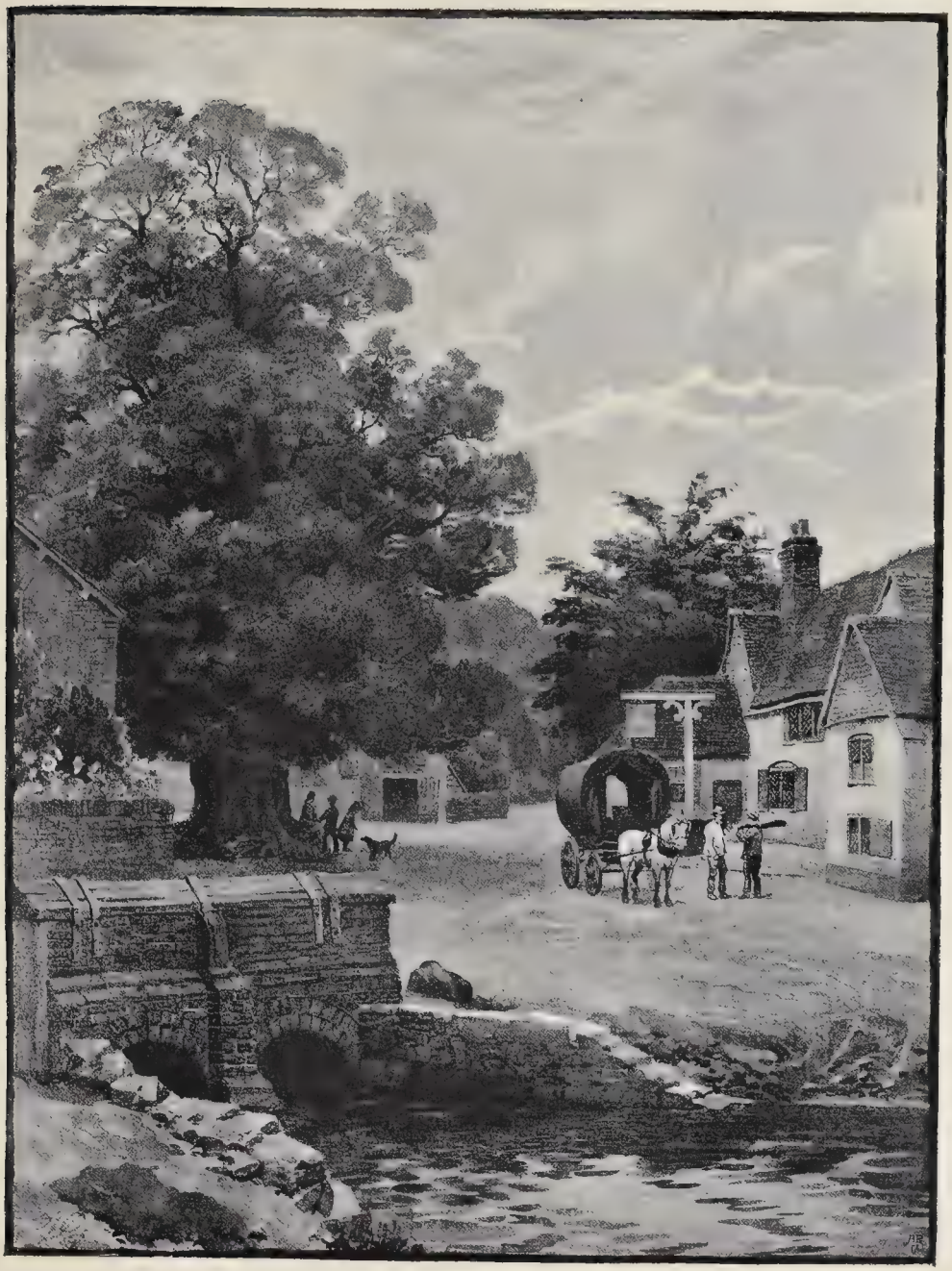
Following the top of the hills, which are here called the White Downs, we soon reach the romantic gorge known as Pickett's Hole. It is a deep ravine overgrown with bushes and briars, where tall grasses and wild flowers grow thickly together, and we have a charming view of the valley of the Mole, with Dorking nestling in the woods below. And here too, almost hidden by its noble horse-chestnut trees, is the grey tower of Wotton Church, where John Evelyn is buried. This is Wotton—the town of the woods, as he loved to call it—"sweetly environed" with "venerable woods and delicious streams;" Wotton where, after all his wanderings and all the turmoil of those troublous times, Evelyn found a peaceful haven wherein to end his days. There are the terraces, the "fountains and groves," in which he took delight; there, too, are the pine-woods which he planted, not only for ornament, and because they "create a perpetual spring," but because he held the air to be improved by their "odoriferous and balsamical emissions." Not only these trees, but the oak and ash, and all the different species which he studied so closely and has written about so well, were dear to him as his own children, and he speaks in pathetic language of the violent storm which blew down two thousand of his finest trees in a single night, and almost within sight of his dwelling, and left Wotton, "now no more Wood-tonn, stripped and naked, and almost ashamed to own its name. Methinks that I still hear, and I am sure that I feel, the



Granite Cross to Bishop Wilberforce at Evershed's Rough.

dismal groans of our forests, when that late dreadful hurricane, happening on the 26th of November, 1703, subverted so many thousands of goodly oaks, prostrating the trees, laying them in ghastly postures, like whole regiments fallen in battle by the sword of the conqueror, and crushing all that grew beneath them." Evelyn's descendants have bestowed the same care on the woods and plantations, and in spite of the havoc wrought by wind and tempest, Wotton is still remarkable for the beauty of its forest-trees and masses of flowering rhododendrons.

The red brick house has been a good deal altered during the present century, but is still full of memorials of Evelyn. His portrait, and that of his wife and father-in-law, Sir Richard Browne, are there, and that of his "angelic friend," Mistress Mary Blagge, the wife of Godolphin, whose beautiful memory he has enshrined in the pages of the little volume that bears her name. The drawings which he made on his foreign travels are there too; and better still, the books in which he took such pride and pleasure, carefully bound, bearing on their backs a device and motto which he chose, a spray of oak, palm, and olive entwined together, with the words, "Omnia explorate; meliora retinete." But the most precious relic of all is the Prayer Book used by Charles I. on the morning of his execution. It was saved from destruction by a devoted loyalist, Isaac Herault, brother of a Walloon minister in London, and afterwards given by him to Evelyn's father-in-law, Sir Richard Browne. The fly-leaf bears a Latin inscription with this note:—"This is the Booke which Charles the First, *Martyr beatus*, did use upon the Scaffold, xxx Jan., 1649, being the Day of his glorious martyrdom."



Shere.

Wotton lies low on the south slope of White Down, about one mile from Abinger, and two from Dorking. The Pilgrims' Way, after its wont, follows the hills, and leads us across the fine breezy heath known as Ranmore Common, past the graceful spire of Mr. Cubitt's modern church and the woods of Denbies into Dorking. The line of yews is to be seen at intervals all along these downs, and as we descend into the valley of the Mole, just under the heights of Box Hill, we pass four venerable yew trees standing in a field by themselves. One of the group was struck by lightning many years ago, but still stretches its gaunt, withered arms against the sky, like some weather-beaten sign-post marking the way to Canterbury.



Bridge over the Mole.

The town of Dorking lies in the break here made in the chalk hills by the passage of the River Mole; Milton's "sullen Mole that windeth underground," or, as Spenser sings in his "Fairy Queen,"—

> "Mole, that like a mousling mole doth make
> His way still underground, till Thames he overtake."

The Mole owes its fame to the fact that it is so seldom seen, and several of the swallows or gullies into which it disappears at intervals along its chalky bed are at Burford, close to Dorking. The ponds which supplied the perch for that *water-sousie* which Dutch merchants came to eat at Dorking, are still to be seen in the fields under Redhill, and near them many an old timbered house and mill-wheel well worth painting. To-day Dorking is a quiet, sleepy little place, but its situation on the Stane Street, the great Roman road from Chichester to London, formerly made it a centre of considerable importance, and the size and excellence of its old-fashioned inns still bear witness to its departed grandeur. Pilgrims to Canterbury probably crossed the Mole at Burford, about half a mile from the town, where the remains of an ancient shrine known as the Pilgrims' Chapel, are still shown in Westhumble Lane. From this point their path lay along the slopes of Boxhill, the steep down that rises abruptly on the eastern side of Dorking, and takes its name from the box-trees which here spring up so plentifully in the smooth green turf above the chalk. Boxhill is, we all know, one of the chief attractions which Dorking offers to Londoners. The other is to be found in the fine parks of Deepdene and Betchworth, immediately adjoining the town. The famous gardens and Art collections of Deepdene, and the noble lime avenue of Betchworth, which now forms part of the same estate, have often been visited and described. The house at Deepdene is now closed to the public, but the traveller can still stroll under the grand old trees on the river bank, and enjoy a wealthy variety of forest scenery almost unrivalled in England. A picturesque bridge over the Mole leads back to the downs on the opposite side of the valley, where the old track pursues its way along the lower slope of the hills, often wending its course through ploughed fields and tangled thickets, and disappearing altogether in places where chalk quarries and lime works have cut away the face of the down. But on the whole the line of yews which mark the road is more regular between Dorking and Reigate than in its earlier course, and at Buckland, a village two miles west of Reigate, a whole procession of these trees descends into the valley.

Reigate itself takes its name from its position on the Pilgrims' Road to Canterbury. In Domesday it is called Churchfelle, and it is not till the latter part of the twelfth century that the comparatively modern name of Rige-gate, the ridge road, first appears. In those days a chapel dedicated to the memory of the blessed martyr, Thomas-à-Becket, stood at the east end of the long street, on a site now occupied by a market-house, built early in the last century, and part of the ancient foundations of this pilgrimage shrine were brought to light when the adjoining prison was enlarged some eighty or ninety years back. Another chapel, dedicated to St Laurence the Martyr, stood farther down the street; and a third, the Chapel of Holy Cross, belonged to the Augustine Canons of the Priory founded by William of Warrenne, Earl of Surrey, in the thirteenth century. In Saxon days Reigate, or Holm Castle, as it was then termed, from its situation at the head of the valley of Holmesdale, was an important stronghold, and the vigour and persistence with which the incursions of the Danes were repelled by the inhabitants of this district gave rise to the rhyme quoted by Camden—

> "The Vale of Holmesdale
> Never wonne, ne never shall."

At the Conquest the manor was granted to William of Warrenne, and from that time the castle became the most powerful fortress of the mighty Earls of Surrey. In the days of John it shared the fate of Guildford Castle, and was one of the

strongholds which opened its gates to Louis VIII., King of France, on his march from the Kentish coast to Winchester. The Fitzalans succeeded the Warrennes in the possession of Reigate, and in the reign of Edward VI. both the castle and the Priory were granted to Lady Howard of Effingham. A still more illustrious member of this family, Charles Howard, Earl of Effingham, Queen Elizabeth's Lord High Admiral, the victor of the invincible Armada, lies buried in the vault under the chancel of Reigate Church. In Stuart times the castle gradually decayed, until it was finally destroyed by order of Parliament during the Civil War, lest it should fall into the King's hands. Now only the mound of the ancient keep remains, and some spacious subterranean chambers which may have served as cellars or dungeons in Norman times. The Priory has also been replaced by a modern house, and is now the property of Lady Henry Somerset, the representative of the Earl Somers, to whom William III. granted Reigate in 1697.

Reigate is frequently mentioned in Cobbett's "Rural Rides," and it was the sight of the priory that set him moralising over monasteries, and asking himself if, instead of being, as we take it for granted, *bad things*, they were not, after all, better than *poor rates*, and if the monks and nuns, who *fed the poor*, were not more to be commended than the rich pensioners of the State, who *feed upon the poor*.

Close to this ancient foundation is the hilly common known as Reigate Park, a favourite haunt with artists, who find endless subjects in its fern-grown dells and romantic hollows, its clumps of thorn-trees with gnarled stems and spreading boughs, and wealth of wild flowers and autumn berries. The views over Reigate itself and the Priory grounds on one side, and over the Sussex Weald on the other, are very charming; but a still finer prospect awaits us on the North Downs on the opposite side of the valley, where the Pilgrims' Road goes on its course. The best way is to climb Reigate Hill as far as the suspension bridge, and follow a path cut in the chalk to the summit of the ridge. It leads through a beech-wood on to the open downs, where, if the day is clear, one of the finest views in the whole of England—in the whole world, says Cobbett—breaks upon us. The Weald of Surrey and of Sussex, from the borders of Hampshire to the ridge of East Grinstead, and Cranborough Beacon, near Tunbridge Wells, lies spread out at our feet. Eastward, the eye ranges over the Weald of Kent and the heights above Sevenoaks; westward, the purple ridge of Leith Hill and the familiar crest of Hindhead meet us; and far away in the south are the Brighton downs and Chanctonbury Ring.

The line of yew trees appears again here, and after keeping along the top of the ridge for about a mile, the Pilgrims' Way enters Gatton Park, and after passing through the woods near Lord Oxenbridge's house, joins the avenue leading to Merstham. Gatton itself—Saxon, Gate-tun, the town of the road—was chiefly famous for the electoral privileges which it enjoyed. From the time of Henry VI. until the Reform Bill of 1832, this very small borough returned two members to Parliament. In the reign of Henry VIII. Sir Roger Copley is described as the burgess and sole inhabitant of the borough and town of Gatton, and for many years the constituency consisted of one person, the lord of the manor.

At the beginning of the present century there were only eight houses in the whole parish, a fact which naturally roused the ire of William Cobbett. "Before you descend the hill to go into Reigate," he writes in one of his Rural Rides, "you pass Gatton, which is a very rascally spot of earth." And when rainy weather detained him a whole day at Reigate, he moralises in this vein—"*In* one rotten borough, one of the most rotten too, and with another still more rotten *up upon the hill*, in Reigate and close by Gatton, how can I help reflecting, how can my mind be otherwise than filled with reflections on the marvellous deeds of the collective wisdom of the nation?" These privileges doubled the value of the property, and when Lord Monson bought Gatton Park in 1830, he paid a hundred thousand pounds for the place. But the days of close boroughs were already numbered, and less than two years afterwards the Reform Bill deprived Gatton of both its members.



Town Hall, Reigate.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

THE PROGRESS OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

No. 6.—VELVETS, VELVETEENS, AND PLUSHES.

WHERE velvet was first made is not a whit less uncertain than the birthplace of Homer. Its origin is attributed to a variety of places, from Spain to China, from Italy to the Netherlands. So obscure, indeed, is it that the late Dr. Rock stated that the history of velvet had yet to be written. The name velvet is from the Latin *villus*, hair, or *vellus*, hide, on account of its shaggy pile surface. It is not mentioned so early as silk, satin, damask, or cloth of gold. And it seems doubtful whether, in records where it does occur, the word velure, judging from the prices quoted, can mean such a costly material as that which we now understand by velvet. It is not named in the sumptuary laws of Edward III. However, in 1403 we find Henry IV. forbidding any man below the degree of banneret to wear it. From that time the word velvet, in its various forms, is common enough, and the way in which it is used leaves no manner of doubt as to its identity. Chaucer, who died in 1400, writes the word velouette, and Spenser, in the Ægloga Quinta of the "Shepherd's Calendar," writes it vellet. Milton ("Comus") spells it velvet, and the geographer, Richard Hakluyt, writing at the end of the sixteenth century, speaks of "cloth of golde raised with crimosin veluet in graine," an exact description of the splendid fabrics then being made in Italy and Flanders.



Fig. 1.—Genoa Velvet. By Messrs. Warner and Ramm.

But there are questions which have not yet been solved. To what material does Matthew Paris, who died in 1259, at a time when, in all probability, velvet was not invented, allude when he speaks of "the napped cloth called by the Gauls villuse"? Again, what connection with velvet has samite, also mentioned in Chaucer? We have nothing answering to samite, but to this day the German for velvet is *sammet*. Is musterdevelers, a cloth known in this country at the beginning of the fifteenth century, if not earlier, but a variety of velvet, *moitié de velours*? Was velvet produced by the application of the same methods of manufacture as fustian cloth to silk instead? That some such relationship exists between the two fabrics seems not improbable. However, the order of things came to be inverted, and fustian, though the older material, was subsequently termed mock velvet. Mr. William Morris supposes that the idea of velvet was suggested by pile carpets, and he places the scene of the invention at Paris, early in the fourteenth century.

So much for the documentary evidence and the conjectures to which it has given rise, evidence at best external, and such that leaves the matter still undetermined.

The internal evidence, I venture to think, has not hitherto received the attention it deserves. Fortunately, as it does not appear to have been the object of the originators of velvet to make it with a plain uniform surface, we have important data afforded by the peculiar nature of its ornamentation.

Comparing velvet with other textiles, the different character of their respective design is remarkable. Velvet is unique in design because it is in origin unique. The more ancient specimens of textile Art that have come down to us bear the impress of Oriental authorship, more remote in some than in others, but still apparent. The growing civilisation of the West meeting, now at Byzantium, now in Sicily, with the maturer civilisation of the East, adopted the ornamental methods of the

latter. The Haoma tree of the Parsee, the Soma of the Hindu, the Scandinavian Ygdrasil, is still the same in its newer aspect as the Christian Tree of Life, and forms, with its attendant animals, one of the principal *motifs* of decoration. Gothic artists elaborated still further the allegoric system of design, and so we commonly find in textile, as in other ornament, such figures as the human soul in bondage, represented under the form of a dog chained, with its celestial winged deliverer at hand, or the unicorn and Virgin, emblem of the Incarnation, the lion of the Resurrection, the pelican in her piety of the Blessed Sacrament, the hart, the mallard, and the peacock, and many other well-known types. In fact the influence of religious symbolism was so dominant, that from the earliest times to the close of the fourteenth century or even later, hardly any stuff woven with a pattern, be it woollen, silken, or of other material, lacks the usual representations of sacred tree, bird, beast, or monster, whereas the employment of such forms in velvet is rare. And, although it is true that silk damasks, following their own earlier traditions, continued the use of animal forms long after the introduction of velvet, yet the discovery of a new method of manufacture marks a distinct epoch in textile ornament. The new fabric, wholly unshackled with any past of its own, was free to evolve for itself a fresh quality of design in whatever direction it might, or the spirit of the age should determine. It was, indeed, the æsthetic, the purely decorative period, when men loved the beautiful, courted and revelled in it for beauty's sake, apart from any deeper significance. Nor was it without deliberate intent that the artists of the new craft, impatient of a dogmatic symbolism, associated, as they believed it to be, with a system of zoological mythology, already questioned, if not quite discredited, abandoned the current styles of animal shape, and turned, as it were, with a sigh of relief to the simpler and more rudimentary forms of the vegetable creation, from the works of the fifth and sixth to those of the third day. In a careful examination of the specimens in the South Kensington Museum, with this express object, I discovered in the whole collection only three velvets in which other than vegetable forms occur. The first, No. 8662, is worthy of mention both on account of the beautiful drawing of a peacock beside an open well, and also because, from its small size, not exceeding five inches either way, and from its position, being classed not as a woven stuff, but as an object of needlework, it might easily escape notice. It forms the top part of the sudarium of a crosier (German, fifteenth century).

The second, No. 698, is a larger piece, Venetian of the sixteenth century, and contains a bird with wings outspread, which occupies, however, but a small area of the pattern.

The third, No. 638, Italian, seventeenth century, is on a smaller scale than the last, but otherwise not unlike it. These, however, are exceptions to the general use. Fischbach, in his "Ornament of Textile Fabrics," gives but one example (Plate 126 B.) of a velvet with birds, fifteenth century, North Italian, at the same time remarking on the rarity of their occurrence. I know of no instance of the introduction of quadrupeds in old velvets. This striking peculiarity cannot be the result of mere accident, nor, seeing the exceptions above mentioned, may we conclude that animal forms are in themselves unsuitable for application to the material on account of any exigencies of manufacture. But it would seem to denote that velvet came into being at a date when the hieroglyphic sentiment was less paramount than heretofore. And moreover it indicates that velvet, in this respect without precedent among pattern textiles then invented, owes its existence to no Oriental source. Had the facts been otherwise, velvet design could not have failed to exhibit, in common with silk brocades and other stuffs, the familiar symbolism of the East. Nay, so pronounced was the Western character of velvet that it prevailed even when the manufacture was introduced among the craftsmen of the East, who, recognising the kind of design proper to this product of Gothic Europe, and fearful to innovate, conserved the type of ornament that they found in velvet. Their treat-



Fig. 2.—Printed Velveteen. By Messrs. Morris & Co. "Cherwell" Design.

ment and drawing of the pattern was indeed altogether upon Oriental lines; the varieties of flowers chosen, the rose, tulip, and above all the carnation, were determined by Oriental preference; but the subject of the design—vegetable not animal or allegoric—was due to the West. We may well marvel at their ingenuity, who, within the narrowest limitations, contrived to produce so rich a variety of pattern; the designers, throughout the most artistic period of European velvet manufacture, from the fourteenth to near the close of the sixteenth century, confining themselves all but exclusively to forms suggested by the foliage of the artichoke or the fruit of the pineapple and pomegranate. If anything was needed beyond their own inherent artistic adaptability to extend and establish the use of the two last named, it was certainly found in two important events, which happened, by a curious coincidence, in two successive years, viz., the capture of Granada in 1491, and the discovery, in 1492, of the West Indies. To the latter the pineapple is indigenous. The pomegranate, whether its name be derived from Granada, or from the granulated cells of which the inside of the fruit is composed, formed at any rate the armorial bearings of the Moorish kings; and at the fall of their dynasty, was appropriated by their conquerors as the badge of the Spanish Royal Family. The same device was conspicuous in the pageants attending the marriage, in 1501, of Arthur, Prince of Wales, with Catherine of Aragon, in whose honour, and because the match was in general favour, the pomegranate, if not previously unknown in this country, quickly became a familiar object in English Art. And later, when the question of the divorce of Henry VIII. and Catherine came to be agitated, the badge was used by partisans of the queen as a token of their adherence to her cause. An obvious instance of this is to be found in a painted window of the period in Brandeston Church, Suffolk, where on quarried glass is depicted a pomegranate beneath a scroll with the words "Quod Deus junxit homo non separat." And abroad, through Catherine's nephew, the grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella, the famous Charles V., whose dominions had come, before the first twenty years of the sixteenth century had elapsed, to embrace at once Austria, the Netherlands, Naples, Spain and Germany, to which in the course of another ten years was added Lombardy, we find the pomegranate constantly occurring in continental ornament.



Fig. 3.—Printed Velveteen. By Mr. T. Wardle, from an Elizabethan Pattern.

It was no doubt natural that the forms which, in addition to their intrinsic beauty, served as a continual reminder of the most glorious achievements, in the one case of the overthrow of the Moslems in Spain after an intrusion of eight centuries, and in the other case of an enterprise, to defray the cost of which a Spanish queen had nobly pawned her jewels, should everywhere be proudly emblazoned. But at the same time the use of such devices, æsthetic only, or at most but badges—family, personal, heraldic—as distinct from any universally sacred symbol, affords unmistakable proof of the change of attitude I have pointed out. The like temper it was that prompted Henry VII., when ordering the splendid set of velvet and gold vestments which he afterwards bequeathed to Westminster Abbey, to cause them to be ornamented with nothing more ecclesiastical than his own crown and portcullis and Tudor Roses. Indeed, I take it that the very invention of velvet, the most exquisite textile product of mediæval fancy, was, in a greater degree even than the art of woodcutting and engraving, as a swan's song that presaged the end of Gothic Art and the advent of the Renaissance. And so, too, the formation and progress of its design upon non-religious lines is due to the same causes which, throughout Western Europe, were tending, unperceived but surely, towards the great catastrophe of the Reformation.

Such rapid perfection did this variety of ornament attain, as to exert its influence upon the older manufactures, and accordingly silk damasks began to drop animal shapes and to approximate more and more to the flower and fruit forms successfully developed in velvet. Some factories were practically extinguished by it, unless we mistake in attributing a direct connection of cause and effect to the decline in the fourteenth century of the Palermitan silk industries, of which the foundation and conduct had been for the most part in Saracenic hands, while the velvet culture of Genoa, Florence, and Venice advanced to the highest prominence and prosperity. In the fifteenth century the webs of Florence and Venice were famous, their speciality being rich patterns in velvet, one depth of pile sometimes being raised above another, upon a gold ground. Some Florentine velvets were further distin-

guished by the pile being freckled or interspersed at regular intervals with little loops of gold thread. It was from being



Fig. 4.—Printed Velveteen. By Messrs. Liberty & Co.

used for the preservation of these costly tissues that tissue paper was so called. These velvets were highly esteemed and much employed for ecclesiastical purposes. The magnificent cope, which is now preserved at Stonyhurst College, and which formed one of the suit of vestments already named as being made for Henry VII., was woven at Florence. The ground is of gold tissue, the design standing out upon it in crimson silk pile. It is one of the most beautiful works of the kind in this country, and surpasses the older cope of fourteenth-century velvet, now at Mount St. Mary's, Chesterfield. In the sixteenth century many fine velvets were made in Genoa with gold and silver tissue backgrounds, the pattern in pile relief, from designs drawn by Persian artists. With this kind of work should be compared a handsome specimen of Anatolian velvet, made at Broussa in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, and now in the South Kensington Museum.

But the characteristic of Genoese velvets is the system of leaving the warp threads, which if severed in the ordinary way would become cut pile, uncut. The effect of the loops thus formed, called terry, or in French *frisé*, is not unlike that of Brussels carpet. The pattern is produced in this manner by itself, or in conjunction with cut pile, upon a satin ground. The Genoese velvet industry still survives. Bruges became, in the sixteenth century, an important centre of the velvet craft in Flanders. The Spanish influence in the Netherlands, where the art attained great eminence, has been already mentioned. The French were the next to excel in the production of velvets, and it was mainly by refugees who had to escape from France on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 that the art was established in this country. Their largest settlement was in Spitalfields, where they set up their looms for the production of velvet, which has continued to be made there ever since, Spitalfields being still the chief seat of the manufacture in England. Velvet is also produced at Derby and other places, but by far the largest supply is imported from Switzerland, Crefeld in Germany, and Lyons.

Of modern manufacturers Messrs. Morris & Co. are well known for excellence of design and workmanship. To them belongs the credit of having produced the only English velvet that bears any comparison to the old Florentine velvets. It is of silk broché, part of the pattern being formed of gold thread, the rest is coloured pile of blue, white, and orange, all woven in together. The effect is very sumptuous. Another and a very different velvet, the colours arranged in the tartan pattern of a Scotch clan, is made by Messrs. Bailey, Fox & Co., most ingeniously executed, though not of any æsthetic value. The same firm weave plain velvets of the softest texture. Although to the artist a surface of absolute monotony is without interest, it must be borne in mind that it requires not only a superior quality of silk but a more consummate technique to finish a pile material, the commercial attractiveness of which must depend upon its flawless uniformity, than to produce one the defects of which, however numerous, are destined to be hidden by subsequent processes of printing or stamping. To give greater strength for wearing purposes, silk velvet is commonly made with a cotton back. Messrs. Warner & Ramm, an example of whose work is here reproduced, established looms fourteen years



Fig. 5.—Printed Velveteen. By Messrs. Liberty & Co.

ago for the weaving of Genoa velvet, and are still the only firm to manufacture it in England. Of the nature of velvet, only made with cotton, is velveteen, the colour-printing of which is now to be reckoned among the arts of this country. We give an example by Messrs. Morris & Co., with whose name should be coupled that of Mr. T. Wardle, as the first to revive and apply the art of pattern printing to pile textures. The waters in the neighbourhood of Leek possess properties which render them among the best dyeing waters in Europe. Consequently there is at Leek an important dyeing and printing industry, from which most satisfactory results have been obtained, and more may yet be expected. The printed velveteens, kindly placed at our disposal by Messrs. Liberty and Co., Turnbull and Stockdale, and the Century Guild, are examples of modern English design, any one of which, compared with the Lyons velvet, selected from a number of specimens lent for the purpose by Messrs. Devaux and Bachelard, should assure us that, superior though the foreigner may be in the technique of execution, in respect of decorative composition we have no need to fear being outdone. It may be mentioned, however, that much of the colour-printing on velveteens, etc., which excites our admiration in English shop-windows, is actually done in Alsace.



Fig. 6.—Printed Velveteen. By Messrs. Turnbull and Stockdale. Designed by L. F. Day.

English pattern printing on pile surfaces has hitherto mainly been confined to velveteen, and very beautiful specimens have been executed by Mr. T. Wardle, especially those which are reproductions in colours of the designs of old brocades and velvet tissues. Formerly the art of colour printing upon velvet was carried to a high degree of elaboration. In the silk museum at Lyons are examples of this kind of work by Gregoire, the technical qualities of which leave nothing to be desired. There is every reason to hope that his processes may ere long be revived amongst us; and when they are, the truer taste of to-day may enable us to excel his achievements, inasmuch as our efforts will certainly be exerted in a more legitimate and artistic direction. The nearest approach to velvet printing is printing on plush, which has been accomplished with success by Mr. Wardle. The difficulty with velvet lies in the finishing more than in the actual printing.

Printed plush presents a softer and more delicately toned appearance than printed velveteen, an appearance that may be compared to the more pleasing effect obtained in underglaze than in enamel painting. The manufacture of plush—a word derived from the Latin *pilus*, hair, in French *peluche*—is believed to have originated either in England or at Haarlem, in Holland, in the sixteenth century. It has since been largely adopted in France, and is now among our native manufactures. The most extensive plush factory is that of Messrs. Lister and Co. of Bradford, which produces not only for home consumption, but also for export. All plush in this country is made with spun or waste silk. Hence it is regarded in some quarters with disfavour. It is true, indeed, that plush has recently had the misfortune to suffer from that capricious complaint, the influenza of popularity, which has led to its being vulgarised and made of the most worthless shoddy; a fact all the more to be regretted, since good plush has its own peculiar charm, in that subtly yielding surface and iridescent sheen which even velvet cannot boast. The variety called antique plush has its face lined with distinct ribs, and the pile is neither so long nor so glossy as that of ordinary plush. Another deep-piled textile is seal, made from Tussur silk, one of the varieties of wild silk of the east. It is chiefly used to make imitation sealskin for ladies' wear, but it is also made and printed with a pattern for carriage rugs. Of mohair is woven that heavier kind of stuff known as Utrecht velvet, commonly used for furnishing purposes. When stamped with a pattern, a handsome effect is produced in this material as in plush. Richer and more varied results may be obtained by a combination of single and double pressure. This class of goods are best suited for hanging draperies. For when used for covering chairs and sofas, the pile in time wears up and the stamped pattern becomes obscured or lost altogether.

It remains to note a few of the drawbacks under which the velvet industry suffers. The first is a general one, as Mr. William Morris stated in his lecture delivered at the Health Exhibition in 1884. "Textiles," he said, "at present, like all other wares of civilised countries, are made primarily for sale and only secondarily for use;" which is substantially the same as the evidence of Mr. T. Wardle on silk industry before the Royal Commission, when he complained of "the public taste for cheapness in preference to quality and durability." Another serious detriment arises from the variations of fashion, and the insecurity resulting from the fact that the rise or fall in demand for velvet of any given pattern, or even for velvet at all, cannot always be foreseen or met. Ladies buy cheap stuff, good enough to last while the fashion endures, or for a few weeks of the season, rather than a good material of such durability as to last for years.

Again, the protective tariffs of other countries place us at a great disadvantage. The effects of the French treaty of 1860 on the silk trade were disastrous to every large silk centre in England, except to Leek and Nottingham. There was an artificial stimulus given to our textile industries during the stagnation of the same on the continent at the time of the Franco-Prussian war. But when peace was declared and the normal condition of things was restored, a corresponding depression was experienced from which we have not yet wholly recovered. One of the greatest wants in England is technical education, not only for the employed but for the employers themselves. It is not sufficient that the manufacturer should be a mere capitalist, who exploits other men's labour. It is in the highest degree needful for him to be personally acquainted with all the processes of his branch of manufacture. Two points in which foreigners surpass us are, firstly, in the attractiveness they impart to their goods by superior finish, a technical branch which is systematically taught in foreign schools, for example, at Crefeld. The other point is the extraordinary cheapness of foreign goods, a cheapness in great measure owing to their more refined methods of adulteration. The weighting of silks is taught as a distinct part of the trade, and the extent to which it is practised not being declared, is not readily detected, notwithstanding it causes grave loss to the Englishman, who should be properly informed in these matters, not in order to enable him to defraud, but to save himself from deception and from being unfairly undersold through ignorance. I am fully aware that orthodox political economy lays down that "a demand for commodities is not a demand for labour," and that, as an incontrovertible case in point, velvet is specially instanced among profitless and wasteful luxuries.



Fig. 7.—Printed Velveteen. By Messrs. Simpson and Godley, for the Century Guild.

Nevertheless, I submit that, of the eleven millions with which we have been parting annually for the last fifteen years for manufactured silk imports, if the share of expenditure on velvets and plushes — no inconsiderable proportion of the entire sum—had been paid instead for similar goods in England, it would have materially improved the standard of comfort amongst us.

One of the most beneficial agencies for imparting the knowledge of past and contemporary work is the establishment of local museums of arts and crafts. What is supplied on a larger scale in the Bavarian Industrial Museum at Nuremberg, or the Museum of Art and Manufacture of Silk at Lyons, might be done on a smaller scale according to the means or needs of the district towns throughout the country. The admirable reproductions, by Mr. Griggs' process, of South Kensington textiles, cannot be too widely disseminated; and if ever it were possible by such means for the contents of the larger collections to become hackneyed, there are fresh fields open in the smaller museums. I remember being struck by a particularly choice collection of velvets and other stuffs in the Poldi-Pezzoli Museum at Milan, and there are many more institutions of the sort which are no better known.

At the present moment the standard of design in the ornamentation of velvets and other articles for wearing apparel is lamentably behind that of furniture stuffs; and that because the art of beauty in dress is so little studied as to have become practically extinct. Some years ago *Punch* ridiculed the enthusiast who was depicted in its pages as proposing to live up to a piece of blue china. At first sight no sillier suggestion, it seems, could have been made. But there is a sense in which it is profoundly wise. The homes of many of us are beautiful with antique oak, velvet hangings, Oriental carpets and china, Moorish lustres, Venetian dishes and glass, Nuremberg ironwork, with broidered work and tapestry,

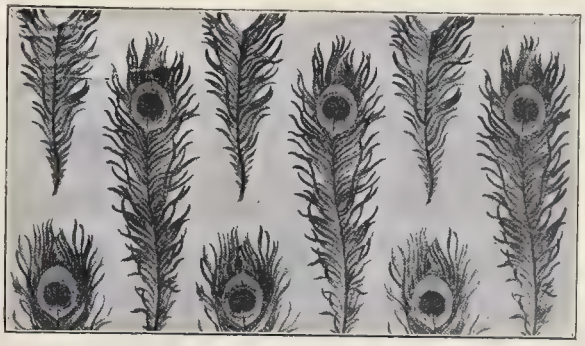


Fig. 8.—Velvet with Satin Ground. By Messrs. Devaux and Bachelard, of Lyons.

or at least with Morris papers and chintzes; and why should not we be, as regards our own persons, in outward and visible harmony with the so fair surroundings amid which we live and move and have our being? Yet somehow we are content to clothe ourselves in dingy cloth garments, and, except for an occasional coat-collar, men have abandoned the use of velvet altogether to the gamekeeper and the professional painter. Figured velvet is worn by no man, while that which women wear is, as a rule, of meagre and contemptible design. In former times the patterns of dress velvets were large and handsome, but to-day, for very shame, they must needs hide their ugliness in diminutive proportions. It is not because we do not admire gay colours or beautiful velvets and stuffs. What a happiness, in the sombre crowd, is the sight of the guardsman in scarlet cloak! And does not half the charm of the theatre consist in the beauty of the costume? By universal consent modern dress is admitted to be so intolerably ugly that the best pictures in our galleries, and the best plays in our theatres, often enough exhibit the costume of any other period but our own. Even a modern play like *London Assurance* it is found desirable to mount in the style of sixty or seventy years ago. We expect to see artistic dress on canvas and on the stage, and should be disappointed not to find it there. But the pity is that we do not require it also in every-day life. When once the demand arises, we shall not have to wait long for the supply to be forthcoming.



Fig. 9.—Printed Velveteen. Designed by Mr. T. Wardle, Jun., for Mr. T. Wardle.

In conclusion I can but express a hope that velvet may become more appreciated and its culture more developed. The aspirations it stirred when it was first invented revolutionized the weaving industries of the time. What future lies before it we cannot predict, but that no other material can accomplish more we are assured. Rich in texture as in the variety of combinations of which it is capable, with satin and gold, pile and loop, with cutting and stamping, dyeing and printing, it is not exceeding the truth to say that velvet is the most important as well as the most beautiful textile that human ingenuity ever devised.

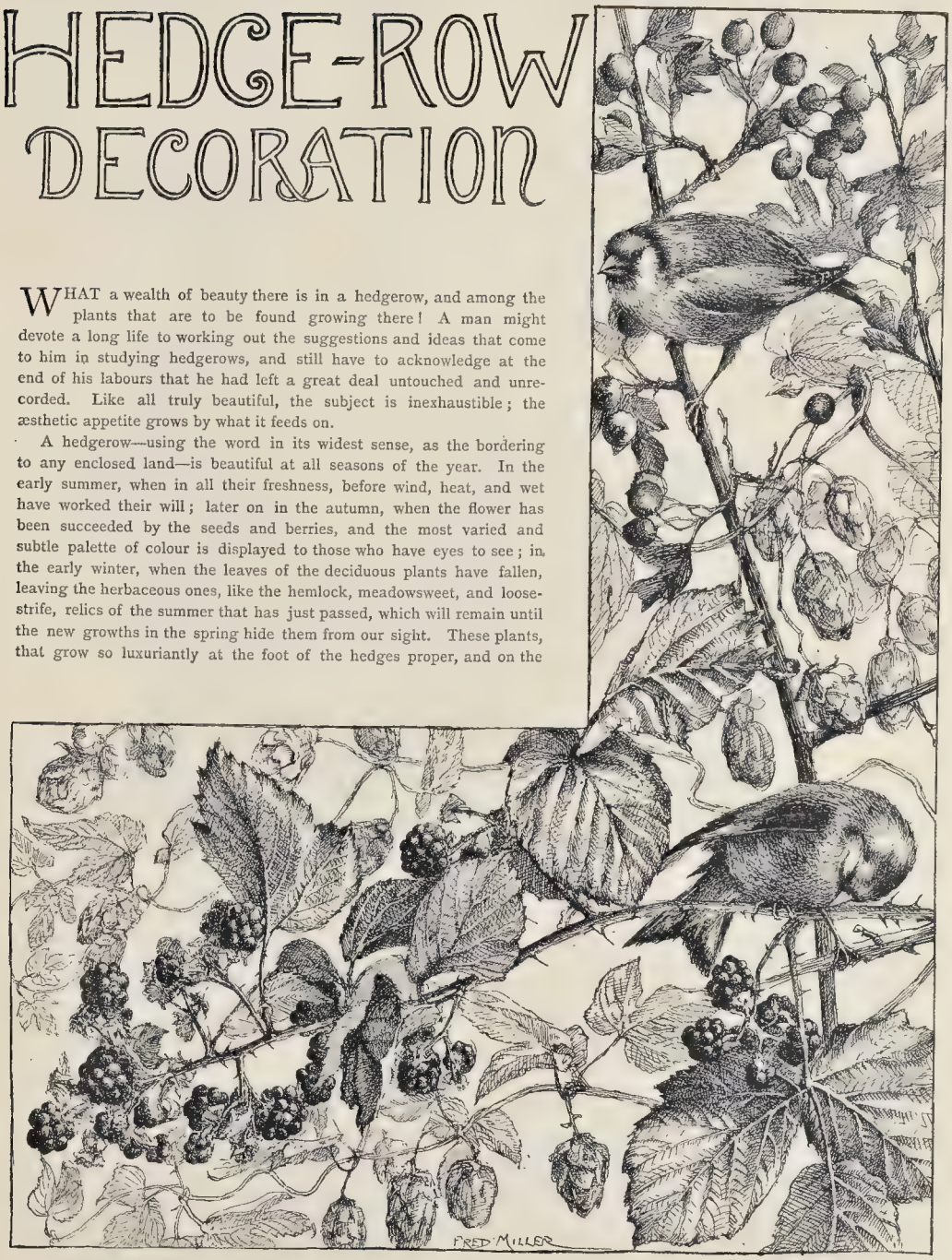
AYMER VALLANCE.

THE WIDOW'S PRAYER.

FROM THE PICTURE BY R. KONOPA.

THE subject of M. Konopa's picture is one that will doubtless continue to be painted as long as any in the range of the incidents of human life. Widows of every grade, of every age, and of every stage of mourning; children of all dates, from infancy to the age of soldiering, are perpetual matter for popular paintings of the group of mother and child. That group was the central motive of Art for some hundred years, when the religious inspiration, rather than the domestic, ruled the minds of painters. It proves the masculine character of the ages that made no self-conscious boast of it, that this continual contemplation of woman and child did not hinder the adequate treatment of man's figure and action. Man might be little more than an accessory, but he did not take on, in mediæval Art, the feminine *allure* so familiar in the mediæval-modern. The widow of to-day is of course not so perpetual a figure as was the Virgin of the past; and her rather ready-made interest of sadness is all unlike the grave joy of the Madonna; nevertheless the parallel is there. M. Konopa has made a happier study, perhaps, of the child than of the mother; or at least one in which nature is more sensibly apparent in look and attitude; but he has "put the dots over the i's," as the French have it, with unnecessary precision in making the little boy bring his father's portrait to church. For the necessity—real or supposed—of making such appeals to public sympathy a painter can indemnify himself by exercising his *technique*, and this M. Konopa has done in the completeness of his work throughout his ecclesiastical interior.

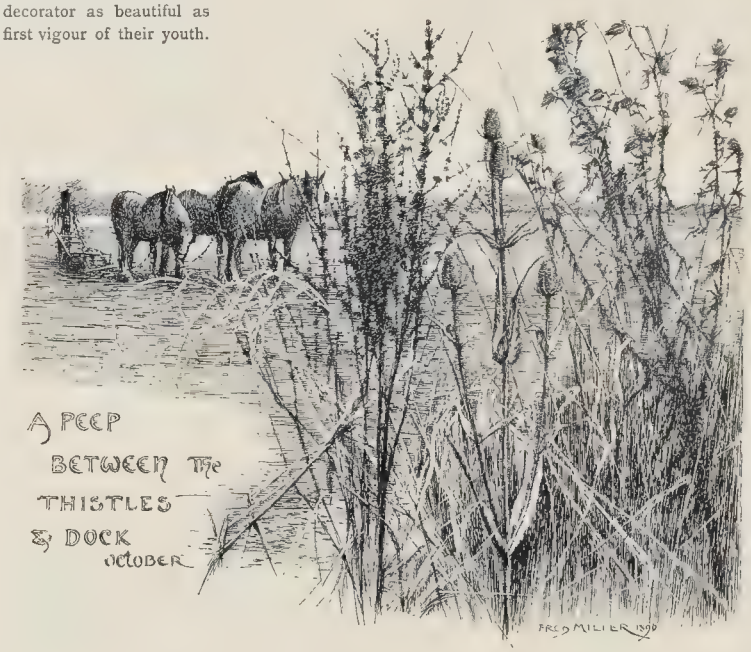
HEDGE-ROW DECORATION



WHAT a wealth of beauty there is in a hedgerow, and among the plants that are to be found growing there! A man might devote a long life to working out the suggestions and ideas that come to him in studying hedgerows, and still have to acknowledge at the end of his labours that he had left a great deal untouched and unrecorded. Like all truly beautiful, the subject is inexhaustible; the æsthetic appetite grows by what it feeds on.

A hedgerow—using the word in its widest sense, as the bordering to any enclosed land—is beautiful at all seasons of the year. In the early summer, when in all their freshness, before wind, heat, and wet have worked their will; later on in the autumn, when the flower has been succeeded by the seeds and berries, and the most varied and subtle palette of colour is displayed to those who have eyes to see; in the early winter, when the leaves of the deciduous plants have fallen, leaving the herbaceous ones, like the hemlock, meadowsweet, and loosestrife, relics of the summer that has just passed, which will remain until the new growths in the spring hide them from our sight. These plants, that grow so luxuriantly at the foot of the hedges proper, and on the

sloping banks of the ditches, and at the extreme edges of fields where the plough is not driven, are a very conspicuous feature in the late autumn and early winter, with their lovely series of golden, purple, and silver greys. They can hardly be said to die. They dry up like mummies, and are practically indestructible. I gathered some for a vase just before the snow came at the beginning of December, and they make most beautiful winter decorations. In the village where these notes are written—a small hamlet some few miles below Oxford, with no small pretentions to beauty, a fact to which painters during past years have borne witness—in this village where we have the Thames meandering through the meadows, the margins of the stream are fringed with a luxurious growth of willow-herb, loosestrife, figwort, meadowsweet, hemlock, sedge, thistles, dock, and others too numerous to give the names of, which in the winter are to the colourist and decorator as beautiful as they are in the first vigour of their youth. Indeed, they are much more decorative then, for the forms and growth which individualise them are only to be seen when some of the herbage has dried up or fallen, simplifying them in just the way that a decorative artist desires. And then, from the colourist's standpoint, the late autumn and early winter yield him far many more suggestions for "schemes" than the same plants do in the early summer, when there is an excess of green, and a consequent want of variety. In the winter at a casual glance there is an uniformity of colour about these dead plants which brings them all into harmony, because every object blends into those near it. There are no jarring notes, no emphatic splashes of colour to upset the repose of the scene. In the foreground we have the golden



browns of the reeds and other plants, and when we come to approximate this colour we find there is what we might term a "grey bloom," the "common greyness" that silvers everything, as Browning puts it, over the local colour of the reeds, for nothing like pure pigment is to be found in the colour of these dead plants. Painters are all agreed that these grey browns of winter are very difficult to hit. They so easily escape one. In nature, when the sunlight plays over them, they seem so bright and warm, and yet, if one is not most careful, brightness is apt to become crudeness, and warmth "foxiness." Going from the foreground, we perhaps have in autumn a ploughed field with its tones of purple, a capital foil to the golden reeds; or may be a grass field, which, when growth is stationary, is anything but green. There is always a certain amount of dead herbage, which gives a sort of veil of purplish grey to the meadow; and then there are the richer patches of colour—dead thistles, docks, etc.—to relieve the general monotony of tint, and to carry the foreground tone into the middle distance. Beyond that we may get a row of pollard willows against a background of bluish purple elms, just two tones darker than the sky beyond. Willows in the winter, with the light upon them, give a passage of colour in a landscape as beautiful as anything one sees the whole year through. It is red and golden and purple and silver, all intermingling, and giving as the net result, a warm "vapour" of colour, delicate and subtle, which the breath of the painter too often blows away. Here, again, we have but a variation of our golden foreground, and thus every part of the composition is linked together by variations of a particular colour.

But perhaps these hedgerow plants never look more striking than when seen encrusted with rime frost. The past winter



has been remarkable for the intensity of the cold and for the rime frosts, for there has been a good deal of suspended moisture in the air, which has on several occasions collected on the trees and herbage for days, with the result that the whole world (that is, our world in this village) has looked when the sun has shone out in the early morning like a fairy transformation scene. To see a plant of hemlock then faceted all over with crystals, which shoot out from the stem nearly half an inch long, thrown into relief by the purplish undergrowth beyond, which, being protected, has not caught the frost, ought to make one rejoice as much as the bed of dancing daffodils did Wordsworth. The hemlock looks then like some exquisitely wrought Eastern jewellery. Those people who designate all plants that are not cultivated in a garden border as weeds, would have to confess that nothing in their gardens at the same time could vie with the hemlock in its trappings of rime frost. This question of what constitutes weeds is one that touches home, seeing that this article is devoted to panegyrising weeds. A definition of dirt as matter in the wrong place, might easily be adapted to our present needs. A weed is simply a plant growing where we do not want it. A rose-tree growing on a gravel path is as much a weed as a primrose growing on a lawn. Ask those very people who use the word weed so often and so contemptuously to define what they mean by the term, and the chances are they are at once silenced. To the decorative artist what are generally termed weeds are those very plants that give him the richest suggestions, and it is in the hope of showing some who read these pages how very beautiful is the growth of many so-called weeds that the series of illustrations given in these pages were prepared. And we venture to think that even some landscape painters might study the combination of hedgerow plants with distant objects with some advantage to themselves. The cow-parsley, which is such a feature in June, growing by preference in rather shady corners of meadows and orchards, with its greenish-white umbels of flowers and greyish-green foliage, might be treated successfully by a landscape painter. The sketch given of it (p. 241) has not been altered in any way. By sitting down to draw it one gets the point of sight high, and broadly speaking, this is the best point of view to choose for all such subjects. The combination of thistles and dock is a *motif* which was used in a three-fold screen. There was no clipped hedge



to the field, but the boundary of the land was marked by a very rich growth of thistles, dock, oat grass, nettles, and teasels, which, when once sapless, remained practically unaltered all through the winter. The background was the ploughed field, with the distant hedgerow and sky in upper part of the panels. The ploughing team was left out, birds and rabbits being substi-

tuted to give life and movement to the composition. These thistles, with their silvery greys and purples, docks with their rich reds, russets, and browns, and pale purplish yellow oat grass, gave a good colour scheme, which only needed adequately rendering to be both harmonious and effective.

The thistle (p. 239) was drawn in a wood before the flower-heads had opened out, and when the leaves were crisp and perfect. It would have made a most effective and beautiful panel, for at its base, and serving as a background to its lower leaves, was a wealth of forget-me-nots, with pink campions growing out of them; with the sun in the front of the thistle, pencilling each leaf and stem with golden green, and the rest of the plant a dark blackish green, indicates an excellent decorative motive.



The hemlock is a conspicuous feature when the harvest is ready for the sickle. It is generally found bordering roadways. Even the despised stinging nettle, when it has its ropes of seeds festooning its stem, has its decorative merits. The hemlock is one of our largest herbaceous plants, and in a kindly situation will attain to a height of nine or ten feet. Teasels grow even taller than this.

The figwort, with its panicles of small crimson-lipped flowers, is one of the most conspicuous of the waterside plants. It is often to be found running up to a height of five or six feet, and in the late autumn its green turns to a rich purple brown. It will go on throwing out its crimson-lipped flowers until the frosts come, even after the plant appears to be dead. The meadowsweet is acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful of our wild flowers. It is the characteristic feature of July, and grows profusely in every ditch and in damp meadows, and by the side of streams. It can well be drawn in its seed state, for the seeds are most beautiful in colour, presenting a series of warm yellow browns and greens. Later on in the year they get greyer, and the leaves curl up and over, the underneath being silvery grey, while the upper surface is a deep purple. One of the best opportunities for studying hedgerow plants is to walk by a river where the bank is four or five feet higher than the water, on a fine day in November. Such a plant as the meadowsweet coming against the water, which, when one looks down upon, is a deep ultramarine purple, is very striking. The delicacy of its form is then fully seen, and the colour of the water emphasises its golden hues. This deep blue of the water would look very effective in a decorative panel, and is a splendid foil to the warm tones of the herbage. The sketch of meadowsweet is in no way altered from nature, and yet it has quite the look of an arrangement.

Grass fields, when one studies them in detail, are full of beauty. One wants to do more than merely look down upon them. Look into them and along them. Grasses themselves are, we all know, largely used in decorative illustrations and cards. The sorrel gives a series of delicate pink and rose-madder tones at a certain time, and where it grows in profusion gives quite a coppery hue to a meadow. Wordsworth speaks of the "thousand blended notes" of the birds, and the painter can with equal truth speak of the thousand blended hues of a meadow.

Nature has been purposely kept close to in the drawings to which these notes are merely a kind of introduction or prologue. The drawings, so far as they realise what the eye saw, speak for themselves, and are more eloquent than words. As Tennyson says :—

> "But any man that walks the mead,
> In bud, or blade, or bloom, may find,
> According as his humours lead,
> A meaning suited to his mind."

But now, speaking from the decorative artist's standpoint, the question of "style" is one that materially affects him. Within the last decade, a very great change has taken place in styles of decoration. From mediævalisms we are at the present moment in the artificial style of Louis Quinze. A greater change than this there could not be, and though it seems quite useless for any one to lift up his voice against the prevailing fashion, be it what it may, it is a certain satisfaction to some of us to mildly protest; or if not in protest, to ask the fashionmonger to give a reason for the faith that influences him in his choice of style. Mediævalism did lead us to nature, to seek our inspiration by studying natural growth, whatever may have been the follies committed under the craze of "Early English." And the study of plant form led many to give careful attention to the work of the most decorative people in the world, the Japanese. And this study of Japanese work is neither dead nor dying, although people no longer decorate their rooms *à la Japonaise*. The panel of meadowsweet, perfectly natural as it is, is certainly Japanese in arrangement, which is another way of saying that the Japanese are perfectly natural in their decoration (their Art). The handling, that is, the way they render what they see, is their own, just as the brushing technique of a Frank Holl or a Leighton is his own. And "liberal applications lie in Art, like nature," and so long as we follow a natural school, our work will always be vital, full of the breath of life. But when we adopt a purely arbitrary style, like that called generically "Louis Quinze" (or Louis anything), we at once become restricted plagiarisers; we give up the liberty of nature for the restrictions of a fashion that is no sooner here than it passes away. We lose our ideality, give up all opportunities for individuality, and merely become artificial. Style *is* individuality, and artificial as the Louis period seems to us now, it did reflect the mind of the age just prior to the French

Revolution. The shepherdesses and musicians in satin and high-heeled shoes, basking or love-making in impossible Arcadias, had some meaning to them; and when the Watteaus, Lancrets, and Bouchers painted these figures, masquerading as nymphs and swains, on the walls of their salons, such a background to the indoor lives of these eighteenth-century French courtiers was not out of harmony with their thoughts and actions. The elaborate courtesies and highly finished politeness of the old French nobility, which a life of leisure gives opportunities for cultivating and displaying, though it produced artificiality, had at the same time a charm which we, with our hurry and prosaic common-sense, are apt to look back to with a certain longing and affection. Every year brings its accompanying loss, and life now is certainly not so ornamental as it was when Watteau was a Court painter: but is the Sir Georgius Midas of the nineteenth century a suitable foreground for a Louis Quinze background? This French Art of the eighteenth century, especially when cheaply and poorly imitated by upholsterers of the present time, reflects nothing that is characteristic of our age. It is out of harmony with our actions, sentiments, and manners. The letter, which killeth, alone is there; the spirit, which giveth life, has flown. And yet a return to a slavish imitation of French methods and ideas in our decorative Art, which for so long in the earlier decades of this century stifled all nationality in our craftsmanship, and made our surroundings as mechanical and inartistic as they were before a few original minds liberated us from this French bondage, is certainly in progress. That there is much we decorative artists might learn from the best French decoration is certain. There is an *ensemble*, a balance and grace, which our natural barbarism might be softened by, but it is the thoughtless imitation which is so crushing and enslaving. The few wealthy individuals that can afford to collect choice specimens of French decorative Art have opportunities denied those who, at the best, can only get poor imitations; and we know that all imitations just miss that divine something which makes the great gulf between the imitation and the imitated. Imitation always implies a suppression of the ego, which is individuality and character; and there never can be any "style" in work that is purely derivative.



Returning to the consideration of Japanese Art for a moment, we see that it is vital, because it is the expression of a national outlook on Nature. It is the expression of the ideas that a keen and cultivated perception alone call into being. The best Japanese work is spontaneous and full of nervous strength; when English artists took to slavishly imitating Japanese methods, the very excellencies which induced decorators to copy them was by their absence the only conspicuous feature of such imitations. But a thoughtful study of Japanese work was a splendid training, and taught English artists the most valuable lessons. Their naïve simplicity and directness of presentment pointed a direction which we could follow without losing our ego. Japanese decorative Art (and all their Art is decorative) is the most perfect the world is acquainted with. Its perfection is due to its study of Nature, without the intervention of a distorting medium. And the study of Japanese Art led English decorative artists to get all their inspirations and suggestions direct from Nature without the warped, artificial outlook that seems always present in French Art, which is always so painfully self-conscious. What schemes of colour and arrangements of hue and grouping of form comes by a season's study of hedgerows those who have given them but small attention will acknowledge; and yet when one wishes to carry out some of these ideas, one is met at the threshold by the rejoinder that the fashion has altered, and that natural decoration must make way for the artificial. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* In literature, in poetry, in fine Art we are still realists (synonymous with naturalism). Is the time near at hand when in these too we shall go back to the eighteenth century, and pretend to find more charm in the pastorals of Pope than in the lyrics of Wordsworth, and prefer the conventionalities of Thompson to the delicate perception of Tennyson?

FRED. MILLER.

THE SUMMER EXHIBITIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IV.—THE SALONS OF THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES AND THE CHAMP DE MARS.

THE feud between the rival sections of French Art, instead of showing signs of healing as it was prophesied that it would do after the death of the offended high pontiff, Meissonier, is more accentuated than ever. The old Salon of the Palais de l'Industrie has, in order to meet the situation, made many innovations both in its laws and its internal arrangements, not the least agreeable of which is the institution of a charming Salon de Repos, adorned with Lebrun's famous tapestries illustrating the life of Louis XIV. The Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts of the Champs de Mars, not to be behindhand with its parent and rival, has organized a beautiful winter-garden for the reception of the sculpture of the new school, headed by M. Dalou and M. Rodin, and has this year opened its exhibition—somewhat on the principle of our own Arts and Crafts—to works coming within the category of decorative Art, including carved furniture, translucent and opaque enamels, and goldsmith's and silversmith's work. In this department the examining committee of the exhibition has exercised a Draconian severity in excluding every object, how excellent soever be its workmanship, which at all savours of a mere imitation of recognised models or of current commercial Art.

The jury of the old Salon of the Champs Elysées has succeeded in reducing very largely the percentage of bad and indifferent works, as compared with the alloy to be found in its galleries in former years, but it has not been equally successful in raising the standard of the paintings and sculpture actually admitted. Indeed, in the department of sculpture, so many have been the abstentions of the most famous professors nominally adhering to the old *régime*, that the show in the familiar gravelled parterre of the palace is one of the least interesting on record. Altogether the fashion is too much growing up—both among eminent artists weary of fame and loaded with honours, and with those who, once contemned, are now chiefs leading various sections of the new school—of retiring from the searching glare of public exhibitions, and exhibiting only to the chosen few, who come prepared to offer ungrudging worship.



Les Huns—Attila. By Ulpiano Checa. Paris Salon.

M. Bonnat falls singularly below the high standard of excellence which he has led his admirers to expect, in his huge canvas, 'Samson slaying the Lion' (July, p. 200). The youthful Jewish Hercules is here seen wrestling, quite naked, with the huge beast, whose jaws he is in the act of tearing asunder, the scene of the combat being the mouth of a rocky cavern entirely bare of accessories. The brushing is here vigorous enough, and there is everywhere exhibited the semblance rather than the reality of force. For, in truth, the struggle carries no conviction with it, the attitude of the combatants is improbable, and there is no vitality, no real muscular tension in the lower limbs of the victorious athlete. M.

Bonnat is more in his element with his large full-length 'Portrait de Mme. A. C.,' but even here the treatment is sculptural rather than pictorial, and the individuality of the sitter lost in that of the artist. The veteran M. Gérôme sends a 'Lion on the Watch,' which has we fancy been already seen in public; it reveals no new side of his talent and is painted with the hard porcelain-like smoothness and accuracy which has always distinguished him. M. Henner sins as unblushingly as ever in the repetition of his own too-limited motives, and charms too as easily as heretofore; so irresistible is the spell that he exercises with his mysteriously modelled nudities, lying in bituminous darkness and happily touched here and there with an unearthly, an impossible light. His beautiful 'Pleureuse' is but a variation, in a slightly different tonality, of his famous 'Magdalen,' while his 'Pietà' comes very near to an equally celebrated 'Dead Christ,' in which he has shown himself inspired by Holbein's masterpiece at the Bâle Museum. M. Jules Breton makes, in his large canvas, 'Le Pardon de Kergoat,' an interesting and even touching attempt to give increased breadth to his style, in order to meet quite modern requirements. If he is not altogether successful—and indeed the modelling of the numerous heads in his procession shows indefiniteness rather than ease or largeness—there is much to admire in the happily suggested onward movement



La Madeleine chez le Pharisien. By J. Béraud. Champ de Mars Salon.

of the crowd of worshippers, as also in the fitful play of shadow and sunlight thrown on the figures by the canopy of green trees under which they pass. His gifted daughter, Mme. Demont-Breton, has been seen to much greater advantage than in the semi-conventional, semi-realistic 'Le Messie.' To this school may be said to belong M. Debat-Ponsan's finely designed farm scene, 'Les Jeunes Bœufs' (July, p. 197), which is unfortunately too flat and timid in colour to be thoroughly effective, especially in a vast public gallery.

The finest performance in the Palais de l'Industrie, and in many respects the best production of the year, is M. Elie Delaunay's great *portrait d'apparat*, 'S.E. le Cardinal Bernadou, Archevêque de Sens,' showing that prelate as a prince of the Church in full robes of flowing crimson, backed by hangings of a harsher red, and relieved only by the grey stone architecture of massive pillars, by the variegated embroideries of a large coat of arms on the arras, and by the great emerald which appropriately adorns the finger of Monseigneur. If it be quite possible to pick holes in certain passages of the execution, nevertheless the noble and yet perfectly realistic modelling of the massive features crowned by white locks, the grave and in no way theatrical pomp of the whole, make of it a work entitled to occupy a position entirely apart from anything shown in either exhibition, and coming within the category of "great Art." The great sensation—what our neighbours are wont to call the *clou*—of the show at the

Palais de l'Industrie, is M. Rochegrosse's immense and extravagant canvas, 'La Mort de Babylone.' In a vast and marvellously splendid open hall, entirely clothed with the most fantastic decorations of the Chaldæo-Assyrian order, there has taken place a tremendous orgie. Beautiful nude women, of all possible races and hues, lie prone in the foreground with their companions in debauch, both stupefied with the fumes of the rose-crowned wine-cup; all around are heaped vessels of gold, intoxicating flowers, and sub-



La Céramique. By Puvis de Chavannes. Champ de Mars Salon.

stantial viands—these latter, by the way, a little too nearly akin to those which we are wont to admire in the windows of Chevet. High up, on a throne or elevated platform, stands the mitred king, aghast at the sight which meets his eyes; for through the vast open arch of the palace streams the light of dawn, and its pale rays illumine the inrushing and irresistible host of the Persians, who will slay or lead captive the revellers, and abase to the dust the peerless city. Everywhere M. Rochegrosse gives evidence of unquestionable talent, alike in the drawing and grouping of his nude revellers, as in the building up of a palace devised with a fantasy so brilliant as to be almost lyrical.

But after all there is no real *raison-d'être* for this only superficially impressive performance; it is of the theatre, theatrical, and cannot even boast that intensity of melodramatic power which the artist has revealed in such works as his 'Mort de Vitellius' and his 'Andromaque.'

A more genuine *furia*, a more irresistible energy, is shown by M. Ulpiano Checa in his 'Les Huns—Attila' (p. 242). Here he repeats his favourite *tour de force* of depicting a trampling, charging crowd of horses and riders: then it was a chariot-race in the Circus Maximus, and now it is a troop of infuriated Huns rushing into battle, led by their dreaded chief. The canvas is somewhat overcrowded and consequently confused, yet seldom has the horror of imminent combat, the passion let loose of untamed hordes been more irresistibly suggested.

M. Gervais's immense canvas, 'Les Saintes Maries,' is monstrous in so far as it is to be taken as a serious illustration of the Provencal legend, according to which the three Holy women were thrown almost naked into a barque unmanned by any crew, and after many wanderings miraculously landed on the coast of Provence. If, however, we ignore its subject and regard it simply as a decoration, it appears very beautiful, with its broadly brushed scene of marsh land and blue water flooded with sunshine, in the midst of which is seen a boat containing the admirably modelled life-size figures of three nude, and by no means saintly women, while high in the air hovers a flock of rose-tinted flamingoes.

M. Henri Martin is a *vibriste*—that is, a painter who obtains his effects of atmospheric vibration by mechanical means. This trick is very evident in his curious symbolical composition, 'Chacun a sa Chimère,' showing, after Baudelaire's "Contes en prose," a heterogeneous procession of men and women, each accompanied and pitilessly persecuted by his own pet Chimæra. In the enormous 'La Voûte d'Acier' (p. 245), M. Jean-Paul Laurens has a subject after his own heart, suggesting rather than depicting menace and violence. Here is depicted the hapless Louis XVI. as, one day in July, 1789, having come to Paris shortly after the taking of the Bastille, he is made to enter the Hôtel de Ville under a triumphal arch or vault formed by the drawn swords of the black-coated, resolute-looking councillors. Unfortunately, the execution is here not on a par with the conception, for the open-air effect of grey daylight aimed at is missed, and the whole has an unpleasant pastiness and flatness.

M. Cormon, that well-known painter of huge machines, contents himself this year with a small canvas of exceedingly inferior quality, 'Le Mariage de Bedreddin Hassan,' but shows to far greater advantage in a large three-quarter length 'Portrait de M. Gérôme,' representing the painter-sculptor in the act of putting the finishing touches to a polychromatic statuette. M. Benjamin-Constant shows his hand only in two finely characterized portraits of sumptuously adorned ladies, in neither of which, however, has he been altogether successful in modelling the faces in a full even light; while M. Raphael Collin is also represented by a portrait of a lady, well-posed, and executed in characteristically delicate, effaced tones. M. Bouguereau falls absolutely below his usual high standard of draughtsmanship in the strangely ill-proportioned group called 'Premiers Bijoux,' and is not much more satisfactory in the common-place 'L'Amour Mouillé;' while M. Jules Lefebvre has, in his somewhat drily

painted 'Nymphe Chasseresse,' produced an exquisite design. Much less satisfactory is his learnedly drawn but lifeless 'Portrait de M. A. B.' As a painting, M. Vibert's 'Le Cordon Bleu,' with its unmitigated screaming scarlets everywhere uncompromisingly displayed, and its absolute airlessness, is a defiance of all laws, human and divine; but if we choose to regard it in the light of an illustration only, it appears irresistibly humorous. We behold a joyous company of cardinals, in full panoply, seated round a table which bears the remains of a splendid collation; they have summoned to their presence the rotund and rosy *chef*—a portrait, be it noted, of M. Garraud, of the Comédie-Française — and are toasting him, glass in hand, in honour of his super-exquisite achievements.

That admirable portraitist, M. Fantin-Latour, contents himself this time with sending two of his amiable romantic fantasies, 'Danses' and 'La Tentation de Saint-Antoine.'

It would be difficult to imagine anything more vulgar in conception, or more commonplace in the arrangement, or rather non-arrangement, of uninteresting accessories, than M. Munkacsy's 'Portrait de Mme. B.,' who may justly blame her portraitist for causing her to look like a *nouvelle riche* of the first water. Even in this unrefined work, the unctuous breadth of his brush and the richness of his palette tell to a certain extent. In 'L'Air favori,' a Hungarian tavern scene, in which some countrymen are seen endeavouring to charm the melancholy of a distraught companion by combining to play on their rude instruments his favourite tune, the fashionable master makes a return to his old subjects and his old bitu-



La Voûte d'Acier. By J. P. Laurens. Paris Salon.

minous method, but does so without the old breadth or conviction.

Some few of the better performances at the Salon are by English artists, and to these, in almost every case, there have with great courtesy been accorded excellent places. Among old friends we recognise Mr. J. M. Swan's superb 'Lioness Suckling her Cubs,' and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's 'Burial at Sea' (here more equitably placed than it would have been at the Royal Academy). Mr. A. Chevallier Tayler's 'La dernière Communion' receives the rare distinction for an Englishman of a second medal; whilst Mr. Alfred East contributes a landscape called here 'Doux Soir,' and the Scotch painter Mr. Guthrie has a remarkably bold and effectively placed equestrian figure, 'Portrait de M. George Smith.' This last suffers, however, from the coarseness of the execution, and the extraordinary paintiness of the sky and landscape, some trees of which, supposed to be in the middle distance, force themselves absolutely into the foreground. An excellent piece of mordant realism is Mr. Blair-Bruce's 'Femme-Sculpteur.'

Among the finer portraits should be specially noted two by M. Wencker, who here shows himself less devoted to the reproduction of the masterpieces of the modiste than on some former occasions. The 'Portrait de jeune Fille,' which depicts a young girl simply clad in a striped blue and white cotton gown, is singularly fresh, individual, and charming. Mr. Julian Story's 'Portrait de Mlle. Eames' is chiefly remarkable for elegance of line and arrangement, being in its smiling amiability somewhat empty of characterization.

Landscape pure and simple no longer takes up the commanding place which it but a few years since occupied in the estimation of the Parisian public, though as an agreeable mode of decoration it is as popular as ever.

Even at the old Salon, which in relation to its younger rival may be said to show conservative tendencies, the new school, which seeks above all things to open a window into the real world, to produce a section of nature which shall give the illusion of light, air, and movement, predominates over the elder, and undoubtedly the nobler and more serious, though the less immediately effective style. At the head of the latter still stands M. Harpignies, whose grand but unduly monotonous mode of design less victoriously asserts itself than usual, while with him may be grouped the intensely sincere and pathetic, yet even narrower and more monotonous M. Pointelin, and another admirable landscapist, M. Busson, little known this side of the Channel, whose 'Ile des Peupliers à Lavardin' is one of the best things in the exhibition. A middle course is steered by M. Camille Dufour, who loves to present in the hot enveloping atmosphere of a dull, sultry day the bridge, the river, and the massive buildings of Avignon; by M. Jan-Monchablon, with his too minutely wrought yet atmospherically true prospects of cornfield and woodland; by M. Adrien Demont, whose dainty 'Les Marguerites' is a kind of *redite*, weaker and less poetic, of his exquisite 'Les Œillettes'; and by M. Nozal, whose splendid prospect, 'La Seine à St. Pierre—matinée d'Octobre,' has narrowly missed, by reason of a certain heavy paintiness, taking rank as the most imposing landscape of the whole exhibition. Among the most skilful of the uncompromising moderns may be mentioned M. Alfred Paris, whose singularly fresh and brilliant 'Promenade au haras' takes as a motive for display a number of cavalry soldiers in undress exercising their chargers along a dusty, sunlit road, bordered by fresh summer woods quivering in the morning air.

We have already pointed out that the collection of sculpture is very much below the high-water mark of French achievement in this department. The *Médaille d'Honneur* has been accorded to M. Alfred Boucher, for his colossal marble statue 'A la Terre,' showing a modern labourer, naked as Adam, in the act of digging; apparently because it appeared absolutely necessary to accord it in some one section, and in that of painting no sufficiently commanding majority had been attained by any artist. This is a skilful but exaggerated study of strongly-developed muscles at high tension, which has no special merit of higher truth or expressiveness to recommend it. M. Falguière's alert and thoroughly Parisian 'Diane' is the same goddess whom he has brought before an admiring public on many previous occasions, though she is presented this time in an entirely different attitude. The reticent, finely-balanced art of the late M. Chapu is not happily exemplified in his seated full-length in marble of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales—a work conventional and impersonal to the verge of *banalité*. His reputation is, however, redeemed by the pathetic kneeling figure, 'Monseigneur le Cardinal de Bonnechose,' a marble statue destined for the tomb of that prelate. M. Paul Dubois exhibits nothing in the section of sculpture, and M. Mercié is not seen to high advantage in his statuette, 'La Toilette de Diane,' while M. Allar, in his large group of statues, 'Joan of Arc, with her patron Saints, St. Michael, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret'—an ensemble destined for the new basilica at Domrémy—shows perfunctoriness and a plentiful lack of enthusiasm for his subject. Exquisitely harmonious in line and proportion is the nude female figure, 'Eternel Poème,' of M. Antonin Carlès, a performance belonging to the same class as the now celebrated 'Salammbo' of Idrac at the Luxembourg.

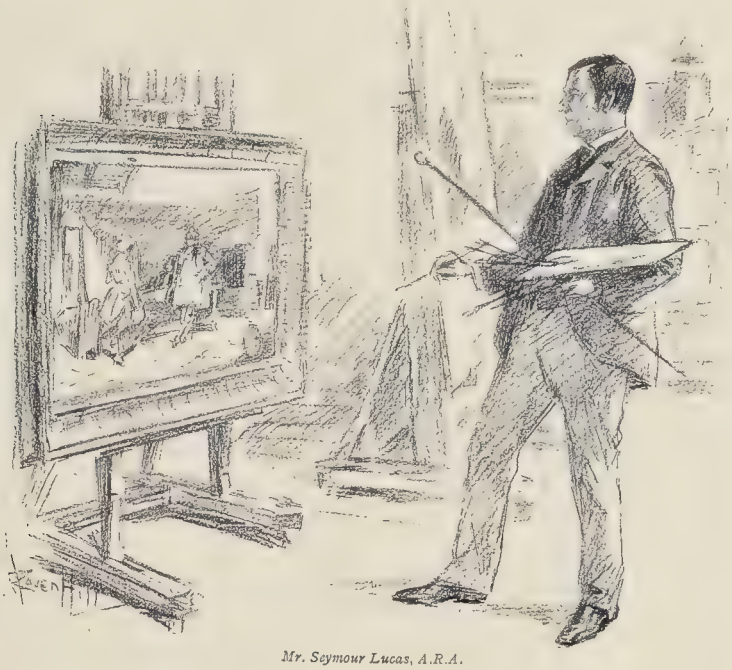
A strongly sensuous mode of conception, with considerable powers of execution, is revealed by the Franco-Norwegian sculptor, M. Sinding, in his bronze 'Mère captive' (already seen in plaster at the Universal Exhibition of 1889), and in the audacious 'Un Homme et une Femme'—the latter presenting a pair of lovers in the closest and most passionate embrace. An American sculptor, Mr. MacMonnies, highly distinguishes himself with the pathetic and consistently wrought-out portrait statue, 'Nathan Hale,' which forms part of a monument destined to be erected to this American patriot, who was shot as a spy by the English during the War of Independence; while another transatlantic sculptor, M. Douglas Tilden, shows a clever assimilation of the later Greek style in his bronze, 'The Tired Boxer.'

By far the noblest products of the plastic art to be seen on this occasion at the Champs Elysées are the eleven medals exhibited by M. Chaplain, who is incontestably the first of living medallists, and a pioneer in the revival of the great style in this branch of art. Among these the portraits of Meissonier, of M. Elie Delaunay, and of M. Charles Gounod are incomparable presentments, combining perfection of style and method with the higher and more penetrating realistic truth. His follower and rival, M. Roty, especially distinguishes himself for the exquisite chasing which he lavishes—too prodigally, perhaps—on the reverses of his medals and on his plaquettes.

Everything on a first inspection of the brilliant exhibition arranged by the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts in the buildings of the Champ de Mars predisposes the spectator in favour of the works of art with which he is brought in

contact. First the size and airiness of the splendid building, and the brilliancy and coolness of its decorations; then the ample space allotted to every work exhibited, and the many appliances for the rest and comfort of the visitor—so many trifles it may be said, but trifles, nevertheless, which predispose the public to æsthetic enjoyment and to an appreciation, tinged with rose colour, of the display which is brought before them.

The show made by the new society in its delightful home is certainly a remarkable one, but for the reasons we have given, it appears at a first glance even more remarkable than it really is. Everywhere is sunshine: first, the real rays filtering in all directions through the building itself, yet not with indiscreet strength; and next the simulation of the sun-god's glories in the canvases themselves. For the one serious passion of French painters just now, the one thing in which they are thoroughly in earnest, is their love of bright light, of atmospheric effect of every kind, of dancing beams reflected on waters and glancing through forests, of winds rustling summer leaves or ruffling the bosom of undulating grass, of lamps struggling in early evening with the waning day, and giving a strange piquancy and unreality to the human forms which they fitfully illumine. For the stern sober realism of the last twenty years, delighting in moderate grey harmonies, in threatening dark landscapes of sombre import, and in the unsparing delineation of the woes to which the humanity of to-day is subject, is strangely out of fashion for the moment. So much so, indeed, that that branch of impressionism which deals with night scenes and with artificial lights serving to illumine interiors, has already a savour of the old-fashioned. It



Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A.

is only when the cheerful brilliancy of the first effect made by the galleries of the Champ de Mars has worn off that it becomes evident that all is not gold that glitters; that where many have manfully and sincerely striven, many others have merely imitated with the dexterity of the true Parisian *chiqueur*, while a few only have attained to complete success, to a genuine originality in truth. The scope of the great movement now in progress in modern Art is, however, no longer in question, even with those who have most resolutely sought to shut their eyes and play ostrich; it is a genuinely national—nay more, extending, as it does, in concentric circles, an international—one, which must have its way and spend its strength before we can truly gauge its permanent influence or its results.

The place of honour belongs unquestionably to M. Puvis de Chavannes, the president of the Society and the Pontifex Maximus of the most advanced French Art, who has not of late years produced anything as fine as the grand mural decoration 'L'Eté,' destined for the new Hôtel de Ville. This magnificent generalisation on an immense scale of a purely French summer landscape is executed in the pale hues and with the faint shadows peculiar to this master, and which in his hand produce so overpowering an effect; the only point open to criticism in this expanse of calm water, leafy poplars and willows, distant corn-fields and hills, being the undue opacity and squareness of the large central clump formed by the woods in the middle distance. In the calm, pale water bathe, and on the grass disport themselves, the noble nude forms of women and girls, generalised as usual to the point of vagueness and insufficiency, but nevertheless arriving by independent

and natural means at much of the ideality and truth which distinguish the best Greek Art. In his two other decorations, 'La Poterie,' and 'La Céramique' (p. 244), M. Puvis demands too much from the naïveté of the spectator and carries his noble principles of generalisation and amplification to the verge of absurdity. After this master may well be mentioned one who is sometimes called his imitator, but who is rather naturally akin to him in technique, temperament and feeling—M. Cazin. This most poetic and original of French landscapists of the new school, the only one of them who as yet has been able to combine a measure of the old pathos, of the old suggestive humanity, with his own revolutionised technique, is represented by a series of beautiful works, among which at least three display, at their very highest, the noble powers of the master. These are 'Pont de Pierre,' a delicious river-scene, with a massive stone bridge in the middle distance, and overhanging it, elms tipped with the golden light of the evening sun; a splendid avenue of trees arranged but not painted *à la* Hobbema, called 'Un Chemin;' and most original of all, 'Minuit,' a wonderful study of dazzlingly clear, deep-blue starlight, illuminating a canal bordered with picturesque buildings, which stand out with startling yet hardly exaggerated force in the still, mysterious night. Everywhere in the galleries traces of M. Cazin's influence show themselves, and it becomes evident that he divides with M. Puvis himself, and with the invisible yet omnipresent M. Claude Monet, the empire over the *luministes* of the day. M. Carolus-Duran, in a series of no less than ten canvases, once more asserts his supremacy as a master of the brush, as he once more displays that lamentable superficiality, and even on occasion vulgarity, in depicting a human personality, which will go far to deprive him of the high rank to which he is entitled as a consummate and original colourist and an executant of the rarest power. Remarkable for its momentariness and its vivacious expression is the 'Portrait du Baron d'O,' for its freshness and brilliancy of aspect the superficially truthful but commonplace 'Charles Gounod.' Of the full-length presentments of both youthful and full-blown beauties, all of which are marked by some novelty or happy daring in colour, the best is the 'Miss Lighter'—a fresh, ingenuous blonde in a pink dress, relieved against a crimson background. The 'Portrait de Mme. C.' contains an original combination of steel-grey with primrose, flame-colour, and crimson. Much more interesting, if less sumptuous in its tonality than these works, is Mr. J. S. Sargent's 'Portrait de jeune garçon,' which, in addition to his unvarying qualities of strength and vitality, reveals to an unusual degree those of sympathy and of an easy, nonchalant grace. M. Duez has, among other things, a 'Christ walking on the Waters,' which is rather a clever piece of trickery than a serious work of sacred Art; 'Souvenir de l'Elysée,' a portrait of a lady in evening dress, whose features and form are eccentrically illuminated by Chinese lanterns placed at her back—an effect, however, much more subtly rendered by Mr. Sargent some few years back in 'Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose.' M. Alfred Stevens gives only pain to his admirers by showing them once more the astonishing decadence of a once first-rate talent. M. Gervex halts between Tiepolo and modernity in his 'La Musique—plafond pour l'Hôtel de Ville,' in which, moreover, he betrays an insufficient familiarity with *l'Art de faire plafonner*. What, too, shall be said of M. Roll, who, in a whole series of half-length portraits and heads, has been so pre-occupied with demonstrating the effect of glancing sunlight on flesh seen in the open, that he has used his sitters rather as blocks for experimentalising than as serious subjects for physiognomic study? Amusing instances of this peculiar, and for his models far from agreeable standpoint, are the 'Deux jeunes Filles,' and 'Le Peintre Thaulow et sa Femme.' M. Besnard, weary, no doubt, of being imitated in his piquant but too prepared effects of natural and artificial light in conflict and combination, has too deliberately manifested his intention of being original *quand même*, even though next year he should be again caught up by his rapid and dexterous followers. The little 'Annunciation,' with its Archangel Gabriel vanishing into thin air under the gaze of the Virgin, has an irresistible charm, and the 'Portraits de M. et Mme. Ch.,' though too loosely painted, is skilfully lighted, and shows still the draughtsmanship of him who began his career as a *Prix de Rome;* but the learnedly composed and delicately modelled 'Portraits de Mdlles. del Rios' is ruined by the impossibly garish and fantastic colour of the surroundings. These phantasmagoric blue-green shimmerings of the background are not only perfectly untrue, but they are unbeautiful and unmeaning, serving in no way to enhance or to express the portraits which they frame, but quite the contrary. M. Dagnan-Bouveret himself, notwithstanding his well-established vogue, has sought to enlarge his style, and to impart to it in a greater degree than before luminosity and vibration. It cannot be said that in these respects he has been entirely successful in 'Les Conscrits,' although the onward marching movement of the band of youthful conscripts is here admirably simulated. The little 'Etude de jeune Fille,' lighted *à la* Besnard, is, on the other hand, singularly beautiful.

That skilful cynic, Signor Boldini, has portrayed a whole series of those strange personages, seated on the edge of tottering couches placed on the highest of inclined planes, by which he, at the Universal Exhibition of 1889, won his *Grand Prix* in the Italian section. These twisted, writhing creatures, with sinuous forms revealed by clinging black draperies, and bold brilliant gaze devouring the beholder, are inexpressibly repellent, and yet they fascinate with a serpentine fascination. Though Signor Boldini is rather a draughtsman than a colourist, the execution of these eccentricities is undeniably first-rate of its kind. Less invariably skilful, but taking, if still a quaint, yet a more wholesome view of humanity, is M. Blanche, whose conceptions of both male and female sitters have undeniable piquancy and freshness, while the unpleasant greenish quality of the flesh-painting and the uncertainty of the execution make themselves disagreeably prominent in all he does. Here, too, is Mr. Whistler himself, to whom both the preceding artists owe much. He is represented by two excellent works, both of them dating, however, tolerably far back; one being the 'Sea-piece—Harmony in Green and Opal,' the other the 'Portrait of Miss Rosa Corder.'

Sacred or pseudo-sacred Art appears here in its most eccentric forms. First comes what has to the *badauds* been *the* sensation of the Champ de Mars Exhibition, the 'Magdalen at the Feet of Christ' of M. Jean Béraud (p. 243). This skilful and not usually very emotional delineator of modern Parisian scenes, has this time chosen to outdo Herr Fritz von Uhde on his own ground, but has done so with a cold deliberation which makes his work wilfully offensive, while that of his Saxon prototype is both tender and reverential in spirit. Here, in a modern Parisian room, crowded with male

notabilities in fashionable morning dress, one of whom lights a cigarette at a table loaded with the remains of a sumptuous *déjeuner*, is placed the figure of Christ, draped in the usual flowing garments, while at his feet has cast herself in a prostrate attitude a beautiful *demi-mondaine*, robed in the last creation of Worth or Doucet. The portraits are here so admirably done, and the figure of the Saviour, on the other hand, so feeble and ineffectual, that the average spectator is at first less strongly repelled than might have been expected.

The Finnish painter, M. Edelfeldt, has also followed the lead of Herr von Uhde with a large 'Magdalen and Christ,' in which, however, the scene is a bright northern landscape, and the repentant sinner a homely, coarsely-clad Scandinavian maiden. Yet another work of the same type, but going even a stage farther—since in it Christ himself appears in the humble garb of an artisan of to-day—is M. Skredsvig's mean and unimpressive, because too *voulu*, 'Son of Man.' M. Lerolle enshrines in a beautiful and mysterious evening landscape a 'Flight into Egypt,' in which the figures, to suit the taste of the moment, have been made wilfully unattractive, while the angels, of whom a never-ending stream, vanishing like a vapour into the sky, follows the holy personages, are of a corresponding eccentricity of type; these are ugly, with an all too mundane ugliness, but yet singularly beautiful in the ease and grace of their floating movement. Herr von Uhde himself is represented by a 'Portrait,' and Herr Liebermann by a 'Gardeuse de Vaches.'

The sculptors are still somewhat scantily represented at the Champ de Mars, notwithstanding the beautiful resting-place for their works which has been provided in the new winter garden. M. Rodin sends only a bust of M. Puvis de Chavannes, very similar in vivacity and intellectual strength, but technically



Les Francs-tireurs. By A. Bloch. Paris Salon.

much inferior, to the noble bust of M. Dalou from the same hand. M. Dalou himself has rarely produced anything finer than the 'Bacchic Relief—Design for a Fountain,' in which he unites the decorative quality, the cunning elegance of line of the *Grand Siècle*, with the vitality, the realism in the modelling of flesh belonging to certain schools of to-day. There is in the South Kensington Museum the cast of a very similar Bacchic scene in high relief, executed by M. Dalou when he was in England a number of years ago. In prominent contrast to this work is the same artist's audaciously realistic bust of M. Albert Wolff, the famous Art critic of the *Figaro*, his unlovely features being presented as nature has modelled them, but without the flash of intellectual power which might be made to illumine this rugged exterior. That earnest and pathetic Belgian sculptor, M. Constantin Meunier, whose art is a translation into the round of that of Jean-François Millet, sends a life-size 'Mower,' and a number of bronze statuettes, the heroic realism of which is marred by a certain absence of life and movement. M. Tony Noël contributes a bronze reduction of his exquisite 'Orpheus;' M. Niederhausern-Rodo a hideous 'Avalanche,' for which M. Rodin is answerable; M. Bartholomé a large and pretentiously symbolical 'Monument Funéraire,' destined to support (and apparently not in reverence) a 'Christ,' fortunately not shown on this occasion; M. Charpentier a bas-relief, 'Femme montant dans sa Baignoire;' and M. Dampt a delightfully vivacious 'Buste de Mdlle. Moreno de la Comédie Française,' posed in the early Florentine mode on a broad base, and slightly tinted, so as to remove the crudity of the marble. There is something singularly piquant and suitable in this amalgam of Florentine decorative elegance and Florentine tempered realism with the alertness of the advanced Parisian Art of to-day.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

THE CLYDE AND THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

No. III.—THE CALEDONIAN CANAL.

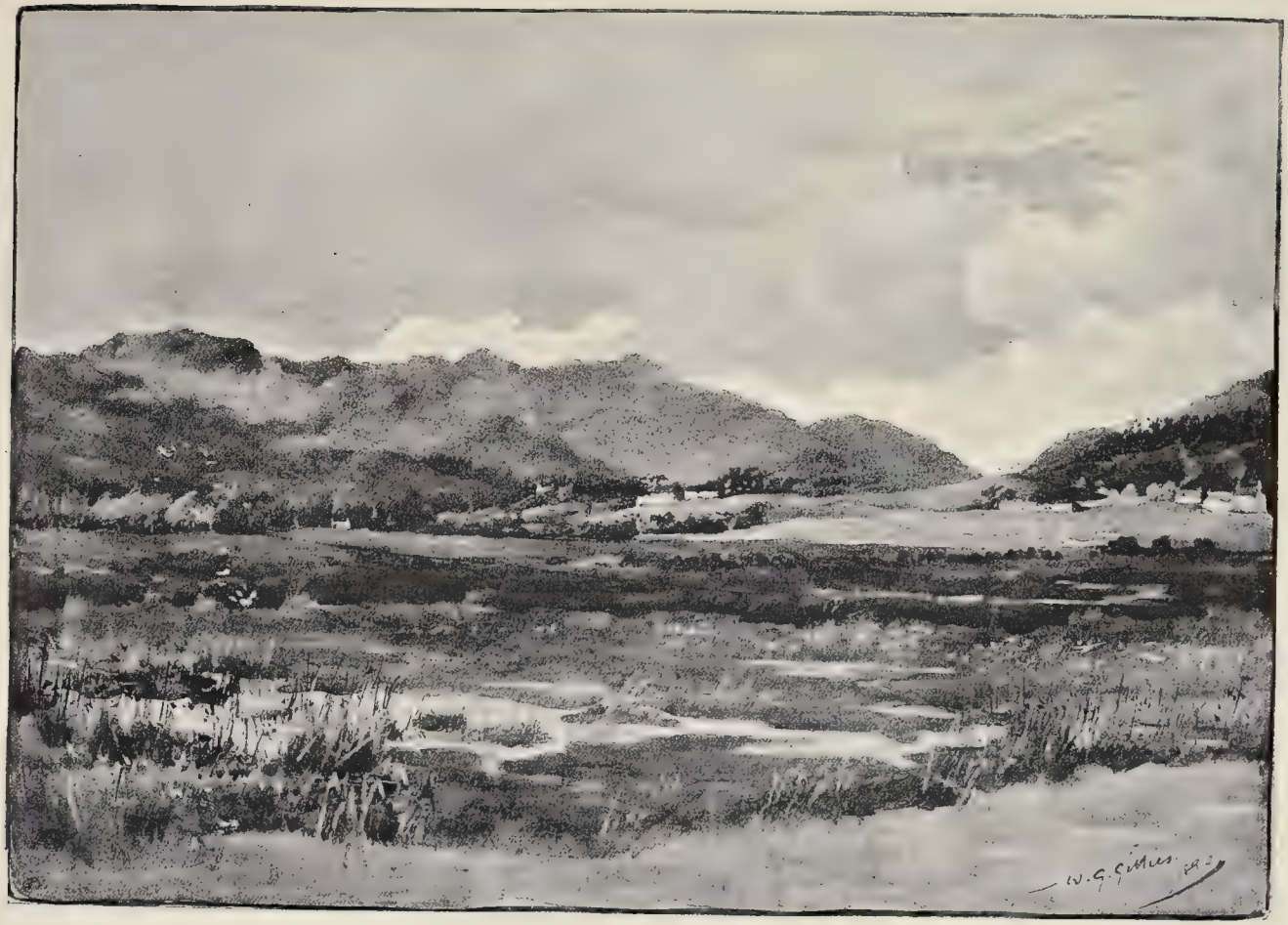
I HAVE hitherto written only of the seaward route to Oban. In the time of summer and fine weather, this is the route the tourist will probably select. It must be remembered, however, that the alternative way by rail runs through a country rich in beautiful and striking scenery, and famous for its associations with many stirring events in Scottish history. The traveller passes Bannockburn, Stirling, and "the steeps of Demayet"; then through the romantic Pass of Leny and Strathyre, up which "the cross of fire," in the "Lady of the Lake," was so impetuously borne; and by the Braes of Balquhidder, where the bold Rob Roy lies buried, the train climbs upwards through the gloom and wild magnificence of Glen Ogle, till it reaches the softer beauties of Loch Awe and the picturesque ruins of Kilchurn. A long article might be written on the attractions of Loch Awe itself, and the many delights that both the artist and the angler can extract from it. To its charms Mr. Hamerton pays splendid tribute in his "Painter's Camp in the Highlands."

We can now proceed on our way from Oban to Inverness, beginning at Loch Linnhe, where we left off last month. At Ballachulish, at the mouth of Loch Leven, tourists who wish



Ben Nevis.

to visit Glencoe must land. Glencoe is the best known and most written about glen in Scotland. The rugged grandeur of its mountain masses, its magnificent precipices, its solemn and mysterious depths where loneliness and silence prevail, the splendid play of light and shade across its steeps and slopes, the mists that wreathe its jagged peaks, command the admiration and the awe of all who wander through it. There is nothing little or petty about Glencoe, and yet it has its softer features too, where pleasant bits of woodland and sparkling waters introduce into the landscape glimpses of quiet sylvan beauty. The impression left upon me, I confess, when I saw Glencoe last May, was certainly not one of gloom. It was a day of glorious sunshine, which seemed to flood even the recesses of the defile, and to touch with glory the snow-clad mountain tops. Of course Ossian haunted Glencoe—we are shown his cave in an airy and uncomfortable position on the face of a high cliff; but the historical interest that has made the glen world-noted comes from the massacre of the unfortunate Macdonalds in 1692. It is almost certain that not so many of the clansmen perished as is popularly supposed; but this does not take from the blackness and treachery of the deed, which, in spite of all the whitewashing of Macaulay and others, will ever remain a foul blot in the records of King William, Stair, Breadal-



In Far Lochaber.

bane, and all concerned directly or indirectly in the murders. A cross, of rather unimposing appearance, marks the spot in the glen where most of the slaying is supposed to have been done.

At Ballachulish, between the pier and the entrance to the glen, we have the seat of one of the most important industries in the Highlands. The largest and oldest slate quarries in Scotland—they were in existence at the time of the massacre—are worked here, and the energetic lessee, Dr. Campbell, gives employment to some four hundred men, whose cottages cluster by the roadside. It is a scene of busy activity, what with the quarries themselves, and their galleries and stages filled with toiling hewers and blasters, the miniature engines and trucks for carrying the slates to the water bank for shipment, and the stir at the banks, where the schooners and other small craft take in their cargoes. Around are the grand old hills, with the "Pap" guarding the mouth of Glencoe, some lovely stretches of wood, and the shining waters of Loch Leven.

As we pass up Loch Linnhe to Fort William, the district



Loch Oich (Caledonian Canal).

on the right hand, directly north of Loch Leven, is Nether Lochaber. North of that again, and spreading eastward, is Lochaber proper, or Far Lochaber, extending nearly to Fort Augustus. One of the most noted residents of the present day in Nether Lochaber is the Rev. Dr. Alexander Stewart, parish minister of Onich. He is well known as a man of letters, a scientist, and an antiquarian, under his *nom de guerre* of "Nether Lochaber."

Fort William is a town of not quite two thousand inhabitants, but in the summer and autumn it is full of bustle, owing to the coming and going of the tourist hordes. The name of the place, like that of Fort Augustus and of Fort George, shows the turbulent state of the Highlands during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when steady and organized attempts began to be made to bring the clans under the control of the lawful government of the country. As I have already mentioned, the early history of the Highlands is a continuous record of bloodshed, treachery, and cruelty, practised by the various clans on one another. The royal power in Scotland was then too weak to assert its supremacy except in a spasmodic fashion, but after Scotland and England were united under one king, vigorous operations were entered into to make the authority of that king respected in the wilds of Inverness-shire, as much as it was in the streets of Edinburgh. Law had a hard struggle for it, and it was only after the suppression of the 1745 rebellion, when the fierce warriors were disarmed, the clan system, as a military system, finally abolished, and the country opened up and made accessible by means of roads, that the reign of peace and order was established in the north and west of Scotland.

General Monk erected a fort at what is now called Fort William, but the place takes its name from a small fortress built there by General Mackay, in 1690, in order to overawe the Camerons and Macdonalds, who at that time were powerful clans, and very disturbing elements in the district. Sir Ewen Cameron, of Lochiel, is styled by Macaulay "the Ulysses of the Highlands," and his grandson, the gentle Lochiel, was one of the most chivalrous and devoted of Prince Charlie's ill-fated adherents. After Culloden's disastrous day he followed his master's fortunes, and died an exile abroad.

The fort at Fort William has had to give place to a railway siding, a disfigurement to the town and a destruction of a picturesque object, which might surely have been averted had the inhabitants made any protest in the matter.

Near Fort William are the ruins of Inverlochy Castle, which must once have been a place of strength, built more on the model of the great English castles of the Middle Ages than are the vast majority of ancient Highland fastnesses. Remote antiquity has been claimed for this castle, and an attempt made to associate its foundation with the mythical age of Scottish history, but in all probability it was built by Edward I. at the time of his great Scottish wars. Near Inverlochy, in 1646, the great Marquis of Montrose swept down on the hated Campbell, the famous Duke of Argyle, and "smote him, hip and thigh." In one of the best of his shorter novels, "The Legend of Montrose," Sir Walter describes the struggle with characteristic vigour and picturesqueness.

Of course the dominating feature of the landscape is Ben Nevis, and he looks much better shaped from here than he does from farther south. Nevis is, as every one knows, the highest mountain in Great Britain, boasting of some 4,406 feet. The ascent is not difficult, for the track has been cleared and smoothed, and it is only a stiff pull up. It can be made from either Fort William or Banavie, and a guide should always be taken and an observant eye kept on the weather. To go up on a wet day with the optimist hope of its clearing is simply a waste of time and energy. The view is bewilderingly wide and grand, over mountains and valleys and lochs, but clouds and mists and rain rob it of all its interest. In the meteorological observatory on the summit, Mr. Omond and his coadjutors are doing good and useful work. They must have nearly as

dreary a time of it in winter as if they were cooped up in a frozen-in ship in the Arctic regions.

The Lochaber and the Lochiel countries are full of memories of the rebellion of 1745. It was at Kilfinane, some distance west of Fort William, that Prince Charlie first raised his standard; it was through Lochaber and Lochiel he wandered, after Culloden, a homeless fugitive, with a price set upon his head. What a story it is of romance, and faithfulness, and honest service rendered to one who was not worthy of it!—a story that has yet power to touch the heart of a Scotsman with tender emotion. All the district suffered for its devotion to the Jacobite cause, and in some parts it was mercilessly ravaged by the Duke of Cumberland.

The tourist should make from Banavie an excursion to the parallel roads of Glenroy. The three shelves or terraces, one above the other, on the side of the narrow valley through which the Roy runs, are most peculiar, and have given rise to many ingenious theories to account for their origin. When you are in a difficulty about any Highland question explain it in some way by bringing in Ossian and his heroes. They were once credited with having made the roads. Science, however, prefers another explanation. Water and ice are now generally believed to have been the means of cutting the shelves on the hillside. Another drive, one of the finest in Scotland, is from Fort William to Arisaig, on the West coast, passing by a series of lovely lochs, and through a country almost entirely given up to sport.

The Caledonian Canal, connecting the west coast of Scotland with the Moray Firth, consists of a chain of 24 miles of canal, and 38 miles of natural lochs—Loch Lochy (10 miles), Loch Oich (4 miles), and Loch Ness (24 miles), all lying in



Fort Augustus.

Glen Albin, the "Great Glen" of Scotland. There are in all twenty-eight locks, and ships of 600 tons burden can pass through them. The canal was opened in 1823, and has cost nearly £1,500,000.

The steamer (Mr. MacBrayne's, of course) on the upward journey to Inverness starts from Banavie. Some of the most beautiful parts of Loch Lochy are about Achnacarry Castle and Loch Arkaig, which runs off Loch Lochy to the left, where the banks are richly wooded. Loch Oich, the highest point in the line of communication, about one hundred feet above the sea-level, is to me the most charming part of the route. The hills close to the loch are green and soft-looking and covered with trees, several pretty islets stud its surface, and the Glengarry hills right in the north are bold and rugged. The ruins of Invergarry Castle stand upon a rocky headland about half way up the loch. It was the stronghold of the Macdonnells, and was nearly completely burned down by Cumberland in 1746. We have in the neighbourhood several reminders of the old disturbed times. At Kinloch Lochy in 1544 the Frazers and Macdonnells fought a furious battle, stripped to their shirts on account of the heat of the day. Then we have a curious old monument, called "The Well of the Seven Heads," commemorating a savage act of feudal vengeance, and at the further end of the loch is Aberchalder, where Prince Charles mustered his clans for his famous descent upon the Lowlands.

At the succession of locks called Kyltra Locks passengers can utilise the delay, and walk forward two miles to Fort Augustus, at the beginning of Loch Ness. Fort Augustus was once an important military station. It was erected by General Wade in 1729, as a place of strength for the Government forces in the district, and as a standing menace to the disaffected clans. It was taken by the Jacobite forces in 1745, and retaken by Cumberland next year, and served as a

prison for many of the unfortunate captives after Culloden. Of course as years went on the fort ceased to be of use as a military post, and in 1867, the Government sold it to the late Lord Lovat. In 1876, the present Lord Lovat gifted the place and sixteen acres of land to the Benedictine order, who have turned it into their headquarters for Scotland. A magnificent building, designed by Mr. P P. Pugin, has been erected, and in it are included a college, monastery, hospice, and scriptorium. There is a large staff of professors; a printing press has been set up, and in the scriptorium painting and illustrating are carried on. Tourists have time, owing to the locks, to visit the institution, and they are permitted to do so on payment of a small fee at the gate. The majority of the people in the Highlands belong to the Presbyterian Churches, not a few to the very strictest and straitest division of the Free Church, but in certain districts Catholics are numerous, in others, as at Ballachulish, Episcopalians. In many cases, the religion of the head of the clan originally determined the religion of his followers.



Castle Urquhart, Loch Ness.

In 1773, Dr. Samuel Johnson and Boswell made their famous expedition to Scotland. Never did the doctor show himself more of a hero than when, at the age of sixty-four, and accustomed only to the ways of a large city, he undertook, with a bold heart, what was indeed at the time a rough and perilous journey through unknown lands. To Fort Augustus the two came riding by the banks of Loch Ness, from Inverness, along one of the many military roads that General Wade constructed, and Johnson records that among the hills and beside "the limpid waters," and in visiting a rude hut, a pleasant day of travelling was spent. Governor Trapaud received them hospitably, and they passed a night in the fort. Johnson always remembered the sweet sleep he there enjoyed. The next day the doctor and his friend rode on by Glen Moriston to Skye.

Loch Ness is about twenty-four miles long, with an average breadth of one mile and a half. The water has never been known to freeze, probably on account of its great depth. Dr. Johnson was told this at Fort Augustus, and records his doubt of the truth of the statement. The doctor could believe readily in the supernatural, but he was always very sceptical regarding the account of any phenomenon in the natural world that was beyond his own experience. Both the sides of Loch Ness are well wooded. The birch, "the lady of the woods," is everywhere, as it was in Dr. Johnson's time. The oak, the ash, the fir, the alder, spring from a thick undergrowth of copsewood, with here and there cliffs of old red sandstone and clumps of yellow broom. There is wealth of colour everywhere. A pleasing variety is given by the streams that brattle down their rocky channels on the mountain-sides to join the loch. Where can we, rod in hand, more profitably lounge away a long summer day than by the side of one of these Highland burns, with its silvery voice tinkling in our ears, and the air around us fragrant with a hundred mountain perfumes? I quite think that in these circumstances happiness is too deeply seated to be dependent on whether there are any fish in the water. But no heaven-born angler will agree with me in this.

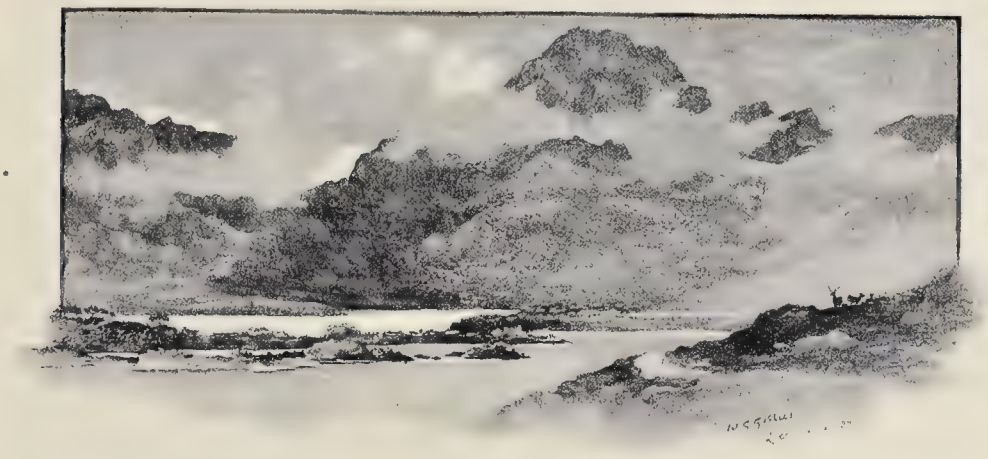
One of the most interesting points on Loch Ness is the Fall of Foyers, called in Gaelic "The Smoking Cataract." The steamer's passengers are allowed time to visit the falls. The extent of their delight will depend very much on whether the season is a dry or wet one. Foyers is situated in beautiful surroundings, but waterfalls in this country are apt to turn out a delusion. I have seen Lodore, Southey's impetuous torrent, sunk to a tiny rill. I have seen Foyers not very much more than a gigantic dropping well, and I have seen it in all its glory, after several days' rain, when it indeed deserved the name of "The Smoking Cataract," when the water boiled and roared down the gap, and the sun made resplendent rainbows in the spray. The sight of "The Roaring Foyers" inspired Burns, and Professor Wilson and Dr. Macculloch—no mean judges—have written enthusiastically in its praise. Water or no water, it is altogether a lovely spot, whose wild grandeur is toned and softened by the fresh green of the thickly growing trees.

Several beautiful glens open on Loch Ness, and one of the finest of these is Glen Urquhart, near the mouth of which, on a promontory, stands the ruin of Castle Urquhart. It was taken by Edward I. in 1303, but soon afterwards recovered for Scotland. It has apparently been built, like Inverlochy, something after the plan of an English castle. The Templars had to do both with the castle and the adjoining lands. In Glen Urquhart, John Phillip, the celebrated painter, had a cottage, at which he spent much of his time during the latter years of his life, when his health was failing.

We are now approaching Inverness. In an old burial ground, near the end of the Loch, lies a stone, "said" to have been the baptismal font which St. Columba used in his

course of Christianizing the natives. Tomnahurich, the "Fairies' Hill," comes in sight — a curiously shaped hill, about 200 feet high, now in great part occupied as a cemetery. Then we arrive at Inverness, the capital of the Northern Highlands, and one of the prettiest, cleanest, brightest towns in the whole island. The people of Inverness are proud of their native place, and of their own accent, which is really very pleasant. Oliver Cromwell occupied the town, and it is alleged that so many of his English soldiers, fascinated by the beauties both of scenery and human features that they saw around them, settled and married by the banks of the Ness, that the rougher speech of the natives has been softened by the introduction of the gentler southern tongue. Of a truth, however, all educated Highlanders speak with pleasant tones, and even the poorer classes, learning English as a foreign language, are coming to speak it, certainly with an accent peculiar but not harsh, but with more grammatical correctness than we hear in the Gallowgate of Glasgow or the Deansgate of Manchester. All the exaggerations and inversions introduced into Highland speech by would-be smart writers must not be accepted as verities. A word or two as to Highland manners. Dr. Johnson noticed it more than one hundred years ago, and it is true to-day: when uncontaminated by the life of big cities, Highlanders, even in poor garb and in lowly huts, possess a delightful natural courtesy that puts to shame the style and "conversation" of many in our more pretentious circles of society.

Inverness has an ancient and not altogether untroubled history; nearly 20,000 inhabitants, good streets, substantial buildings, a grand new Episcopal cathedral (there was only



Loch Maree, Ross-shire.

"a meanly-built chapel" in Johnson's time), and beautiful walks in its vicinity. There is a modern castle, used as a gaol and county court, and pretty islands up the Ness, a favourite resort of the townsfolk. From Goodman's Walk and Craig Phadrick, we view the valley of the river, the Beauly and Moray Firths, and the range upon range of hills that rise on nearly every side and fade away in the dim distance. The two great events of the year are the wool fair, in July (sheep are an important part of the Highland population), and in September the Northern Meeting, when all the beauty and aristocracy of the North flock into the town to attend the games and ball.

To the west (slightly north-west) of Inverness, lies, in Rossshire, the famed fresh-water lake, Loch Maree, which, studded as it is with little wooded islands, has been called by some the Loch Lomond of the North. On one side the mountains, with Ben Lair towering above all, rise almost directly from the water, but at the eastern extremity the ground is flat. The Scotch fir abounds at Loch Maree. On one of the islands there is an ancient burial ground, placed there, it is said, to keep the dead safe from the fangs of the wolves that roamed the neighbouring hills. We have a story of a northern princess who lived near Maree, and who, on the return of her betrothed from some victorious raid, hoisted on the castle walls, as a practical joke, a black flag, instead of the white one which she had agreed to display as the signal of her safety. The warrior was so overcome with grief that he straightway went and drowned himself, and the lady in her despair followed his example. Both are said to be buried on Inch Maree. But no satisfactory burial certificate has ever been produced.

ROBERT WALKER.

ART GOSSIP.

WE have to announce the election of Mr. Frank Dicksee to the rank of Royal Academician, in the place of the late Edwin Long; Mr. Dicksee had been an Associate just ten years. It is understood that his chief competitor was Mr. Val Prinsep.

The announcement of another purchase by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest has been made—Mr. J. W. North's picture in the New Gallery called 'Autumn,' for which 300 guineas was paid. The title, 'Autumn,' which was given in early editions of the catalogue, is incorrect. It should be 'The Winter Sun in Wild Woodland,' with the motto:—

> "And now sad Winter welckëd hath the day,
> And Phœbus, weary of his yearly task,
> Y'stableth hath his steeds in lowly lay."

Two pictures of the Sienese school have been added to the National Gallery, 'The Transfiguration,' by Duccio de Buoninsignia, a work of six figures, including our Saviour and five disciples, the gift of Mr. R. H. Wilson; and 'The Virgin and Child surro ded by Cherubim,' by Bernardino Fungai,



In the Forest of Fontainebleau. From the picture by Leon Richet, in the Leeds Fine Art Gallery.

where the Virgin is shown in vestments embroidered with gold, holding the infant Christ in her lap, while the cherubim form a circle about them. The Virgin kneels, adoring the Child, who lies on the ground; Joseph and the three kings being also represented in the picture. It was presented by Mr. William Connal, jun.

A GIFT TO THE LEEDS ART GALLERY.—The practice of giving works of Art of good quality and value to local Art galleries is much less widely spread in Britain than it ought to be. Considering the large number of Art-loving merchants and professional men, it is surprising that so few of them have thought of presenting a high-class picture or piece of sculpture to the gallery of the locality where they have made their fortunes. No readier or more graceful way can be found of acknowledging the debt such prosperous men owe to those amongst whom they have dwelt and laboured. Although as a centre of artistic movement the town of Leeds is only now coming to the front, it has received many gifts which will bring it more prominently before the artistic community. One of these we now illustrate, 'In the Forest of Fontainebleau,' which has been given to the Leeds Art Gallery by a local manufacturer, who had seen it in the Paris Salon, and afterwards purchased it in London. Leon Richet was for long a pupil of Diaz, and all his earlier pictures are composed and painted in that master's style.





PRADILLA, PAINTER LAUREATE OF SPAIN.

NAPOLEON I. it was who said that, "Every soldier who shoulders a musket carries in his knapsack the baton of a marshal." So in the career of this painter, which commenced at Saragossa, his birthplace, in the humble and uncongenial task of laying on coats of varnish upon the doors and windows of that historic old city, the delightful fact is again illustrated that genius oftentimes converts into a sceptre of Art the humble instrument of the simple artisan. The quaint Spanish proverb which says, "Nunca Fray *Modesto* fue guardian," "Brother Modest never became prior," is entirely set at nought in the character and success of Señor Pradilla, who, although he is modesty personified, is prior, general, and prince of Spanish Art, for he has been accorded a crown of laurel, and he alone among millions of admirers is discontented, he alone criticises unfavourably what all the world admires, casting off his crown as if its weight oppressed.

Pradilla has ministered to the "divine fire" his only

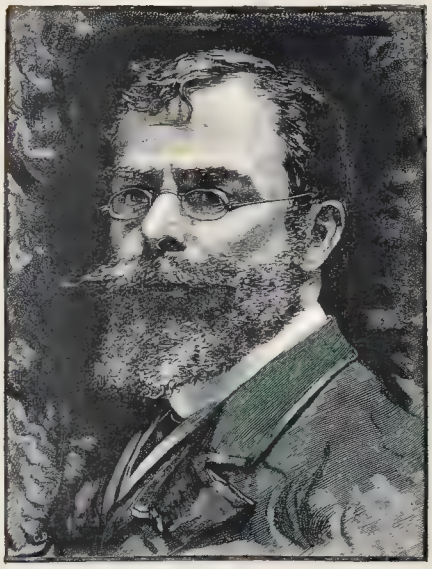


Queen Juana's Journey.

birthright, sacrificing continually at its altar in the superhuman struggles of a life of hard privation and constant study, in which each victory signified the loss of a portion of that life and youth which fought the hard-won battle. And yet this painter, who in each combat in which he has cared to enter the lists has come out triumphant, is distinguished by a melancholy which pervades his works, a species of dissatisfaction with his admirable creations, not proper to one who has a brilliant future at his feet; probably with the instinct of true genius, Pradilla feels within himself a something which drives him forcibly on towards a hitherto untried path, something of "el divino disconocido" which gives him glimmerings of Art in a superior form.

To the lucky accident of a protracted illness is due the advent of Señor Pradilla at Madrid, where he entered, as little more than an apprentice, the workshop of a scenographic painter. While in this humble position he contrived, by robbing himself of his hours of rest and recreation, to attend the academy of "Belles Artes" in this capital, and here he commenced to paint with colours ground by his own hand,

not having the means to buy them prepared. He grew quickly tired of academic routine, which has little in com-



Señor Pradilla.

mon with the aspirations of the true artist; besides which his continual meditations upon the teachings of Art inspired him with ideas entirely his own. Painting water colours and sending drawings to illustrated papers, he contrived to eke out an existence, when by chance he became acquainted with the great Fortuny, whose early death was such a great loss to students of Art in the Peninsula. Fortuny divined instantly the talent of the young Pradilla, and the encouragement of so renowned an artist was the first ray of sunlight upon the heart of the almost despairing youth. He went in for an examination which he passed successfully, and so obtained a pension which enabled him to study at the academy of "Belles Artes" at Rome. One of the regulations of this school is that the Pensioners are obliged to send home three pictures; the last of the three remitted by Pradilla was 'Juana la Loca.' Spain was enchanted with this work, and Paris conferred upon its author the cross of the Legion of Honour. There was only one dissentient voice, and that was the artist's, which said sorrowfully, "Ah, if I only had the time and means to paint *a picture!*' In the same spirit he expressed himself when, in the Senate Chamber at Madrid, his magnificent 'Surrender of Granada' received the applause of his countrymen.

Studying the author in his works one can see that study has completed what genius began. Pradilla has seen much, has read much, has studied much, he has become unconsciously an excellent critic, as he is an able historian and an erudite archæologist, and an aspiration higher than ordinary ambition inclines him to the most difficult and laborious ascents in search of his ideal, namely, originality in the manner of creation.

The story of Granada of the Moors, inseparably blended with all that is chivalrous and heroic in romance, has been so often and so charmingly written upon by those who have given labour to this interesting subject, that a few matter-of-fact words extracted from one of these authors, necessary to the elucidation of the scene in the engraving of the 'Surrender of Granada,' will prove a meagre substitute for those enchanting Arabian chronicles. The subject of the 'Surrender of Granada,' selected by Pradilla for one of his most important works, is one dear to the Spaniard. The territory of which this city was the capital had been wrested from them so long ago as the seventh century, and for eight hundred years they had striven to recover it.

In the month of April, 1491, Ferdinand and Isabella, surnamed "the Catholic," King and Queen of Aragon and Castile, set out upon their annual crusade against the Moors, taking or making a solemn vow not to return until Granada should be compelled to surrender. King Ferdinand headed the army in person. Boabdil "the unlucky," Cezo, roused to desperation, fought bravely at the head of the Moorish soldiers. Numberless desultory engagements took place in which feats of superhuman valour are recorded on both sides, but the Moors were beaten and retired behind the shelter of their own walls of Granada. Starvation or surrender were the terms offered. Then the harassed people appealed to their king to save them, at least from death by famine. A truce was soon after signed by which the Moors were granted a few days' respite, hoping against hope that their allies, the Turks, should come to their relief. 'The Surrender of Granada' represents the last scene in the last act of a drama in which beauty and chivalry, "The arts of peace and war," played their parts gracefully and heroically, the unhappy Boabdil rendering up the keys of his beloved kingdom and home to his conquerors. The king and queen, accompanied by their two children, the troops who have gained the day, and the brilliant court, await outside of the city gates the arrival of the fallen prince, Boabdil, who is seen approaching from Granada by the high road. Boabdil is mounted upon a beautiful black Arabian charger and is followed by the nobles of his diminished court, all of whom are on foot conforming to the terms of the capitulation. The Moorish king advancing mournfully makes a motion as if to alight so as to surrender the keys of the city to his conqueror, but he is prevented by a deprecatory gesture from the right hand of Ferdinand, who has the grace to save "el Rey Chico" this further humiliation. The King of Spain is mounted upon a bright bay war-horse, sumptuously caparisoned in housings of rich brocade of a sort of reddish tint. The monarch wears a superb Venetian cloak of purple velvet, then in vogue in Spain as in Italy. Isabella is attired in a tunic and underskirt of greenish grey silken fabric lined with the royal ermine, a magnificent blue and gold mantle drops from her shoulders, which garment is adorned with pearls. The traditional veil or mantilla is clasped upon the head of her Majesty by the silver and gold crown still to be seen at the Alhambra. The horse of the queen, a beautiful white Arabian steed, is held by a bridle of silver cord entrusted to a youth tricked out in the gala of pages of his age. The eldest daughter of the king and queen is dressed in the *nun*-like costume which is the mourning worn by Spanish widows then as now. This princess is the widow of the King of Portugal, then recently deceased, and is mounted on a mule. The heir to the throne (who died young) is crowned with a diadem; his horse is also



Surrender of Granada.

white. On either side of royalty stand "men-at-arms." The ladies of the court who are in attendance on Isabella are clustered behind the queen, a body-guard surrounds these ladies from behind, composed of armed knights on horseback. Cardinal Ximenes, the famous inquisitionist; Gonzaga de Cordoba, the grand-master of the splendid Knights of Santiago, and a host of others whose likenesses are given faithfully, fill up the rear of this magnificent work of Art.

The other picture of Pradilla's, of which we give an illustration, was executed at Rome, where he and his studio are well known to the lovers of Art so numerously represented in the "Eternal City." 'Juana la Loca' was first exhibited at Madrid, where it was received with enthusiasm; much being comprised in this observation, Art criticism being inherent in those children of "Sunny Spain," developed by natural surroundings, glorified by the halo of their Sun-god, and fostered by the spell of their traditions, religion, poetry, and history.

The story is taken from an episode in the life of the unhappy Queen Juana, mother of Charles V., and wife of Philip the Handsome.

The chronicler of the time informs us that Queen Juana was distractedly in love with her husband, the young Philip, one of the handsomest cavaliers of his day, but that she loved "not wisely;" her love indeed overbalancing her intellect, owing in a great measure to the superhuman jealousy which possessed her. When Philip died, being only twenty-nine years old, the queen, in a state bordering on frenzy, insisted on accompanying the remains to its last resting-place at Granada, a distance from Burgos of at least 300 miles, the greater part of the route being impassable to vehicles of any description; a long weary journey in a wild uninhabitable country, excepting the few towns scattered sparsely at the foot of the "sierras," or the conflux of some important river. The time passed upon the road was somewhat more than four months. The funeral cortége was composed of an innumerable number of prelates, priests, nobles and knights, followed by an enormous concourse of the people. All bore lighted "hachas," a sort of taper with two wicks preposterously large, only used for funerals. This extraordinary procession by royal mandate only marched at night, the queen having given as a reason "that every honest woman who has lost her husband who was her sun, should ever after fly from the light of day." During the day this motley assemblage rested as best they could, sometimes at chance towns *en route*, where a funeral service was always chanted for the soul of the dead king by the queen's command, no women being ever permitted to enter the church upon these occasions, as her husband lay in state in his coffin.

The pathetic scene represented by Señor Pradilla in this picture occurs at the close of a wild and bitterly cold night in December, when footsore and famishing with cold, exhausted from the constant fatigue of a journey that had extended over three months, these patient mourners beheld to their intense satisfaction the hospitable walls of a convent, where a welcome was always to be relied on in those dark ages of bright deeds and kindly duties. The queen, only intent upon and absorbed in the object of her long vigil, her beloved Philip, followed meekly as the bearers lifted the coffin into the church of the convent, when suddenly they were appalled by the horror evinced in her countenance, and the wrath poured forth in no measured terms by poor Juana. The house was a convent of ladies, her Majesty had unwittingly gone into the camp of the enemy. "Fuera, fuera!"* was the terrified cry which broke from her lips, pale with excitement and jealous fear, and her people in the chivalry of compassion and loyalty uncomplainingly obeyed those commands, which condemned them to an almost unparalleled suffering in the rigour of mid-winter. The jealousy and distrust of Juana were such that from time to time she caused the coffin to be opened to certify that her treasure had not been robbed from her. At length Granada was reached, and there terminated this remarkable royal progress. The young monarch's remains were here consigned to the pantheon of the kings of Aragon and Castile. The painting is a drama Señor Pradilla has painted upon his canvas, "the old, old story," intensely sad, but under novel and abnormal conditions, interwoven with a thread of insanity which invests the unhappy heroine with a peculiar interest, notwithstanding the eccentric flights bordering upon the comic which provoke a smile. The spectral figure of this widowed queen in whose gaze—fixed upon the coffin where rest the remains of this idolized husband—can be detected the wanderings of a mind shaken to its foundation by the mad jealousy that has preyed upon and that still consumes her; the coffin itself, within which is enclosed the corpse of the handsome and beloved young monarch waked by the light of a miserable camp fire, the smoke of which is utilised opportunely by the painter to detach the sombre centre figure; the well-disposed groups and graceful attitudes of the personages attached to the royal suite; the imposing funeral cortége approaching in the background, to the right—the vaporous dawning light just beginning to illumine the dreary scene, revealing in the distance the obnoxious convent from whence Juana has flown with her dead treasure, combine to render the painting a drama in all save theatrical accessories and get up. In this consists the secret of the profound impression produced at first sight of this picture, which, whatever may be its small faults, has no kinship, no affinity, with the school which seeks beauty in the factitious, the school which imagines that excellence is only locked up in the mysteries of colour, or in the faithful reproduction of an event submitted to the analysis of the artist, in the instinctively wise and happy combinations of the palette.

The Government of Madrid conferred upon Señor Pradilla the cross of the order of "Isabel la Catolica" immediately after the arrival of the painting of the 'Surrender of Granada' at Madrid; and the Académie des Beaux-Arts at Paris have recently elected him a member of that body.

DELIA HART.

* "Out, out, away!"

SCULPTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIS is certainly not a year of sensations in the department of English sculpture, which is easily to be understood when it is stated that two of the most prominent of our younger artists, Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Onslow Ford, have been unable to complete the important works which they had destined for the summer exhibitions. The former sends only a beautifully modelled marble bust, 'The Daughter of Sir Dyce Duckworth, M.D.' (Royal Academy), in which, however, a certain want of taste is shown in the arrangement of the dress; with a 'Working Model for Jewel in Silver-gilt,' and a 'Silver-gilt Statue of Victory' (Royal Academy), which latter is greatly wanting in balance, and proves a pronounced leaning towards a Berninesque exaggeration in the draperies. Perhaps the finest piece of modelling of the year is the marble bust of a young girl, called 'A Study,' by Mr. Onslow Ford, in which the material has been delicately yet not trivially caressed by



Science. From the High-relief by Hamo Thornycroft, R.A.

the hand of a master of his craft. We like considerably less the same sculptor's 'Frederica, Daughter of S. Pepys Cockerell, Esq.,' for in it an affectation of the Florentine manner is insufficient to conceal a certain emptiness of conception; the medallion-portrait of Mr. Cockerell himself, framed in the base of the bust, is, however, done in admirable fashion. If Mr. Brock's work, 'The Genius of Poetry' (Royal Academy), is distinguished by no special originality of conception, it is marked by consummate modelling, a fine harmonious balance of parts, and exquisite execution. As a pendant to this work, which has already been seen in plaster, the artist sends 'Song' (Royal Academy), a nude female figure distinguished by some passages of fine modelling, but altogether less distinctive than its companion. Mr. Harry Bates's fine bronze group, 'Hounds in Leash,' is, if we remember rightly, the realisation in imperishable material of the wax model which

has already been exhibited at the Academy. In Mr. George Frampton's 'A Caprice,' we have a curious and unhackneyed conception, not realised, however, with any very searching skill. This curious conception of an entirely nude girl standing in a strained attitude on tiptoe, holding a wand of gilt teasles, would appear less forced in painting than it does in sculpture.

It is not possible to say much in favour of Mr. Swynnerton's 'A Pastoral,' which is almost the only piece of sculpture calling for notice at the New Gallery. In it the heavy and clumsy modelling of two youthful nude figures is unatoned for by any adequate grace or tenderness of conception.

Among the good things of the year is Mr. W. Goscombe John's 'Morpheus' (Royal Academy), a figure which, notwithstanding a certain meanness of proportion, charms and satisfies, because, after the fashion of the Greek masters, every element of the slight nude figure is made to contribute towards the expression of the main motive of drowsiness. Mr. H. A. Pegram's large and ambitious group, 'Sibylla Fatidica' (Royal Academy), fails in the conventional figure of the prophesying sibyl, but shows much skill in the modelling of the female figure which lies, entirely nude, across her lap.

Sir Frederick Leighton sends an exact reproduction in marble of his well-known bronze 'Athlete struggling with a Python' (Royal Academy); the late Sir E. Boehm is represented by a marble bust, 'The Lady Brooke;' Mr. Hamo Thornycroft has the high-relief 'Science' (Royal Academy), which we illustrate. Finally, attention may be called to a clever 'Model of a Fountain' (Royal Academy), by Mr. George W. Wilson, and to a not less skilful 'Triumph: Design for a Quadriga,' by Mr. Adrian Jones (Royal Academy).

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

HOLYROOD.

ORIGINAL ETCHING BY E. SLOCOMBE.

MR. RUSKIN long ago told Edinburgh in round terms what he thought of her modern improvements, and with what joy he would see the destruction of Prince's Street, and the Scott Monument, and other things with which the hill-city had decked herself, in the good faith of the bad taste of a time now passed away. But there are probably Scottish people still who are undecided as to which of the aspects of their capital they have the best right to be proud of—the prosperous or the picturesque. If so, these good patriots have also their choice of appropriate illustrators—the photographer for the Scott Monument, and the etcher for the narrow streets and the steep-roofed suburbs by Holyrood. If the picturesqueness of Edinburgh is somewhat obvious, it is none the less good matter for drawing. Art at least does not reproduce the adjectives with which this historic scene is inseparably burdened in literature. Of these adjectives "romantic" is with good cause consecrated to the Scottish town, and the late Prince Consort even thought it to be "fairy-like." But whether or not this was one of His Royal Highness's happiest descriptive epithets, Edinburgh has been as much admired by royalty as by its own citizens, and doubtless the day will come when Holyrood will be once more the residence of a prince. It stands solid enough, except for the roofless state of the chapel; but a chapel is no longer the conspicuous necessity for a royal dwelling that it was in former ages. And what other palace is set among such pictorial hills? The other hill-towns, or rather the towns that lie at the feet of such sudden heights—even Innsbruck at the gates of the Tyrol—are less fortunately placed. Mr. Edward Slocombe's etching, though so simply a portrait of the place, lacks no dignity of composition, no interest of design.

THE MUSEUMS OF INDUSTRIAL ART IN ITALY.

A GLANCE at the origin and organization of the museums of Italy may not be amiss, in a country like England, which has shown in its South Kensington Museum an excellent example of the way in which a first-class collection may be acquired in a comparatively short space of time, and at a moment when the various European Governments are beginning to interest themselves in the progress of Industrial Art. Italy, to tell the truth, has rather lingered in her sympathy towards this modern enthusiasm for Industrial Art; the wish to found museums and schools of Art, which in France, Germany, and Austria was the outcome of the Exhibitions held in those countries, has only of very late years produced such good desires in Italy; the Exhibitions of Vienna, Philadelphia, and Paris showed a great falling off in Italian industries, and the tunnels made through the Alps have laid open the Italian market to the invasion of foreign wares.

Nevertheless the past promises hope for the future. Every one knows the place Italy held in Art during the Renaissance; in those days Florence was world-renowned for silks, furniture, and inlays; Siena has been the home of hand carving since the thirteenth century, and during the Renaissance was sending her much-sought-for work to all countries; Venice used to reproduce the marvels of colour and magnificence of the Orientals, so that her stuffs rivalled the damasks of the East and the carpets of Smyrna; and Genoa the Superb used to dispute with Venice, her only rival, for the first place on the seas which carried her priceless velvets to every country. Both these towns manufactured the most costly and exquisite lace, till Colbert, grudging the enormous sums of money which left France to procure it, issued a law forbidding the introduction of foreign lace; and then the old Venetian designs were adopted by England and France. Murano, with its *soffiati*, outshone even the Eastern glass, while Gubbio, Urbino, and Castel Durante had a great reputation for their pottery.

We cannot well think of Italy without lingering for a short time over the beautiful chased gold-work of the Renaissance, an industry which held a large place in the every-day, and especially in the religious, life of the Italians The gold plate at the Roman court was a wonderful sight, and the treasures of the Basilica included, as we see by the inventories, besides the sacred ornaments of the most precious description, pyx, chalices, candelabras, *ostensoires*, tiaras, and massive silver ornaments; so too we must bear in mind the wrought-iron work produced in Italy during the Middle Ages, but which gave place to bronzes and to the masterpieces of the celebrated Caparra in the Strozzi Palace in Florence.

It is needful to look back to the state of Art during the Renaissance to show the vast difference between old and new Italy, and also to show what it is which encourages us to persevere in the desire to further Industrial Art—a work which looks for strength and vitality principally to schools and museums: therefore it is that we ask why, having had such a glorious past, and an artistic movement which lifted so high the destinies of Italy during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, should we not make the same effort that has been attended with such success in other countries? It must be remembered that Italy has been severely handicapped by her political and social position, which has deprived her of much energy. Still, union is strength, and Italy has now brought all her mind to bear on the subject, and the prayer of all her well-wishers now is, that she may be given strength and perseverance.

The fact must not be ignored that Italy has only awakened late in the day to an interest in Art because she has received little or no encouragement from the Government. The movement has had neither its origin nor its development from official sources, but has depended almost entirely upon popular feeling. Not one of the Italian institutions or industrial museums is the work of the Government, though it has from time to time encouraged them, but all have been set agoing by private individuals and working societies; the same thing applies to the teaching of drawing in the schools, which was instituted by private energy, and although now in a measure under the Government wing, is still principally vitalized by the efforts of various societies and private individuals.



Altar in Ebony and Gold. Industrial Art Museum, Milan.

Italy has at present three museums devoted to Art industries, without counting the museum at Palermo and its school, which has only been in existence for five years. Its special characteristic is the Japanese collection, which was presented to the Government by one who had resided for some years at Tokyo. It is unnecessary to dwell on this museum, as it is still only in preparation, and its school has only been lately opened.

The first of the three museums was founded in Rome in 1870, at the initiative of the municipality; the second, started by an industrial society rich in legacies of various descriptions, was opened in 1878 at Milan; and the third was begun at Naples in 1880, and is due to the efforts of several private individuals. From this it will be seen that Italy's most ancient museum dates no farther back than 1870, and has only just attained its majority; nevertheless all three museums are flourishing. Still the precious things in the museum in Rome are most miserably accommodated in an out-building of the church at Capo le Casa. Some of the collection is very remarkable; the specimens of stuffs in particular, and also the ivories. Some years ago a commission, set on foot for the purpose of finding out in what way the industrial museums and their schools might be advanced, determined to add to Rome a studio for plaster casts, such as exists in the museums of London, Vienna, Munich, and Paris. The museum in Rome has also been the scene of retrospective exhibitions of Industrial Art, like those at South Kensington, the Union Central in Paris, and in Germany.

In Rome, Prince Baldassare Odescalchi, a passionate lover of the Fine Arts, has given a great part of his artistic riches to the museum; being greatly interested in every form of Art, he has done much for museums and for artistic education generally.

After the museum in Rome comes that of Milan, which was the result of an Art Exhibition held there in 1874. Without attempting to make Ceramics a speciality, it has nevertheless succeeded in displaying a very remarkable collection of vases; it is also rich in coins and medals and furniture. These, which are for the most part private bequests, lend an unusual interest to this Milanese museum, which is at present the property of the town.

The third industrial museum is at Naples. The project was started by the Italian Educational Congress held in 1871, was furthered at the Exhibition of Fine Arts in 1877, and saw its realisation in 1880.

These three institutions have each a small annual income, derived from grants from the several provinces in which they are situated, and from other sources, such as the Chamber of Commerce, and the Bank of Naples. Their budgets are as follows—the museum in Rome has 30,000 fr.; Naples, 60,000 fr.; Milan, 25,000 fr.: it must be added, alas! that these small incomes have also to go towards keeping up the excellent Art schools of these three towns. Thus there is little or no surplus to admit of their adding to the collections, which are only increased by private gifts.

One thing is to be said on the subject of collections, and that is, that as museums are the indispensable auxiliaries of Art schools, they ought to be especially rich in collections of local work, because the artistic teaching should aim principally at reviving the old industries of the country; consequently each school should have a peculiar work in which it excels, as every museum has its distinguishing feature; a combination of different industries is not what is wanted. Every museum and school should have its own character, just as in the past the Italian towns have been celebrated for some speciality.



Flemish Tapestry. Industrial Art Museum, Milan.

Another point with us is the great interest taken in the welfare of these museums. Their very youth favours their vitality, for their friends are never tired of contriving ways and means for their advancement, and considering in what way they may be most beneficial to the class for whom they were started. The museum in Rome has had retrospective exhibitions of wood work, *tarsiè*, wrought iron, and embroideries, whilst the museum in Naples, not to be outdone, sought for popularity even beyond her schools, and almost out of the sphere of her influence, by instituting an office for advice on all matters artistic, and open to all workmen; but excellent and practical though this idea was, it unfortunately did not meet with the success it deserved. Still another attempt will be made before it is considered hopeless. In Italy great stress is laid upon museums because it is felt that without public collections the teaching will be fruitless. In the same way the ideas of Art schools and museums seem inseparable. It is desirable that the workman should draw from the real object as much as possible; and to further this idea the school and the museum are in the same building, so that the masters are enabled to go to the museum for subjects to place before their pupils. There is at present a Government Commission at work for the purpose of studying improvements in teaching, but the old methods have been so little improved on that they are likely to continue.

Whilst saying that there are three Art museums in Italy, we must not ignore several public collections which have been gathered together by private influence or by the State; though these collections have not the same character as the museums of which we have been speaking, they nevertheless contain treasures of the most valuable description. There is at Florence the splendid national Museum of Bargello, and also that of tapestries; the Correr collection in Venice; the national Museum in Arezzo; at Murano the collection of ancient and modern glass; at Naples the Capo di Monte Gallery, the Museum of St. Martin, and especially that of Gaetano Filangieri, which deserves attention. This Filangieri Museum was the generous gift, in 1888, of M. Filangieri to Naples, his native town. It contains 2,800 specimens of the different branches of Art, pictures, sculpture, pottery, gold work, armour, etc. The collection of pottery is one of the most complete and interesting to be found in Italy; it contains typical specimens from the various European factories, France, Spain, Germany, the East, and

especially Italy. There is a peculiar interest attaching to the old Neapolitan pottery; the Capo di Monte porcelain dates back to Charles III. and Ferdinand IV. After the pottery comes the collection of old arms, which contains very valuable specimens; in fact, this princely gift of M. Filangieri has been valued at several millions of lire.

Whilst referring to M. Filangieri's gift, we must not forget the legacy left to the town of Milan by M. Poldi-Pezzoli. This gentleman—no less generous than M. Filangieri—left for the use and benefit of Milan a collection of objects of Art, of pictures and sculptures called the *Fondazione Artistica Poldi-Pezzoli*. It is an Industrial Art Museum which impresses every one by its arrangement. Instead of each thing being laid out according to its period in history, this museum is furnished like a house, and the visitor passes through sleeping-rooms, sitting-rooms, and drawing-rooms,



Door in the Grand Salon of the Poldi-Pezzoli Museum, Milan.

each apartment being appropriately furnished. In this way amusement and instruction are pleasantly combined.

We have not yet spoken of the Industrial Museum at Turin, which is the only one of this description directly under State control; but this museum is really more scientific than artistic, though a school of decorative art is attached to it.

This glance at the industrial museums of Italy may suffice to show the part that she has hitherto taken in reviving the old industries; and though Italy has not, and never can have, a South Kensington, it is because her riches are spread over a larger surface, so that every portion of her kingdom may share the pleasure. This could not happen if her treasures were gathered together in some centre of artistic culture.

ALFREDO MELANI.

THE PILGRIMS' WAY.*

V.—GATTON TO OTFORD.

THE little town-hall of Gatton, where the important ceremony of electing two representatives to serve in Parliament was performed—to which reference was made at the close of the last article— is still standing, an interesting relic of bygone days, on a mound in the park, almost hidden by large chestnut-trees. Now Reigate, after being reduced to a single member by the last Reform Bill, has been disfranchised for bribery and corruption, and the shade of Cobbett may rest in peace.

Gatton House is chiefly remarkable for the marble hall built by the same Lord Monson in imitation of the Orsini Chapel at Rome, and adorned with rich marbles which he had brought from Italy. The collection of pictures, formed by the same nobleman, is, next to the Deepdene gallery, the best in the county, and contains several good Dutch and Italian pictures, including the famous 'Vierge au bas-relief,' a graceful Holy Family, which takes its name from a small carved tablet in the background. It was long held to be an early work by the great Lionardo da Vinci, and was purchased by Lord Monson under that impression of Mr. Woodburn for £4,000, but is now generally attributed to one of his pupils, either Cesare da Sexto or Beltraffio.



Town Hall, Gatton.

Gatton church was restored by the same liberal Art-patron in 1831, and is adorned with a variety of treasures from all parts of the Continent. The stained glass comes from the monastery of Aerschot, near Louvain, the altar-rails from Tangiers, and the finely carved choir-stalls and canopies from Belgium, and the altar-pulpit from Nuremberg. Like most of the mediæval wood-work and glass which has come to England from that "quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song," these last are said to have been designed by the great master of the Franconian city, Albert Dürer.

The Pilgrims' Way, as has been already said, runs through Gatton Park, and brings us out close to Merstham, and through lanes shaded with fine oaks and beeches we reach the pretty little village, with its old timbered cottages and still older church buried in the woods. Local writers of the last century frequently allude to the Pilgrims' Road as passing through this parish, although its exact course is not easy to trace. It seems, however, tolerably certain that the track passed near Lord Hylton's house, and south of the church, which stands close by. In mediæval times Merstham formed part of the vast estates held by the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury, and was bestowed upon them by Athelstan, a son of Ethelred the Unready, in the tenth century. There was a church here at the time of the Norman Conquest, but the oldest portion of the present building of that period is the fine old square Norman font which, like several others in the neighbourhood, is of Sussex marble. Of later date, there is much that is extremely interesting. The tower is Early English, the west door and chancel arch of the Decorated period, adorned with dog-tooth and acanthus-leaf mouldings, and the porch and chancel are Late Perpendicular. There is a curious double piscina, and several fine fifteenth and sixteenth-century brasses, and, until the restoration, thirty years ago, there was a beautiful wood-work rood-screen, which was then removed; and what is even more to be regretted, some wall paintings representing the death of Thomas-à-

* Continued from page 229.

Becket. These curious and valuable relics, which must have given Merstham Church a peculiar interest in the eyes of Canterbury pilgrims, were, sad to say, destroyed by the same mistaken restorers who scraped the arches.

The church is built entirely of Merstham stone, a greyish-green limestone which resists the action of fire, and which exposure to weather only hardens. The Merstham quarries were long Crown property, and part of Windsor Castle and Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster were built of this fire-stone.

The main road from London to Brighton is here crossed, and the old windmill which figures in our illustration stands close to the line of the London and Brighton Railway, which has a station at Merstham. The windmill is rapidly falling to ruin and its sails have long ceased to turn, but it still forms a picturesque object in the foreground of the wide landscape, as we look back on the smiling valley of Reigate to Leith Hill in the distance, and away to the Kentish Hills on our right. Then the line of yews appears again, and the old track can be followed for some distance along White Hill, to lose itself again in the fields as we descend towards Godstone. This is a fascinating spot for artists. The low irregular houses are grouped round a spacious green and goose-pond, shaded by fine horse-chestnuts; and there is a charming inn, the White Hart or Clayton Arms, with gabled front and large bay-windows, of the good old-fashioned type. "A beautiful village," wrote Cobbett, seventy years ago, "chiefly of one street, with a fine large green before it, and with a pond in the green;" and he goes on to speak of the neatness of the gardens and of the double violets, "as large as small



Windmill, Merstham.

pinks," which grew in the garden of this same inn, and of which the landlady was good enough to give some roots. Happily for his peace of mind, he adds, "the vile rotten borough of Bletchingley, which lies under the downs close by, is out of sight."

From Godstone it is a pleasant walk over the open commons, along the top of the ridge, looking over the Weald of Sussex and towards the valleys of Sevenoaks and Tunbridge to Oxted. Here an old spring still bears the name of St. Thomas's Well, and the line of the Pilgrims' Way may be clearly traced through Barrow Green Wood to Titsey Place. Few places in this part of Surrey are more attractive than this old home of the Greshams. The purity of the air, praised by Aubrey long ago for its sweet, delicate, and wholesome virtues, the health-giving breezes of the surrounding downs and commons, the natural loveliness of the place, and the taste with which the park and gardens have been laid out, all help to make Titsey a most delightful spot. Its beautiful woods stretch along the grassy slopes of Botley Hill, and the clump of trees on the heights known as Coldharbour Green is 881 feet above the sea, and marks the loftiest point in the whole range of the North Downs. Wherever the eye rests, one ridge of wooded hill after the other seems to rise and melt away into the soft blue haze. Nor is there any lack of other attractions to invite the attention of scholar and antiquary.

The place is full of historic associations. British and Roman antiquities have been found in the park, and the remains of a Roman villa were discovered there a few years ago, close to the Pilgrims' Way. After the Conquest Titsey was given to the

great Earls of Clare, who owned the property at the time of the Domesday Survey. In the fourteenth century it belonged to the Uvedale family, and two hundred years later was sold to Sir John Gresham, a brother of Sir Thomas Gresham, the illustrious merchant of Queen Elizabeth's court, and the founder of the Royal Exchange. A fine portrait of Sir Thomas himself by Antonio More now hangs in the dining-room of Titsey Place. Unfortunately, the Greshams suffered for their loyalty to Charles I., and after the Civil Wars Sir Marmaduke Gresham was forced to sell a large part of his lands. His son, Sir John, succeeded in partly retrieving the fortunes of the family, and rebuilt and enlarged the old manor-house, which had been allowed to fall into a ruinous state. The present owner, Mr. Granville Leveson-Gower, is a lineal descendant of the last baronet, and inherited Titsey from his grandmother Katherine, the heiress of the Greshams. The old Norman church was unluckily pulled down in the last century, because Sir John Gresham thought it stood too near his own house, but an old yew in the garden still marks its site. The course of the Pilgrims' Way through the Park is clearly marked by a double row of fine ash-trees, and an ancient homestead further along the road still bears the name of Pilgrims' Lodge Farm. From Titsey it runs along the side of the hills, under Tatsfield church, which stands on the summit of the ridge, and about a mile above the pretty little town of Westerham. Here the boundary of the counties is crossed, and the



White Hart, Godstone.

traveller enters Kent. Soon we reach the gates of Chevening Park, where, as at Titsey, the Pilgrims' Way formerly crossed and passed close to the house, until it was closed by Act of Parliament in 1780.

The Manor of Chevening, originally the property of the See of Canterbury, was held in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries by the family of Chevening, from whence it passed to the Leonards, who became Barons Dacre and Earls of Sussex. In the last century it was bought by General Stanhope, the distinguished soldier and statesman, who after reducing the island of Minorca, served King George I., being raised to the peerage, successively as Secretary of State and First Lord of the Treasury. Inigo Jones built the house for Richard Lennard, Lord Dacre, early in the seventeenth century, but since then it has undergone such extensive alterations that little of the original structure remains, and the chief interest lies in a valuable collection of historical portraits, including those of the Chesterfields, Stanhopes, and the great Lord Chatham. The last-named statesman, whose daughter Hester married Charles, Lord Stanhope, in 1774, was a frequent visitor at Chevening, and is said to have planned the beautiful drive which leads through the woods at the back of the house to the top of the downs. The little village of Chevening lies on the other side of the park, just outside Lord Stanhope's gates and close to the old church of St. Botolph, which was one of the shrines frequented by the pilgrims on their way

to Canterbury. There are some good Early English arches in the nave and chancel, and a western tower of Perpendicular date. The south chapel contains many imposing sepulchral monuments to the different lords of the manor. Amongst them are those of John Lennard, who was sheriff of the county and held several offices under the crown in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, and of his son Sampson, who, with his wife Margaret, Lady Dacre in her own right, reposes under a sumptuous canopy of alabaster surrounded by kneeling effigies of their children. There is also a fine black marble monument to the memory of James, Earl of Stanhope, the prime minister of George I., who was buried here with great pomp in 1721. He was actually in office at the time of his death, and was taken ill in the House of Lords, and breathed his last the next day. But the most beautiful tomb here is Chantrey's effigy of Lady Frederica Stanhope sleeping with her babe in her arms, and an expression of deep content and peace on her quiet face.

"Storms may rush in, and crimes and woes
Deform the quiet bower;
They may not mar the deep repose
Of that immortal flower."

We have followed the Pilgrims' Way over Hampshire downs and Surrey hills and commons, through the woods which Evelyn planted, and along the ridge where Cobbett rode. We have seen the track become overgrown with tangled shrubs and underwood, and disappear altogether in the forest; we have seen it lost at one point in the fields, to re-appear



Chevening.

again half a mile further; we have noted the regular lines of yews climbing up the hill-side, and the lonely survivors which are left here and there standing bare and desolate in the middle of the corn-fields. The part of the ancient road on which we are now entering differs in several important respects from its earlier course. From the time the Pilgrims' Way enters Kent, its track is clearly marked. Already we have followed its line through Titsey and along the downs as far as Chevening, where the path, now closed, may be traced through Lord Stanhope's park. Here it descends into the valley of the Darent, and crosses the ford over that river to regain the hills at Otford. From this place it runs along under the hill in one unbroken line all the way to Eastwell Park, between Ashford and Canterbury. It is a good bridle-way, somewhat grass-grown in places, in others enclosed by hedges, and still used by farmers for their carts. Before toll-bars were abolished, there was a good deal of traffic along this part of the Pilgrims' Road, which, running as it does parallel with the turnpike road along the valley to Ashford, was much used as a means of evading payment of toll. That cause is now removed, and excepting for an occasional hunting-man who makes use of the soft track along the hill-side, or a camp of gipsies sitting round their fire, waggoners and ploughmen are the only wayfarers to be met with along the Pilgrims' Road. But the old name still clings to the track, and as long as the squires of Kent have any respect for the traditions of the past, any particle of historic sense remaining, they will not allow the Pilgrims' Way to be wiped out.

In actual beauty this portion of the Way may not equal the part along which we have travelled through Surrey. We may

miss the wild loneliness of her moors and commons, the rare picturesqueness of the rolling downs round Guildford and Dorking, but this Kentish land has, we are quite sure, a charm of its own, which grows upon you the more you know of it. These steep slopes and wooded hollows, these grand old church towers and quaint village streets, these homesteads with their vast barns of massive timber and tall chimney-stacks overshadowed with oaks and beeches, cannot fail to delight the eyes of all who find pleasure in rural scenes and country life. And over all there is that noble prospect over the wide plains and the dim blue Weald beyond, which is seldom absent from our eyes as we follow this narrow track up and down along the rugged hill-side. In historic interest and precious memorial of the past, this part of the Pilgrims' Way, we need hardly say, is surpassingly rich. Endless are the famous places that lie in our way, the great names and stirring events which these scenes recall: battle-fields where memorable fights were fought in days long ago; churches and lands that were granted to the Archbishops or Abbots of Canterbury before the Conquest; manor-houses which our kings and queens have honoured with their presence in the days of yore. All these things, and many more of equal interest and renown, will the traveller find as he follows the Pilgrims' Way along the chalk hills which form the backbone of Kent.

The first resting-place which the pilgrims would find on this part of their route would be the Archbishop's manor-house at Otford. There were no less than fifteen of these episcopal residences in different parts of Kent, Surrey, and



Otford Castle.

Sussex, and of these three lay along the Kentish portion of the Pilgrims' Way. The palace at Otford possessed an especial sanctity in the eyes of wayfarers journeying to the shrine of St. Thomas, as having been a favourite residence of the martyred Archbishop himself. The manor was originally granted to the see of Canterbury in 791, by Offa, King of Mercia, who defeated Aldric, King of Kent, at Otford in 773, and conquered almost the whole province.

More than two hundred years later, Otford was the scene of another battle, in which Edmund Ironside defeated the Danes under Cnut, and to this day bones are dug up in the meadow which bears the name of Danefield. From the tenth century the Archbishops had a house here, and Otford is described in the Domesday Survey as *Terra Archiepi Cantuariensis*, and so it remained until Cranmer surrendered it, with many other of his possessions, to Henry VIII. The mediæval Archbishops seem to have had an especial affection for Otford, and spent much of their time at this pleasant country seat. Archbishop Winchelsea entertained Edward I. in 1300, and was living here at the time of his death thirteen years later, when his remains were borne by the King's command to Canterbury, and buried there with great state. Simon Islip enclosed the park, and Archbishop Deane repaired the walls; but the whole was rebuilt on a grander scale by Warham, who spent upwards of thirty thousand pounds upon the house, and received Henry VIII. here several times in the first years of his reign.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

THE CHIEFS OF OUR NATIONAL MUSEUMS.

No. V.—THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM. MR. THOMAS ARMSTRONG.

THE office held by Mr. Thomas Armstrong, whose memoir and portrait we present this month, is that of Director for Art, who, as head of the Art Division of the Department of Science and Art, is charged with the superintendence of the organized system of Art instruction maintained by the Department throughout the country. Like more than one of those whom we have denominated "Chiefs of the Museums," as a term convenient for our present purpose rather than strictly accurate, Mr. Armstrong does not exactly fit the description, for he is not actually on the staff of the Museum. It is true that he devotes more of his time to the affairs of the great Art Museum than did his predecessors, but his functions thereat are rather consultative than administrative. But everybody at all familiar with the working of the great Department to which we have referred, will admit that a series professing to include those who have been instrumental in advancing the movements for the official recognition of Art and Art culture, during recent years, would be manifestly incomplete if it omitted some account of the gentleman who forms the subject of this article.



Mr. T. Armstrong.

Thomas Armstrong was born in Manchester on the 19th of October, 1832. He began his artistic career as a pupil of the celebrated painter, Ary Scheffer, and he was for a short time a student at the Antwerp Academy. The year 1853 found him at work in Paris, a probationership in his profession which offered many advantages, then as now, to the Art student, not the least of which, beyond the curriculum and the strict labour of the *atelier*, being the opportunity it offers for the cultivation of valuable and cherished friendships. At Paris, Armstrong made the acquaintance of many men who are to-day among his most valued friends and his best known contemporaries. Such were E. J. Poynter, G. Du Maurier, and J. McN. Whistler. He devoted himself to the painting of figure pictures, and all the most conspicuous of his subsequent successes have been in this field of Art. He began to exhibit in London about the year 1865, and from that time until he was appointed an official of the "Department" in 1881, his work was seen upon the walls of some of the principal exhibitions almost every year. Those who are familiar only with the later productions of his brush, will probably be surprised to hear that they constituted a very remarkable contrast to his earlier work. So far from his pupilage under Ary Scheffer having influenced Mr. Armstrong's method, it may seem strange to learn that it had rather a repellent or, at all events, a reactionary effect. Some of his earliest pictures showed an attempt at an uncompromising realism, and the presentation of homely, almost squalid subjects. Many of these were from studies made in the streets and slums of Manchester, and depicted scenes of misery and distress among the "lower classes" of that great city—scenes familiar enough, unfortunately, in every great city, and such as have not so frequently been selected by the artists of the brush as by those of the pen. The curiosity of the thing, however, is not so much that they should have been painted, as that they should have been painted by Mr. Armstrong. This

was but a transitional stage of his art. He showed his pictures at most of the exhibitions of the Royal Academy between the years 1865 and 1877; in 1877 he showed a picture, 'Feeding Pigeons,' which a criticism of the time describes as "more careful and refined in treatment than most of its surroundings." Whether the artist felt this or not, it is certain that this was his final appearance at Burlington House: he sent no more pictures there, a decision to which he was no doubt considerably assisted by the opening in that same year of the Grosvenor Gallery. How the aspirations and hopes of a new school of artists that had arisen during a previous quarter of a century were stimulated by that event, is now parcel of the Art history of our times. To a great extent they were realised, to a great extent they were foredoomed to failure. The full story of the Grosvenor Gallery has yet to be written. Armstrong, who at the time resided and painted in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, was among the earliest to hail the new departure; he was represented at its first "show" in 1877, the year which also saw his last Academy picture. His pictures bore these titles: 'A Girl holding an Embroidery Frame,' 'The Harbour-bar at Teignmouth,' and 'The Riviera of Genoa in Spring.' We reproduce here a justly admired work of Mr. Armstrong's, shown in the summer exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1878, with the descriptive title, 'Three Figures on a Marble Seat, with Orange Blossoms and Marigolds.' It is impossible, however, to show the delightfully cool and subtle colour of the composition, characteristic of all the artist's best and most mature work. From 1877 to 1881, every year found his paintings in New Bond Street appreciated and admired by all who could understand their delicate and subdued colouring, their intense classical feeling, whether landscape or, as for the most part they were, figures.

It should have been noted before this, that Mr. Armstrong had been in his earlier years (1858-9) a resident in Algiers, and had there painted several pictures that were exhibited at the old British Institution. Here he worked industriously every day and all day, winter and summer for nearly twelve months, among the natives, at a time when it was still very difficult to obtain models among the Mohammedan population, and where the obstacles in the way of making careful finished studies of figures were most disheartening. Unfortunately most of the pictures produced by Mr. Armstrong at this time have been lost sight of—a matter of considerable regret to the artist's friends and admirers, as there can be little doubt that they own considerable interest and value, both topographic and ethnographical, as truthful representations of the street life of Algiers, with its picturesque crowd of Arabs, Turks, Biskris, Jews, negroes, and "crosses." The pictures were not numerous, but they were all finished, or nearly finished, on the spot, and the subjects were mostly chosen in the immediate neighbourhood of the mosque of Sidi Mohammed Shereef, in the upper part of the town, which is, we believe, even now preserved in something like its original state. When he left Algiers, it was Armstrong's intention to return the following year, with a view of further utilising his somewhat dearly-bought experience of native life, manners, and habits. This project, however, was abandoned, and, instead of it, he rejoined his friend, Du Maurier, at Düsseldorf, where he worked for some months. He has spent, in all, many years abroad, especially at Mentone and the Riviera, the obvious source of inspiration for so much of his most delightful work, with its familiar background of orange and lemon groves. In 1872, having returned to England, he engaged upon a work for which his decorative style peculiarly fitted him, namely, a series of large panels to adorn a dining-room built under the superintendence of that accomplished architect, all too soon lost to his profession and to his art, the late W. Eden Nesfield. The room is in Bank Hall, near Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire, and was built for Mr. Henry Renshaw. These panels own an additional interest from the circumstance that within two of them the late Randolph Caldecott made his first essays in oil colours; in one he painted swans, and in another a stork and a magpie. The collaboration of three such decorative artists as Nesfield, Caldecott, and Armstrong, should surely give this apartment a prominent place in the affections of all lovers of the branch of Art in which they have so greatly distinguished themselves. Before reaching their destination in Derbyshire, seven of the panels were exhibited in London, with the oak mouldings by which they are surrounded at home.

In 1881, Mr. Poynter, who had been for many years Director for Art in the Department of Science and Art, retired from that responsible situation, and Lord Spencer, who was at the time Lord President of the Council, and as such, *ex officio* at the head of the Department, appointed Mr. Thomas Armstrong to the vacant post. It is no secret, or if it were one, it need no longer be kept, that Mr. Armstrong hesitated a good deal from taking a step which in all probability might mean the close of his chosen career as an artist. The fear that this might occur was urged in more than one critical journal as a reason against the appointment. Happily an arrangement was come to which disposed of this, the only serious objection. It was agreed that Mr. Armstrong should devote a portion only of his time to the demands of the directorship, a studio being provided within the Art school in which he should continue to devote himself to his profession as an artist. On this understanding he accepted the position, with the hope that he might continue to practise as a painter.

Fortunate and promising, however, as this "half-time" arrangement appeared in theory, it was destined to share the fate of many compromises when it was put into practice. It proved unworkable; at all events, it failed to answer expectation. It was found that Mr. Armstrong was, in point of fact, devoting the full official hours to the duties of his situation, as effectively as if no such understanding had ever been arrived at. His painting went almost entirely to the wall; a fate which, at all events, it was impossible for his official work to share, and a revision of the conditions of his engagement became imperative. Mr. Armstrong undertook to devote his whole time to the Directorate, and he was thereupon placed on the terms of a full-time official, like the Director of the Museum and the Director for Science. It will be time presently to refer more in detail to the work which henceforth occupied the whole of his energies, and became the main interest of his career, and we may remark, *en passant*, that it is only one of several instances in which an artistic or literary career something more than promising (for his was, as we have seen, full of considerable achievement) has been cut short by the pressure of official routine; the artist or writer has become merged in the Government servant. Henceforth Mr. Armstrong could only revert to his favourite brush and easel during his short and hard-earned vacation, and he exhibited no more.

We have not the space, and, indeed (as has before been

said), it hardly comes within the scope of these articles, to give in any detail a history of the Science and Art Department. It is written in the annual calendar thereof, which is readily obtainable, and is brimful of information and statistics of a remarkably instructive kind. Originally we find that the principal officer of the Art division was (in 1853) styled the "Art Superintendent," a title which a few years later (1857) gave way to "Referee for Art, and Inspector-General for Art Schools." For this was substituted in 1865 the name of "Inspector-General for Art." Once more, "Director for Art" became the official style in 1875. These posts were held in turn by the late Mr. Richard Redgrave, R.A., who upon his resignation in 1873 was created a C.B., after declining the honour of knighthood. The "Life of Sir Henry Cole" and the recently-published memoir of Mr. Redgrave are agreeable commentaries upon the details set forth with official precision and dulness in the "Calendar." The successor of Mr. Redgrave was Mr. E. J. Poynter, who became at once Director for Art and Principal of the National Art Training School (1873—1882); but this admirable artist, who was previously Slade Professor of Art at University College, found his office too laborious, and resigned it in 1882. To complete the list of the chief officers of the Art Department during recent years, it should be stated that when Mr. Poynter was made Director, Mr. H. A. Bowler, who up to that time had been "Official Inspector for Art," was named "Assistant Director for Art." Finally, upon Mr. Poynter's retirement in 1882, he agreed to act as "Visitor" to the school of Art; Mr. Sparkes, until then Head Master, was appointed to the vacant post of Principal, and Mr. Thomas Armstrong became (as we have seen) the Director for Art.

Passing from the officers to their work, and especially to that of the Director, it seems impossible to avoid a slight reference to the measure of success which has for so many



Three Figures on a Marble Seat, with Orange Blossoms and Marigolds. From the Picture by T. Armstrong.

years, growing as it does in extent and variety, attended the labours of the "Department." In 1889 there were 211 schools of Art, with 39 branch classes, and a total of 45,805 students. There were 756 Art classes, with 43,164 students. There were 3,879 elementary schools, at which 848,798 pupils were taught drawing. There were 51 training colleges, with 3,755 students in training. The whole number of persons who received instruction in Art through the agency of the Department was 944,553. In 1879 (ten years previously) it was 787,411. These figures speak for themselves as regards the success and popularity of the system. Mr. Armstrong's official position in respect to it may be thus defined. He is at the head of the State organization which controls the expenditure of the grants voted annually for the support of the whole system—the schools, classes, and lectures described above. In addition to this, although, as has been stated, his duties at the Museum at South Kensington are nominally only consultative, he has devoted a considerable portion of his time to its service, and has frequently travelled abroad to obtain specimens both of original objects and reproductions.

There are several other members on the staff of the Art division at South Kensington whose life and services are well worthy of record. Such are those of Mr. H. A. Bowler, the Assistant Director; Mr. C. J. L. Sparkes, now Principal of the National Art Training School, formerly of the Lambeth School of Art, to whom it is probable that Art, as applied to Industry, owes more than to any other living man, especially in relation to pottery (such as the famous "Doulton ware"); and Mr. George Wallis, the veteran Keeper of the Art collection of the Museum.

J. F. BOYES.

OLD ART IN THE CITY CHURCHES.

THAT which is nearest a man's door is the very thing he takes least notice of, and English people, who have a larger number of churches in the City of London than in a like space in any city in the world, rarely take the trouble to examine them, and I venture to say that many City men are absolutely ignorant of the interiors of even the most interesting of these churches, although the same men will spend a good part of their holidays visiting the churches on the Continent. The obvious monotony of the architecture of the larger proportion of these buildings, and the great number of them, are also causes that bring about the ignorance that is manifest in so many quarters; and yet in these churches are to be found very perfect examples of the Art handicrafts, like wood and stone carving, wrought-iron and other metal-work; while some few of the churches are possessed of the highest archæological and historical interest, and cannot be excelled by any that are to be found in these islands.



Hour Glass at St. Alban's, Wood Street.

The City churches fall into four periods. The mediæval ones, like St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street; those anterior to the Great Fire, such as St. Olave's, Hart Street, and St. Andrew Undershaft; the Wren churches, and those built in the beginning of the eighteenth century, like St. Botolph, Aldgate. Of the churches that survived the Great Fire only ten have come down to us in any recognisable shape, viz., the three above mentioned and St. Saviour's, Southwark, St. Bartholomew the Great, the Temple, and, in a modified form, All Hallows, Barking, St. Giles's, Cripplegate, and St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate; with Inigo Jones's church, St. Catherine Cree.

This is not the place to deal with the antiquarian branch of our subject, and we have preferred to keep our illustrations to details to be found in the churches, to giving drawings of the fabrics. The best way to utilise our space is to treat it in sections, as it will then be more likely to help those who are thinking of making a pilgrimage to the City churches.

The Great Fire which desolated London in the seventeenth century made great havoc with our ecclesiastical buildings, and it is somewhat difficult to conjecture the loss we sustained. The burning of St. Paul's alone was an immense catastrophe; we know its general design from Hollar's views of it, and we also know from Stow that it was rich in old tombs, painted glass, and the other Art crafts that were employed with so much effect in the adornment of our mediæval churches. We know too that Christ Church, Farringdon Street, was one of the finest churches in the City, full of splendid tombs, with all its windows gorgeous with painted glass. This destruction occasioned by the fire should always be borne in mind in viewing the City churches as a whole. Then again in the last century several churches that survived were destroyed because they had become ruinous! Even as late as 1841 the magnificent nave of St. Saviour's was pulled down, and the present contemptible one built. And yet when allowance is made for the inevitable monotony that must follow the building of a large number of churches by one man, London is still a city of spires. Stand on the Surrey side of London Bridge and look towards St. Paul's, and it will at once strike the observer how beautifully the City is diversified by its spires and towers that crown the



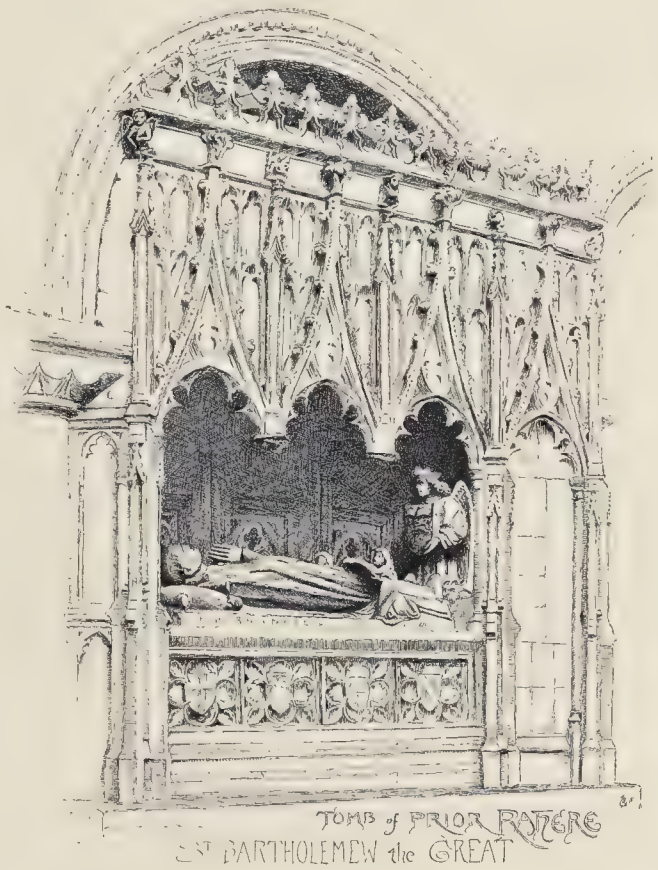
Mace at Cass Charity School.
Model of Old Steeple of St. Botolph's Church, Aldgate.

chimney-pots; the artistic value of which can be more fully realised when you take a general view of a large city such as Manchester, which is without them.

CHURCHES.

The Temple Church is one of the oldest and most interesting. It is also one of the few round churches we possess, and is said to have been built by the Templars themselves, as is that at Baldock, in Hertfordshire. The design is supposed to have been taken from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The date, 1185, was found in Saxon letters on a stone during some repairs, according to Stow. The nave that is now joined on to the circular church is of much later date. Extensive restorations took place in 1845, under the superintendence of Mr. Edward Richardson, whose work on the subject should be consulted by those wishing for detailed information.

St. Bartholomew the Great was founded in 1123, and is a most beautiful specimen of Norman work. The tomb of the founder, Prior Rahere, is here given. The east end of the church is elliptical, and the spans of the arches forming the apse are by no means common. The church has been sadly mutilated, various sacrilegious encroachments having been made in the fabric from time to time; but the recent careful restoration, under the supervision of Mr. Aston Webb, has done much to restore this grand old church to something like its original condition. The entrance is through a gateway leading out of Smithfield, Cloth Fair, by the side of the church, one of the fast vanishing bits of old London.



St. Saviour's, Southwark, formerly St. Mary Overie, was at one time one of the most imposing churches in London. The nave, of which several drawings exist, was allowed to get so ruinous that it was taken down about 1841. The choir is still left, and illustrates the constant changes made in the style of architecture by the successive builders who took part in the work. We have the massive pillars of the Norman period, a clerestory and vaulting of early Gothic, and a screen still later in style. Yet the whole effect is one of impressive grandeur and satisfying and endearing beauty. The vaulted lady chapel beyond is the only specimen of its kind we have in London, and is a beautiful piece of work. In it may be still seen the bosses from the roof of the old nave, and the tomb with effigy of Bishop Andrewes. The tomb of Gower, a great benefactor to the church, is in the north transept. Extensive restorations have been begun, and an attempt will be made to restore this grand building to something like its former glory. A very complete work, fully illustrated, on this church, was issued by Mr. F. T. Dollman in 1881.

St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street, has been called the Westminster Abbey of the East, on account of its containing the finest collection of tombs outside Westminster. The church consists of a nave and two south aisles, and a lady chapel on the north side of the altar. This was the church of the large nunnery of St. Helen's, which was surrendered to Henry VIII. in 1539. No trace of the nunnery now exists, though the steps which led down to it and the doorway are still to be seen. Close to these is a curious stone grille, or hagioscope, through which the nuns could watch the altar. Mr. Cox, the late rector, has left us a valuable account of this church in his book, and it was in his time that some very careful restorations were carried out. This church contains specimens of almost every variation of the Pointed style, from the commencement of the thirteenth century to the declension of its use. The exterior of the church calls for no comment, and is no criterion of what is to be seen inside.

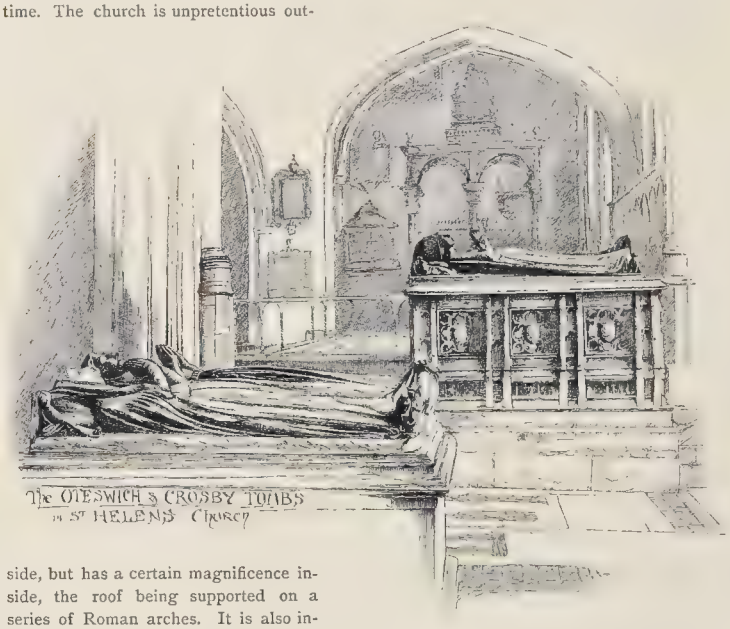
Pepys' church, St. Olave's, Hart Street, is one of the most beautiful of the old churches we possess. It is late Gothic of the end of the fifteenth century, but, unlike so many churches,

has a well-furnished look, which is very attractive to the eye. The church is always associated with the gossiping diarist, who is buried here together with his wife. The church is rich in tombs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and also possesses some beautiful wood-work.

St. Andrew Undershaft is a good specimen of late Gothic, not having been built until 1516. It has a few tombs, the most notable being that to the chronicler, John Stow, whose "Survey," published in 1598, is the most complete account we possess of the London of his day, and the only record of the many churches destroyed in 1666.

All Hallows, Barking, though it has no special architectural beauty, contains some fine brasses and some good wrought-iron and wood-work in the pulpit.

St. Catherine Cree, Leadenhall Street, was built by Inigo Jones in 1628. The tower dates from 1504. Laud consecrated the church, and the ceremonies he used on the occasion were strongly condemned at the time. The church is unpretentious outside, but has a certain magnificence inside, the roof being supported on a series of Roman arches. It is also interesting as being the forerunner of Wren's work.



Wren's churches are too numerous to mention in detail, nor is it necessary to call special attention to his work. He has been much derided by fanatic Goths, but his eye for line and proportion has made many of the towers of his churches monuments of great beauty. Bow Church, Cheapside, is certainly a splendid monument to the genius of the man who was called upon to design the enormous number of fifty churches in the space of a few years.

Another batch of churches was erected in the reign of George I., an Act having been passed at the beginning of the eighteenth century to erect fifty new churches. Botolph, Aldgate, built in 1744, is typical of this period. It is erected in the style of Grecian architecture that Wren may be said to have introduced. From this rapid survey it will be seen that a certain monotony one feels in London church architecture is largely due to the big order given to Wren after the great fire, and the other big order for fifty new churches given out in Queen Anne's reign.

MONUMENTAL EFFIGIES.

The idea of representing the figures of deceased persons by sculptured tombs appears to have been carried into effect during the course of the thirteenth century. The earliest examples of commemorative portraiture were executed in low relief upon coffin lids of stone or Purbeck marble. Before the close of the century very noble examples of figures are found executed in full relief. Except in rare instances, face portraiture is not to be looked for before the middle of the fifteenth century. In the finest examples, where persons of exalted rank are represented, wherever portraiture is attempted, only an approximately correct general resemblance was attained.

In the original contract for the construction of the monument at Warwick to Richard Beauchamp, who died in 1439, it is provided that an effigy of the deceased earl should be executed in gilt bronze with all possible care by the most skilful and experienced artists of the time: and while the details of the armour are minutely specified, the effigy itself is described as "an image of a man armed." On the other hand, Henry VII., the original documents relating to whose tomb are still extant (given in Neale's "Westminster Abbey"), speaks in his will of the effigies of himself and his wife as "an image of our figure and another of hers."

Among the most famous effigies in England may be mentioned that of King John in Worcester, Edward II. in Gloucester; and in that wonderful storehouse of ancient Art, Westminster Abbey, Henry III. and his Queen, Edward III. and Philippa, and Richard II. and his first consort, Anne of Bohemia.

Though the majority of the early tombs consist of recumbent figures, there are a few like the celebrated Beauchamp tomb already mentioned, which are carried out on a much more extended scale. Stothard gives a series of most beautiful plates of this tomb. Fortunately the documents relating to it have come down to us, and from them we learn that "William Austen, citizen and founder of London, covenanted to cast and make an image of a man armed in fine latten, garnished with certain ornaments, viz., with sword and dagger, with a helm and crest under his head, and at his feet a bear muzzled and a griffin, perfectly made of the finest latten, according to patterns." The work was begun in 1442, and finished in 1465, and cost nearly £2,500, a large sum if we convert it into its present value.

The beauty of these old tombs has been everywhere acknowledged, and certainly no work in the present day can

approach them for their solemn grandeur and impressive simplicity. Man has finished his labours, he is concerned with this world no more. His sword is sheathed, and he rests upon his breastplate. What a feeling of dignified repose there is in such a tomb as that to William Oteswich and his wife, who died in the beginning of the fifteenth century! It is worthy of notice how the sculptors of these early tombs contrived to make their figures assume an aspect neither living nor lifeless. In the Oteswich tombs (p. 276) they are neither sleeping nor yet do they seem to have any concern with the affairs of this world. Any accessories too that are introduced are in perfect harmony with the figures, and emphasise rather than detract from their religious character. Much beautiful feeling is conveyed by figures of ministering angels introduced in the act of supporting and smoothing the pillows and cushions upon which the heads repose. The animals so frequently placed at the feet of the effigies, apart from their artistic use in completing the general design, have sometimes a personal aspect, having been companions of their sport. Richard II., Froissart tells us, had a favourite greyhound, Matt. At other times animals may be taken as symbols of the rank of the deceased, and thus have an heraldic significance. In such cases lions, griffins, and other nondescripts frequently occur.



In England we have a large number of effigies to which the general name of Crusader has been given, and in London there is a very remarkable collection of such effigies in the Temple Church. There are nine in all, and five have, by general opinion, been identified as Geoffrey de Magnaville, Earl of Essex, 1144; three Earls of Pembroke, dates 1219, 1231, and 1241; and Robert Lord de Ros, 1227. This last figure was brought from Yorkshire and placed in its present place in 1682. The effigies were probably erected to the memory of members of that wealthy and powerful order, that played so conspicuous a part in the Middle Ages. The workmanship of these figures is vigorous and free, and their turbulent and adventurous life is well indicated by the way the figures grasp their swords, without, at the same time, movement being suggested, the action being symbolical rather than realistic. These figures are carefully drawn and engraved in Stothard's magnificent "Funeral Monuments." In St. Saviour's, Southwark, in a niche in the north wall, is a wooden figure with crossed legs, probably one of the De Warren family. Wooden effigies are rare out of Suffolk and Essex. It will be noticed in the Crosby tomb that the figures rest upon what is known as an altar tomb. These altar tombs are frequently met with, and in some cases engraved brasses are let into the top, instead of it being occupied by a recumbent figure. Instances of this are to be seen in St. Helen's.

A sumptuous tomb of later date to Sir William Pickering, under an architectural canopy, should also be studied in this church. He was a favourite of Queen Elizabeth's, and died in 1574. He is represented clad in full armour. The carving of this figure and the architectural enrichments are of a high order, and it is further notable because it has the quiet dignity of the earlier tombs. The majority of Elizabethan tombs, of which there are a large number in the City, are quite different in character. The religious element is most generally absent, and a kind of biographic interest takes its place. The husband is represented with one or more wives, often kneeling opposite a small altar, and the children, in some cases very numerous, are introduced; all the figures are coloured, and that inspired look which we noticed in the earlier effigies is abandoned for the actual. In the tomb to Martin Bond, 1643, Captain of the City Trained Bands, we have him sitting at the door of his tent, with two soldiers on guard, and a servant leading a horse; and the debased taste of this tomb is shown in a more grandiose manner in many of the eighteenth-century tombs in the Abbey, where we get symbolism and actuality as incongruously mixed up as the metaphors of a budding poet.

The recumbent figures of the sixteenth and seventeenth century take the form of persons lying on their side and

resting on one arm, an awkward attitude, and one impossible to treat satisfactorily. The reticence which is one of the marked characteristics of the early tombs was, as we see,



gradually abandoned, and movement was substituted. The man is more and more occupied with the affairs of this life, and we finally get in the eighteenth century such monstrous exhibitions of bad taste as are to be seen in profusion in Westminster Abbey.

The tomb of Prior Rahere in St. Bartholomew the Great is an interesting example of the treatment of canopies in the fourteenth century, for the tomb is much later than the church. Gower's tomb in St. Saviour's is similar in character.

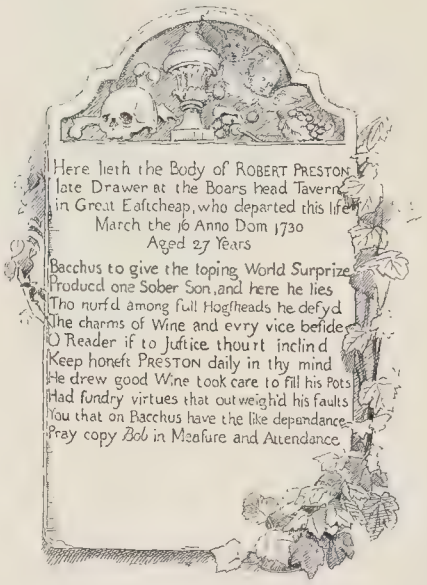
It is an interesting contrast to turn from these mediæval memorials of the dead to the one of the last century, on this page, with its curious epitaph. The greatest number of rhymed epitaphs are to be found on the tombs of the seventeenth century. To carve a quaint conceit on the tablet appears to have been the ambition of those who set up these monuments. Typical specimens of these verses are to be found in St. Olave's and St. Helen's.

BRASSES.

Brasses are a species of engraved sepulchral memorials which, in the early part of the thirteenth century, began to take the place of the tombs and effigies carved in stone. The churches of Ipswich, Norwich, Lynn, and Lincoln are rich in old brasses. London possesses no great number, but there are some good ones in Allhallows, Barking, and St. Helen's; St. Andrew Undershaft, and St. Olave's have also good examples. There must have been an enormous number in England before the dissolution of the monasteries, for one cannot go into an old church without seeing the traces of them. A large number of brasses in England are *palimpsests*. A brass to Margaret Buttstrode, 1540, at Hedgerley, was discovered to have been the memorial of Thomas Totynton, Abbot of St. Edmund's Bury, 1312. As this monastery was only dissolved in 1539, it shows how soon the work of spoliation had begun.

Flemish brasses occur in England, but they are not so numerous as some have imagined, and they can generally be distinguished by the florid style of design, the lines being shallower, and the broad lines cut with a chisel-pointed tool. England still has the finest collection in the world. The best known thirteenth-century example is that of Roger de Trumpington (*circa* 1290).

The fourteenth-century brasses are more numerous. The finest specimen is that of Nicholas Lord Burnell, in the church of Acton Burnell, Shropshire. The brasses to Sir John d'Abernon (*circa* 1327), at Stoke d'Abernon, Sur-



Tombstone at St. Magnus the Martyr.

rey, and Sir Robert Stantoun (1458), in Castle Donnington Church, Leicester, are sumptuous examples of this beautiful art. Boutell's "Memorial Brasses of Great Bri-

tain" is a thoroughly representative work, in which are given 146 plates, exquisitely drawn and engraved by R. B. Utting.

Most modern brasses, of which a large number are annually produced, are either slavish imitations of old work, or else debased productions, having neither the spirit of the old brasses nor any modern feeling we would care to perpetuate. The simple severity that expresses so much in the hands of the old craftsmen becomes mechanical and meaningless in these days.

Old painted glass practically does not exist. There is a seventeenth-century window in the west end of St. Andrew Undershaft containing portraits of the crowned heads from Edward VI. to Charles II., but it is the one craft that, so far as the old craftsmen are concerned, is unrepresented in the City.

WOOD WORK.

The City churches contain some fine specimens of Jacobean carving. The pulpits, particularly in such churches as those here given—Allhallows, Barking, St. Olave's, and St. Margaret, Lothbury—are very excellent pieces of craftsmanship of the florid style that prevailed in the seventeenth century. The only mediæval wood carving I can call to mind in any City church are the choir stalls in St. Helen's. The wood carving that Wren put into his churches shows cunning craftsmanship, though occasionally imitation is carried farther than is consistent with the material; but it was characteristic of the time, and has an individuality about it that certainly is wanting in the "Gothic" of the modern church furnishers.



The wrought-iron sword rests, of which fine examples are to be seen in St. Mary-at-Hill, two of which are given on this page, are not only very skilful specimens of craftsmanship, but are very elegant and chaste in design and full of fancy. Though intricate in detail, the general lines are well thought out. These sword rests, of which many examples are to be seen in the City churches, were generally given by a member of the church who had the honour of being Lord Mayor. They usually hold the coat-of-arms of the donor.

The hour-glass at St. Alban's, Wood Street, of which we give an illustration on p. 274, is the only one now left. In many cases the silver was melted down to make the elaborate mace-heads that are to be found in several City churches, most of them taking the form of a figure of the patron saint, as in the one here given.

NOTE.—Photographs of the City churches have been taken by Mr. Salmon, of The Parade, Putney, and the entire collection may be seen in the Guildhall Library.

FRED. MILLER.



Cuchullin Hills.

THE CLYDE AND THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

No. IV.—SKYE, GAIRLOCH, IONA, &c.

NUMBERLESS are the places in the West Highlands worthy of a visit, and many are the routes and ways by which they may be visited, but as I am not writing a detailed guide-book, and aim only at calling attention to some of the most striking features of the district, I am compelled to bear in mind the restriction of space, and to make a careful selection of localities to be described. We can hardly fail, however, to find many things to interest us in the course of the run of Mr. MacBrayne's steamer, *The Gael*, from Oban to Gairloch. The boat, especially when it calls in at Loch Scavaig, which it does every Tuesday during the season, carries us among some of the most magnificent scenery in Scotland. I shall, to the best of my ability, describe the route as I saw it the other day, passing along it from early morn till long past dewy eve, on the smoothest and bluest of waters, under an azure sky, and amid sunshine, whose only drawback was that it was too bright to allow of the mist and cloud effects, that add so many charms of mystery and softness to the wild mountain scenery of the Western Highlands. There was none of the gloom that day in either earth, air, or water that some travellers have declared to be the perpetual characteristic of the Scottish West. And neither was there apparently any gloom in the hearts of the passengers of *The Gael;* they seemed pleased with everything and everybody. I know the conditions of the journey are often very different; but it is a safe rule in life always to speak of people and places as you yourself have found them.

The steamer, leaving Oban, crosses Loch Linnhe, past Kerrera and the south end of Lismore into the Sound of Mull, which lies between the Island of Mull and Morven on the mainland. The view here, which I have already spoken of, is one of great extent, and includes the mountains of Jura, Mull, and Morven, a distant sight of Ben Nevis, Loch Linnhe, Glencoe, and Loch Etive ranges, and the graceful form of Cruachan and Dunolly Castle. All this stretch of jagged land looks tender in the morning mist. Mull itself is an island of mighty bulk, dark and forbidding-looking from the outside, and with many dreary tracks in its inland space. Still it has wild and stern beauties of its own, and Black, in "McLeod of Dare," has dwelt on these with sympathy and insight. Ben More and Ben Talla are two of its highest peaks; the former is a little over three thousand feet high. Between Lismore lighthouse and Mull we can see the iron beacon on the "Lady's Rock," where tradition tells that a high-handed chieftain of old, a MacLean of Duart, left, one night, a disagreeable wife, expecting the rising tide to make short work of her. Her screams, however, attracted the attention of some fishermen, and the result was that she was saved, and that her loving husband was assassinated in bed in Edinburgh by her brother.

The dark grey ruin of Duart Castle frowns from a height on the Mull side at the entrance of the Sound. The building, which is of various dates, has walls of immense thickness, and must in its day have been a veritable stronghold. On the Morven shore, a little farther on, stand the fast-crumbling ruins of Ardtornish, known to all the world from its introduction by Sir Walter into the first canto of "The Lord of the Isles." It was one of the chief fortresses of the once-renowned chieftains. They were descended from Somerled, Lord of Argyle, and rose to power during the last half of the twelfth century, although it was not until the time of David II. that they formally obtained their great title. They were an unruly, ambitious, bloodthirsty family, continually rebelling against the kings of Scotland and at feud with their neighbours. In 1493 the last lord was deposed by the government and the estates forfeited. The title is now borne by the Prince of Wales. Aros Castle, on the Mull side, a few miles beyond Ardtornish, was another of their places of strength; it is now a most picturesque ruin.

Close to Ardtornish we come upon "green Loch Aline's wooded shores." This is one of the prettiest parts of the Sound of Mull, of which the bare, grey-green cliffs and shores

have not, as a rule, many points of great attraction for a passing stranger. The Loch Aline district is of interest, also, as the site of the Manse of Finuary, where Dr. Norman Macleod's grandfather, the revered "High Priest of Morven," so long resided as Parish Minister, and which Dr. Norman has embalmed in his "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," one of the most charming books that has ever been written on the West Highlands. The Doctor shows by his description of the inland beauties of the locality, all unseen from the steamer, how impossible it is for one to judge of the more detailed and intimate features of a country by a cursory glance at its surface lines.

Tobermory ("Well of Mary"), the county town of Mull, lies close to the northern end of the Sound. It has an excellent harbour, protected by an island lying across the entrance, and is a place of some little stir and pretensions to good appearance. White houses, in terraced walks, backed up by wooded hills, surround a green bay, on one side of which stands Drumfin Castle, with a waterfall beside it. A vessel of the Spanish Armada that had taken refuge in the bay was blown up close to Drumfin.

We now sail out of the Sound into the Atlantic, and a magnificent panorama unrolls before us. Away to the right we leave the entrance to Loch Sunart, with Mingary Castle on its northern shore. On the left we pass Rhu-na-Gael lighthouse, and Bloody Bay, where the Norwegians and the Macleods had once a big fight, and then we round the great bulk of Ardnamurchan, the most westerly point of the mainland of Scotland. The view here is glorious. Ardnamurchan's basaltic cliffs rise to a great height, in most places sheer from the water, and are crowned by a towering lighthouse. The headland is bluff and bare and scarred, and broken at the summit into rounded protuberances of rock. Woe to the vessel that is hurled against its cruel, stolid mass! The sea is quiet enough to-day, but this is not its ordinary mood at Ardnamurchan, as many tender-stomached voyagers can testify. A strong wind from a westerly direction raises the water into a wild commotion,



Castle Moil, Kyle-Akin.

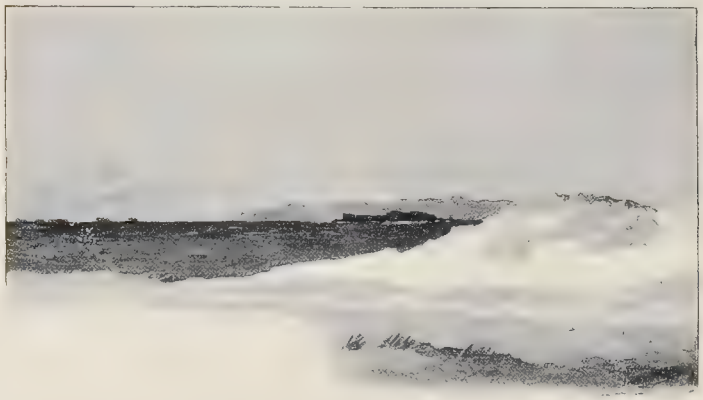
and the waves toss and tumble round the headland, and climb up the cliffs in foaming billows, and disperse themselves in sheets of gauzy spray, that fly in tremulous showers as high as the rocks themselves. Southward, we see the coast of Mull, and, afar off, can trace the dim outline of "Sandy Coll." Before us lies Muck; behind it towers the Scuir of Eigg, backed up by the great peaks of Rum, and

> "Canna's tower, that, steep and grey,
> Like falcon's nest o'erhangs the bay."

The mainland stretches up to the right, through Moidart (rich in memories of Prince Charlie) and Arisaig and Knoydart, in one seemingly unending procession and crowd of bens and hills, and away to the northward arise, indistinct as yet, the mighty mountains of Skye. So clear is the day, that we can even distinctly make out to the westward, across some fifty miles of water, the misty shapes of "the furthest Hebrides"—Barra and South Uist. All these precipitous, grey-green islands, big and little, far and near, rear themselves out of a blue sea, which scintillates and glances with facet points uncountable, and which yet would be without one serious ripple to ruffle its placid serenity but for the churning paddles of the steamer. Here and there a fluffy little "dooker" sends up a tiny shower of spray as in well simulated terror it dives at our approach beneath the surface; here and there a porpoise noiselessly rolls its unwieldy breadth above the water, and as noiselessly disappears into the depths. Beyond the boat itself "the silence of the sea" is unbroken save by the harsh notes of the gulls that hover in our track, and whose white wings glisten in the sunshine. "It's a fair world, my masters!" and this is a fair part of it we are looking upon now!

The general basaltic character of the islands is strongly marked, and comes out perhaps most distinctly in Eigg, a rocky height ending in a massive column, altogether some 1,272 feet high. A few bold touches of a giant's chisel would transform the upper part of the Scuir into an admirable Sphynx. Eigg possesses a famous cave, in which the Macleods of Skye once

upon a time, following the amiable manners of their time and country, burned alive or suffocated all the inhabitants, some two hundred, of the island. Till quite recently the cave floor was strewn with bones. There is now a great appearance of comfort and cultivation about some parts of Eigg and its scattered houses. Rum, where red deer roam, is about thirty miles in circumference. Its ruggedness looks most important at a distance. As we draw nearer to it, Skye also "swims into our ken" and becomes the commanding feature of the scene. Rum, however, is really a grand island, and has three peaks of considerable altitude—the highest 2,504 feet. Canna is no common place. Its rocky eminence is called "Compass Hill," because, like Sinbad's famous isle, it is said to be so magnetic as to affect ships' compasses. There is also a wraith on the island: that of a wronged Spanish lady who flits about the ruined castle at uncanny hours. Canna holds some two or three dozen houses, and the inhabitants are crofter fishermen. The harbour in stormy weather is a sure place of refuge, much made use of by the hardy fishermen from the east coast. In the middle of a field of corn we find a curious old cross, with spirited carvings on it of a horse and a dog. The inhabitants of Rum, Eigg, and Muck emigrated to America in 1828, and those now living on Rum and Eigg migrated from Skye.



White Sands of Iona, Staffa and the Isle Treshnish.

Leaving Rum on the right, and passing the little island of Soa, we sail into Scavaig Loch, and come to anchor in order that the passengers may visit Loch Coruisk. Loch Scavaig, with its surrounding basaltic walls and its clear water changing from dark blue in its deeper stretches to the brightest of emerald green where it shoals over the yellow sands, merits all ever said in its praise by the most gushing of guide-books. We miss, to day, however, the roar of the cascades; we can see their tracks, but the dry weather has smitten them to nothingness. Before us are the Cuchullin (Coolin) Hills, with the conical mass of Blaven to the right, 3,020 feet in height, and at its foot Camasunary, the farm-house well known to all readers of Alexander Smith's "Summer in Skye." Passengers are landed in small boats—the landing place might easily be made more accessible—and a short walk over rocky and boggy ground takes us to one of Scotland's show places—Loch Coruisk.



Yachting on the West Coast.

Now so much has been already written about Coruisk that I feel myself left with no story to tell. It is comparatively a

small lake, but the impression it and its surroundings leave upon you is one of solemn grandeur and sublimity. It lies among the great, gaunt, rugged hills, desolate and sombre, the Dead Sea of Scotland. It looks as if nothing could disturb its motionless tranquillity, but we feel that the tranquillity—to borrow an image from human experience—comes not so much from calm resignation as from the exhaustion that follows the bitter throes of wild and passionate excitement. The earthquake, the fire, the whirlwind, the glacier have been here and done their work before the waters learned to keep their present sad and sullen level. We did not see Coruisk the other day in its most striking aspect. The sunlight was too strong, the mountain summits were outlined too clearly against the bright blue sky. The lake is at its best when mists give mystery and softness to the hillsides, and clouds hide where the eagles roost. Notwithstanding all the desolation of the place, vegetation is not so scant upon the borders of the lake as many poetic writers have declared. Among the rocks—and it is almost all rock—I saw heather in full bloom, and more than one wild flower of the kinds that find nurture in arid soils.

The Cuchullin hills (p. 280), entombed in which Coruisk lies, dominate all the southern half of Skye: before them every other feature in the landscape sinks into insignificance. They are ever-recurring features in the landscape; varying in appearance according as you change your point of view, but still always there, towering, massive and important. Their shapes are not all alike: some are giant cones, others are more rounded, but one prevailing characteristic is their sharp serrated edges, which, although often veiled in mist, stood out when I last saw them, clear-cut, unbending, and metallic. Up from Scavaig into Glen Sligachan, or down through Glen Sligachan to Camasunary, are the best routes the tourist can take for seeing these wonderful hills to advantage.



Flowerdale, Gairloch, Ross-shire.

From Loch Scavaig the steamer rounds the point of Sleat into the Sound of Sleat. The country is bare enough, until we approach Armadale, where the castle of the modern representative of the Lord of the Isles is very cosily placed among trees. It was at Armadale that Dr. Johnson and Boswell landed in Skye. The mountains are on all sides of us now; the mainland peaks stretch away to the northward, to the Ross-shire heights in the distance, around and beyond Loch Torridon, in billow after billow, peak and shoulder and elbow, in everything that represents the reverse of a billiard table. It was not a bad account of the land given by an old lowland farmer who had wandered here after sheep: "What like's the land? it's jist a perfect stack-yard o' hills."

Space and time would fail me to tell of all the beauties of this region; moreover, are they not written in the guide-books? There to the right are the entrances to Loch Nevis, the Loch of Heaven, and, farther on, to Loch Hourn, the Loch of Hell. I have not myself interviewed the inner recesses of either loch, but an artist friend, who knows Scotland well, declares that Coruisk, Glencoe, and Loch Hourn are the three finest "things" in the country.

Passing on the mainland Glenelg, which has the advantage of having trees about it, and is noticeable further for the barracks, once a military police station, and now in ruins, we glide through the narrow passage of the Kyle-Rhea into Loch Alsh. Loch Duich winds in beauty to the southward. We steam past the green well-wooded shores of Balmacarra, and some low-lying islands haunted by seabirds, to the Kyle-Akin, where stand the ruins of "Saucy Mary's" stronghold, Castle Moil (p. 281). She was a strong-minded and strong-armed lady of the good old times. Kyle-Akin is a bonny little village. With the riven and tottering-looking tower at one end of the

bay, and a wooded knoll at the other, with a flat beach between, backed up by white houses and thatched cottages, the lighthouse and rocks in front, and rising above them all, Ben-na-Cailleach (2,387 feet high), we have a charming prospect—greener and softer, too, than Skye as a rule affords. It is little wonder that Kyle-Akin is a favourite abiding place of artists.

As we approach Broadford, we see off-shoots from the Cuchullins, lying like mighty grey elephants huddled closely together, and without the serrated peaks that are the characteristics of the Cuchullins proper. There are many scattered crofters' huts about Broadford. The crofter question is one not easy of solution, and certainly cannot be discussed here. There is more light let in upon it now, however, and the relative position of both sides to the question is becoming to be better understood. The general coast-line of Skye is very bare, with reddish cliffs, scrubby grass above, no trees, and a background of most irregularly edged and shaped hills. There does not, for long spaces, seem enough vegetation to support even a sheep comfortably. Of course, there are exceptions to this prevailing dreariness, where small green patches of crofter cultivation make a pleasant variety in the monotony of the prospect.

Two of the smaller islands that we sail among claim attention—Scalpa and Raasay, the latter especially, because of the agreeable stay that Dr. Johnson made upon it; and then we touch at Portree, "the capital of Skye," with finely-shaped hills at the entrance to the harbour, houses prettily placed round the bay, and brown-sailed fishing boats busy with the herring harvest. The heights, worn by the restless waters into caves at their base, and rising sheer from the waves, give picturesqueness to the scene. On the coast beyond Portree we see the entrance to "Prince Charlie's Cave," and that marvel in geology, the "Storr Rocks," out of which the



Spouting Cove, West Coast of Iona.

pinnacle called "The Old Man" rises clear and distinct enough, when you have experienced eyes and willing hands ready to direct you to the proper point of view.

Leaving on our right Rona, with the lighthouse and its romantic story, we cross the Minch. The shades of evening are falling. Behind us, the jagged mountains of Skye loom big in a faint purplish mist; before us, all aglow with the reflex of the parting day, is the interminable procession of the Ross-shire hills, Ben Slioch a giant among them all; in the far-off western distance we can see the Northern Hebrides; and in the ocean the sun sinks, a red ball of fire, throwing crimson lines of light upon the placid waters. For a time, we seem far away from the work-a-day world, with all its petty cares and poor ambitions.

The steamer slips into the Gairloch, and soon the bustle of a busy hotel calls you back to real life. The true beauty of the Gairloch is at Flowerdale (p. 283). The rich luxuriance of the foliage there, the slopes clad with greenery, the balmy air, the rippling stream, are welcome after the desolation of Coruisk and the keen-cut edges of the Cuchullins. We feel almost as if we had swum into the sweet repose that should rightly follow and round up a life of hard and strenuous endeavour.

I think that the Cuchullin hills are the most prominent features in Skye, but there are many places in the more northern parts of the island which the tourist must not overlook. Chief among these are the Quiraing, a strange combination of precipices and a verdant platform, Duntulm Castle, Dunvegan Castle, the two great circular mounds, Macleod's Tables, and the pyramids of rocks that rise sheer from the sea, called Macleod's Maidens. The Macleods and the Macdonalds were the ruling families of Skye; the Macleods to the north, and the Macdonalds to the south, and both with a fine healthy thirst for one another's blood.

Around all Skye there hovers for me the remembrance of Dr. Johnson. Taking men and manners and dates into consideration, I believe his journey there was almost as great an achievement as many of the deeds for which later-day explorers in tropic lands have earned a noisy popularity. He was an old hero, and his Journal of his northern tour is fine reading. To all who wish to know the Western Highlands as they were and as they are, I recommend the reading of Johnson and Boswell, of Pennant, Macculloch and Wilson, of Dr. Macleod's "Reminiscences," Alexander Smith's "Summer in Syke," Robert Buchanan's "Land of Lorne" and "Book of Orme," Wm. Black's novels, Campbell's Tales and Legends, and last but not least, the reports of the Crofter Commissioners.

So much has already been written about Staffa and Iona that I have little left to say. The tourist, to visit them, has to go from Oban, in one of Mr. MacBrayne's red-and-black-funnelled boats. Fingal's cave, revealed to the world at large by Sir Joseph Banks in 1772, has since then been made "a most familiar thing" by guide-books, and still better by poets and painters. There is probably no feature of Scottish scenery better known to both the travelled and untravelled public. Then think of the adjectives that have been used up in efforts to describe its marvellous beauties!



McLean's Cross, Iona.

Iona has an interest all its own: it was from this lonely island that Christianity and civilisation spread to Scotland. It holds the graves of kings, and chiefs, and bishops; and more sacred than them all, the grave of St. Columba, whose influence for good is the one kindly light that shines through the lurid glare of the early half-mythical years of Scottish history. McLean's cross is said to be the oldest in Scotland. On the White Sands, the water still foams and sparkles and spreads out in green and purple glory as it did in the days when St. Columba and his monks first raised their protesting psalm against heathenism and barbarity. Men and their manners have changed since then, but Nature remains much the same.

1891.

It has, after all, been only an imperfect glimpse I have been able to give of some of the beauties of our Western Highlands. I hope what I have written may lead some who have not yet visited the district to make personal acquaintance with its charms. The country and the people will both be found well worthy of study by all who bring with them a candid and a reasonable mind. I have written chiefly from an outside point of view; to have dealt with the inner life and politics of our West Highlands would have raised controversial questions that are not proper subjects of discussion in the pages of this magazine.

ROBERT WALKER.

PICTORIAL, AS COMPARED WITH DECORATIVE ART.

IN these days, when art of the decorator contends so widely with that of the artist as a means of adorning our walls, there is some risk of the latter's work being disregarded. Of course all pictorial art should be, and is in its degree, decorative; but it is, as we know, very possible to have highly beautiful and decorative art without its being in the least pictorial. In fact, something like rivalry exists between the two branches. This is to be regretted, for in consequence there will be a growing tendency amongst the unthinking public to undervalue the work of the painter of pictures, and of the higher influence which pictures exercise on the mind and character of man. We must not be understood to mean that good wall-paper, panelling, dado, frieze, drapery, etc., do not largely assist in purifying the general taste, or that harmonious colour, artistic design and the like in our houses, are not most essential to a cultivated civilisation, but merely that it cannot claim in the faintest degree to supply the place of good pictorial art. Pictures are an essential accessory, they may even be considered a paramount necessity, in every home laying claim to afford a haven of rest, relaxation, and enjoyment for educated humanity; a place where not only the physical man may be recruited and refreshed, but where his mind, through his eye, shall receive impressions which will remove him from the wear and tear of his daily occupation. However agreeable the art of the decorator pure and simple may make it, and however richly and luxuriously appointed it may be, it is not too much to say that if a house cannot boast of some specimens of good pictorial art, it lacks the crowning charm. Naturally one might hesitate to hide or interfere with the symmetry and general design of some exquisitely perfect piece of room decoration if we find ourselves relegated to its occupation. However fine our pictorial possessions might be, we would hesitate rightly to hang them in the centre of panels with which they did not harmonize in shape or tone, or across the divisions of panels, particularly supposing the latter to be of a high class in their own especial art. Still further would our conscience shrink from removing entirely any really valuable piece of panelling, plaque, or tapestry, in order to substitute something plainer on which our pictures would tell. But where, as in most cases, the selection of wall-paper or its equivalent, and the colouring of the wood-work, etc., is in our own hands, there can be no question that we ought to adopt one of those which will afford a fitting background to such pictures as we have or hope to acquire. There are few people who can afford to consider these matters at all who will not be able, to a certain extent, to hang some specimens of good pictorial art on their walls, for of course in the word pictorial black and white is included. If it be urged that poverty, and not the will, is a chief factor in the affair, even then we think it is well to have an eye to future possibilities. The best and purest room decoration is really very costly, and we venture to think that a proportion of what is often spent on it might fairly be appropriated for the purchase of some pictorial treasures with infinite advantage to appearance and ultimate gratification. That a mean and commonplace room may be made liveable in at a very small outlay, by exercising taste in the selection of its paper and other cheap and simple ornaments, is undeniable; and if it be pleaded that we cannot afford to buy pictures of any sort to hang in it, it is to be regretted. At the same time surely it is always within the possibilities nowadays to purchase some inoffensive and pretty specimen of pictorial art—something upon which the mind can rest with amusement and profit, instead of spending all we have to spend for the beautifying of the home on such things as common Japanese fans, flimsy, trumpery bits of pretty-coloured fabrics, inferior delf pots, plates, and the like. If money can be put aside for this purpose, we insist that some of it should go for pictures. But when it comes to being a large and voluntary outlay which we are making for the adornment of our apartments, with the idea that it is preferable to, or at least will do as well as, spending the money on paintings, engravings, or etchings, it is, we urge, worse than a mistake. Yet such a policy is constantly pursued, and appears to be on the increase, and it is the duty of every true lover of good and noble Art to do whatever in him lies to check it. Day after day we all of us enter drawing and dining-rooms treated on this principle. Lavish and exquisitely faultless in the taste which has regulated their treatment very likely, but devoid of all intellectuality; for be it remembered, even books—no matter how valuable their contents—which do not present decorative bindings that harmonize with the other appointments, are banished as ruthlessly as all pictures. Such volumes as are tolerated must not be disturbed lest some line of beauty should be broken or discord created in some scheme of colour. Music, again, shares no better fate; pianos, grand or upright, are smothered in costly draperies, and converted into tables or pedestals to support costly laced-trimmed lamps, bronzed vases and pots filled with rare flowers, ferns and palms, and choice nick-nacks of every description. Far better on every hand is it to surround ourselves with a simple background, unobtrusive and inexpensive, with a few decent specimens of pictorial art hung upon it, than to cherish the idea that we can in any wise adequately compensate for their absence by an elaborate wall-paper, panels, frieze, festooned draperies, what not. Admirable as these are as tending in their degree to elevate and refine, and infinite as the advance towards perfecting them has been of late years, they still, at the best, cannot compare with pictures as a means of supplying *intellectual* accessories to a home.

These views may not be shared by many, some of whom will urge that it is preferable to live in a house which owes its beautifying to a skilled Art decorator than in one which we have, so to speak, papered and painted according to our own taste on the cheap, in the hope of being able now and then to buy a beautiful, if not rare, example of the limner's art. Opinions on such a question, of course, will vary, but we think it is not very difficult to prove that it is wrong to sacri-

fice the intellectual element which all good pictures should possess, to the mere gratification of the eye. A too free abandonment of one's self to the lusts of that organ is neither healthful nor enduring as a pleasure. We weary after a time in gazing at mere beauty. Unless the mind can detect beneath it some deeper, and therefore mental interest, it fatigues. Eyesight is only one of the channels by which man's intelligence is reached and nourished, and if, after travelling along that channel for a vast distance, we find that it leads nowhere, and that we can only make it available by going up and down it perpetually, the result is evident. It is like taking a walk day after day, week after week, and perhaps year after year, along the same road. However lovely the prospect offered by it, we begin to sigh for a change, we want to get on, we want to see where it leads, to turn the corner, and give our minds rest from its monotony.

Pictures may be made to stand in the same relation to internal decoration that sculpture does to architectural design, both internal and external. An elaborately panelled room, say, is infinitely improved by the addition of pictorial art, so long as that art is appropriate in arrangement, form, subject, and colour. It must, however, not be forgotten that the space for the display of the artist's work becomes greatly restricted under these circumstances. No wall, which is to share its surface with the artist and the decorator alike, can afford a similar opportunity for the exhibition of a quantity of canvases as one which is wholly given up to them. They cannot be hung as thickly, or the design of the decorator is marred, if not wholly lost. Therefore it will be obvious in this case that a simple tone of colour becomes the best background, indeed, the only fitting one. Decoration, in the sense we are speaking of it, literally and metaphorically "goes by the wall"—or must go on to some other wall. The room then becomes a picture gallery more than anything, and it will depend upon individual taste whether we choose to give our apartments up to the artist thus, or allow them to be shared by—shall we call him his cousin once removed?—the decorator.

There are various methods of allowing a room to become a fair field for the exhibition of the intrinsic beauty of both decoration and painting. We may cite one or two instances of how it can be managed with the most satisfactory result. We have a fancy, say, for a choice design for a mantelpiece; the room demands it to render it handsome and imposing at all points. Care then need only be taken that it is so designed and constructed that there shall be space in it for a central picture, and perhaps for one on either side of it. The mantelpiece is thus made to act as a gorgeous framework or setting to the artist's production—a lovely casket enclosing the precious jewel of the painter's genius. But a work of genius is here demanded, and nothing short of it; a work that shall be entirely worthy of the conspicuous and exalted position it is to occupy. If these conditions be fulfilled to the letter, due honour is thus done both to him of the palette and easel, and to him of the architect's office and the decorator's workshop. The talent of each thus enhances that of the other. The writer knows a dining-room where the portrait of the host, by a Royal Academician, occupies such a position; and a few years ago Mr. Stacy Marks, R.A., painted one of his very best canvases to fill this kind of place in the mantelpiece designed by Sir Edward Barry, R.A., for the library of Crewe Hall. The picture, entitled 'The Bookworm,' was exhibited at the Royal Academy. It will be fresh in the memory of many, and we cannot imagine that any one who saw it will pretend that a work of this character, in such a position, is not infinitely preferable from every point of view to, say, a mere piece of decorative panelling or a looking-glass: yet we constantly see such so-called specimens of good taste exalted to similar posts of honour, and, moreover, in houses where money is no object.

It is also quite possible to find unquestionably fine specimens of pictorial art, which are as decorative in character, plus the human or mental qualities displayed in them, as the most elaborate designs of the decorator pure and simple. These essentially decorative pictures in themselves, as it were, combine in one frame and canvas the highest attractions of both branches of the art, and are eminently of a sort which rightly attracts buyers, who look to the point perhaps of decoration of a room before anything else. Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., is a past master in the production of this class of work, and he frequently exhibits striking examples of it.

There are many houses which owe the charm of their internal walls to the paintings *in situ* by artists of prominence and name. Many are the friezes, panels, and other surfaces in dining and other rooms the decoration of which has been designed and executed by painters whose reputations may have been gained hitherto by their performances in our everyday exhibitions; and when this plan is worthily carried out, we know of none happier—assuredly at least to those whose sympathies go in that direction.

Then, again, there are others of course who do not care wholly and solely to look upon pictures as pieces of decoration; deep and sincere lovers of Art for its own sake, who exalt it above everything, and who hold that subject and treatment have the first claim upon their attention; collectors who like to amass specimens of the best masters, and who find their delight in following the purpose and thoughts of the producers; who extol the quality, the handling, the colour, the drawing, the composition, and the infinite skill displayed by the actual technique. If it be a figure subject, they enjoy its sentiment, the story it tells, the expression of human character and the various emotions depicted in the faces, the picturesque or classic dress displayed, and the historical, domestic, or other interest which is represented. If it be a landscape, on the other hand, then they enjoy travelling with the painter "over the hills and far away," or strolling with him along the cliffs or by the shore, watching the placid serenity of the ocean, or its hurly-burly under the influence of storm and tempest. They like to plunge with him into the depths of the woodland glades, or imagine, under his guidance, they are whipping some tumbling salmon river, or quietly angling in the peaceful seclusion of a homely willow-fringed mill-stream.

The late Bishop of Peterborough, in a speech from his presidential chair at a gathering of artists, once declared that one of his great delights in looking at some particular landscape he possessed was to be found in the fact that it represented an extra window in his room, out of which he could, from the sombre gloom of his study on a winter's day, refresh his eyes by the sight of a sunny, breezy piece of open air. To regard landscape painting with this feeling is surely to put it to one of its most salutary and delightful uses. To be able to transport one's self by this powerful aid to the imagination to summer time and the country, is surely a pleasure of which everybody who can afford it should be glad to avail them-

selves; and it need scarcely be pointed out it is one which no mere decoration, however beautiful, can confer. Ornamental paper, tapestry, china plates, plaques, blue pots, mirrors, overmantels, carved brackets, shelves, and the rest, are powerless even to suggest anything equal to the effect, mental or physical, referred to by the eminent divine.

Finally, notwithstanding the increase in the number of landscapes exhibited nowadays as compared with past years, and the additional patronage bestowed upon them, we cannot help thinking that far more of them would find places in English dwelling-houses, were it not for the craze for excessive decoration. If this really be the case, painters above all classes should uplift their voices against the relegation of their art to a second place. W. W. FENN.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

THE jury of the National Art Exhibition in Berlin have awarded Messrs. Shannon, Stanhope Forbes, and A. Waterhouse large gold medals. Messrs. Pettie, Marcus Stone, Colin Hunter, and Onslow Ford receive the smaller gold medal. A diploma of honour has been awarded to Sir Frederick Leighton; a distinction equal to a medal of the second class to Mr. Richmond, and honourable mentions to Messrs. Alma Tadema, Waterlow, East, Parsons, Aumonier, painters; to Messrs. Haig, Menpes, Masse, Batley, and Robinson, etchers; and to Messrs. Aitchison, Mountford, and George and Peto, architects.

The limitations imposed upon candidates for the British Institution Scholarships to the effect that they must have obtained medals or prizes at recognised schools of Art, and also that they must be between seventeen and twenty-three years of age, has again resulted in a very small competition. It is said that these restrictions are to be revised.

The committee of selection appointed to decide on the plans of the new South Kensington Museum buildings, unanimously decided in favour of the designs bearing the motto S. K. M., which on the opening of the sealed envelope were found to be by Mr. Aston Webb. The cost is estimated at from £300,000 to £400,000. The materials used will be brick and terra-cotta, and a feature of the design is a handsome tower. In making a choice from the various plans submitted, the committee had to consider two points—(1) that the elevation should harmonize with the adjacent buildings; and (2) that the interior should be suitable to the requirements of the Science and Art Department. It is believed that both these conditions have been complied with.

A copy of the famous decorative painting of geese at the Ghizeh Museum has been placed on loan at South Kensington Museum, it being the first copy of this the earliest known example of pictorial Art. The original painting, which is in *tempera*, was cut from the wall of a *mastarba* near the tomb where the two statues of the Prince Rahotep and his wife the Princess Nefert, now in the Ghizeh Museum, were found.

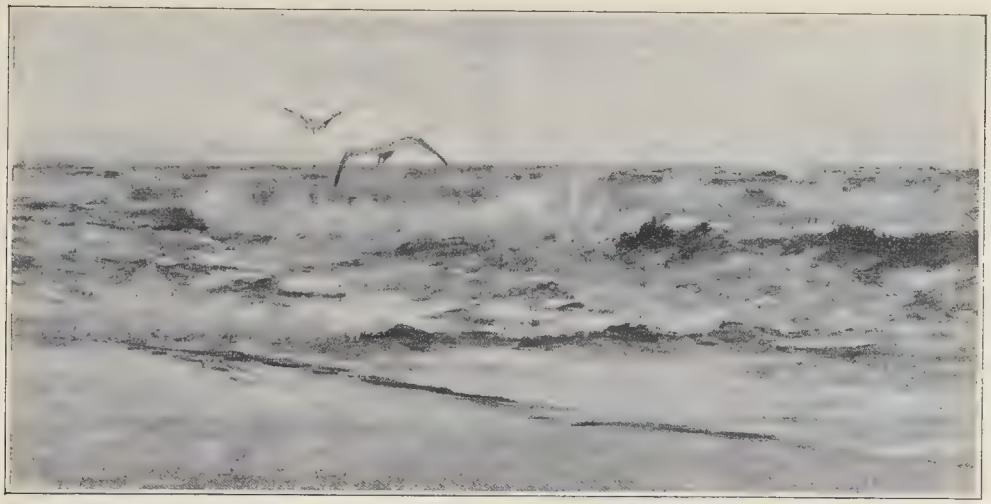
The illustration of 'The Derby Ram' on page 204 of the July number, is from a drawing by Colonel J. N. Crealock, and is reproduced by permission of the owner of the drawing, General Raines.

REVIEWS.—Many people are of opinion that Ruskin's teaching has been essentially ephemeral, and that almost before his death his influence will have died away. Such is not, and cannot be the case. It is not, perhaps, permitted to walk round an exhibition, or look at the decoration of a room, and say, "Such and such work is the product of Ruskin:" but there is no doubt whatever that a large part of what has been culled from Nature's beauties by our artists of the present day, and a large part of the honesty of purpose which now increasingly distinguishes many of our handicrafts, is due, and due entirely, to Ruskin's writings, and that his influence has been almost as mighty for good as that of Pheidias or Michael Angelo or Raphael. We are reminded of this by a volume of transactions which lies before us, and which contains the history for its past three years of a guild and school of handicraft which has been located during that period in Whitechapel. This venture has admittedly sprung out of the teaching conveyed by Ruskin in his "Fors Clavigera" and "Crown of Wild Olives;" it is a workman's movement for the ennobling and advancement of English Art and handicraft; it takes its stand on the highest technical excellence, and its general principle is to get hold of young journeymen, and teach them design in its application to the industry in which they are engaged. The success of the school has been quite as considerable as was expected, although in its fourth year it is only earning one-half of its expenses. But it has so far caught on, that the classes now include seventy workmen, and this growth has warranted a move into much larger premises at Essex House, an old private residence in the Mile End Road. Mr. C. R. Ashbee is apparently the moving spirit in the venture, but those at his back include such powerful names as Messrs. Watts, Alma Tadema, Holman Hunt, Stirling Lee, and W. B. Richmond. The record of the transactions of the guild contains papers which have been read before it by most of the gentlemen just named; it is well got up, but somewhat errs on the side of eccentricity—a by-path it will be well to avoid.

The third Art Congress, which was held in November of last year, is fitly commemorated by a handsome well-printed volume of over three hundred pages, containing the "Transactions." "Municipal Encouragement of Art," "Sculpture as applied to Internal Decoration," "The English School of Water-Colour Painting," "Advertisement as a Field for Design," and "A Gallery of British Art," are among the thirty-and-odd subjects treated. We may single out for special mention Mr. Stanhope Forbes' paper on "The Treatment of Modern Life in Art," and Mr. J. E. Hodgson's clever and amusing address, "Open Sesame; or, How to Unlock the Treasure-House."

OBITUARY.—We have to announce the death of Sir William Fettes Douglas, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, at the age of sixty-nine; also of Frank Miles, who, a few years ago, gained many admirers by his drawings of ideal feminine faces.





A Shadowed Ocean.

MR. GEORGE HITCHCOCK AND AMERICAN ART.

IN presence of the increasing and well-deserved success of American artists who have made Europe, and especially France, their temporary home, we are apt to forget that the United States, notwithstanding their youth, can point to a national Art. They can say with truth that the well-known aphorism, "A nation which betakes itself to Art is a nation in decay," does not apply on the other side of the Atlantic. They can point to an already respectable list of painters, whose works are purely "of the soil," and display individuality if not originality. Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, represented respectively by Rembrant Peat, Copley, and Malbone, divide pretty equally the claim to be the pioneers in original Art, and if their work was limited in its aim, it was not wanting in either force or intelligence. It must not be forgotten either that we owe to America the second president of our Royal Academy, Benjamin West, who although he remained—as he had been born—an English subject, nevertheless had been for some time a portrait painter, first at Philadelphia and afterwards at New York, before he came to this country. Portrait painting, in fact, was the line to which the great majority of native American artists devoted themselves, and the public galleries of New England bear witness to their industry if not to their talent.

The next phase of indigenous Art was even less likely to attract notice from European critics and connoisseurs. Church, De Haas, Bierstadt, and others turned to nature for their inspiration, but the result showed that however picturesque the country might be it was not a whit more pictorial than Switzerland. Nature was everywhere on too large and grandiose a scale, and the artist who attempted to transfer its features to canvas produced a panorama rather than a picture. By this time, too, the excitement of the protracted Civil War was rapidly subsiding, wealth was accumulating, and intercourse with Europe was becoming easier and more general. The Americans who arrived in France and England showed their appreciation of old-world Art in no grudging spirit, and awoke in their artist fellow-countrymen the conviction that the French, German, and English schools had better chance of protection and support than those of New York and New England. The exodus of American artists and the development of their power can be traced in the record of the four International Exhibitions held in Paris. At that of 1855 they were unable to bring together a separate display of their work; in 1867 they furnished three sides of a moderate-sized gallery but failed to arouse any interest even among their own fellow-countrymen. In 1878 they were in greater force in both numbers and merit, Mr. Bridgman, Mr. Shade, Mr. Wylie, Mr. Homer being amongst those who attracted attention from the French critics, whilst Mr. Sargent may be said to have dated his first success from that year. In 1889 the American artists were perhaps the most popular of all the foreign exhibitors, and it was admitted on all sides that the gold medals and other distinctions bestowed upon them had been fully merited. The reproach of imitativeness which had been so long made against them, if still heard, was mingled with a recognition of the independence and fearlessness with which many of the exhibitors attacked the most difficult problems of their art; whilst the fact that the majority bore traces of the schools in which they had been trained—French, English, or German—was regarded as evidence of the pliability of American talent.

Among those who received the highest honours on this occasion was Mr. George Hitchcock, who had been favourably welcomed at the Salon some years previously, but had only recently given proofs of his claim to more distinctive recognition. Born in Providence, Rhode Island, about forty years ago, Mr. Hitchcock seems to owe but little of his Art proclivities to his ancestors. Settled in Rhode Island since the days when Roger Williams and his friends were driven from Massachusetts because they would recognise in things spiritual

no higher authority than their own conscience, they laid the foundations of that little state which was destined to play so



George Hitchcock. From a Photograph by Bassano & Co.

prominent a part in the development of political and religious thought in New England. Mr. Hitchcock's family produced a long line of judges and senators, many of whom have left their mark in the street names of Providence, showing how closely they have been identified with its growing importance. Mr. Hitchcock's father was the first to break the legal record of the family and gave himself up to Art, under the direction of the American painter Flagg, a man of considerable repute in his own country. His pupil's taste led him to portrait painting, but his career was not long enough to show the world whether he was specially gifted. He died at a very early age, just as his name was beginning to be known outside his own state, leaving a young family. George Hitchcock, the youngest, was expected to study law and to emulate the example of his ancestors. With this view, after passing through his classes at the Brown University, he completed his legal education at Harvard, and, in 1874, he obtained the degree LL.B. at Yale, and for a moment he seemed to think of setting himself seriously to work in his profession. It was, however, only a repetition of an oft-told tale; the law-student and the young barrister found no incentive to work in the dull routine which encounters every beginner. The drawing of affidavits is doubtless often a work of imagination and the drafting of pleas a test of idealism, but such work had no attractions for one in whom tradition said there lurked a drop of old Indian blood, though to which of the "Five Nations" the lady belonged is not handed down. After a short trial of the law, he suddenly started for Chicago, where in 1878 he boldly took a studio, producing in quick succession a number of pictures; which, as might be expected, did not meet with any very great success.

This rebuff to his hopes was in every respect useful. He was not discouraged, but only convinced that if the first steps in Art were as difficult as those in law, they at least led him through smiling fields instead of through arid volumes. He returned to Providence, and shortly afterwards began to make preparations to follow other of his fellow-countrymen who had discovered that the Art training of their own country failed to produce the results for which Art patrons cared. So far, Mr. Hitchcock had had no training at all, and consequently he had nothing to unlearn, and when, in 1877, he arrived in England, he at once set himself to work at the very beginning. Instead of rushing off to Paris to catch with more or less success the *truc* of some fashionable French artist, he began by giving all his time to drawing from the antique at the British Museum, endeavouring to master without aid the difficulties which his subjects presented. After a few months of this work he offered himself as a candidate for admission to the South Kensington Art Schools. His work was not judged to be up to the required proficiency; but in conformity with custom, the judges declined to say in what respect he had fallen short of the conventional standard. Mr. Hitchcock's failure to obtain admission to South Kensington may or may not have been justifiable at the time, but his career shows that no young Art aspirant need feel discouraged or dismayed should he fail to obtain the approval of the irresponsible, and we might almost add anonymous, judges of his promise and powers. Having failed in his attempt to enter our State-aided Art School, Mr. Hitchcock turned to private teaching, and for a short time attended Mr. Heatherley's Art classes, where the training, following the traditions of previous generations, is calculated to develop the individual aptitudes of each student. But life at Heatherley's, as it was at Gandish's equally well-known establishment (in the days of Clive Newcome), was not altogether to the taste of a man who had studied at Harvard, and was anxious to make the most of the swiftly passing years. His fellow-students who "opened oysters with their yataghans, toasted muffins on their rapiers, and filled their Venice glasses with half-and-half," may have been the kindest creatures alive, but they were not in a hurry, and probably could not sympathise with the eager anxiety of the young American artist to get through his work before he began to amuse himself. Hitchcock's disappointment with English Art teaching was complete, and after three years of laborious effort, he determined to follow in the example of those of his fellow-countrymen who had preferred the teaching of Paris to that of London.

At the time of his arrival in the French capital, the rivalry between the school of M. Julian and the ateliers of the artists who held aloof from that enterprising director's invitations, had risen to the highest pitch. It is not our business here to inquire whether or not undue preference in the distributions of the awards of the Salon was shown to those who frequented M. Julian's classes. He obtained the co-operation of distinguished artists like Bouguereau, Lefebvre, and many more who had rightly acquired distinction in their art, and who were well qualified to show to others the pathway to temporary success, if not to lasting fame. Moreover the students themselves benefited by having the advice and hearing the counsels of different painters, each of whom had his individual views, and was allowed to give them freer scope than was possible to them when hampered by the classical traditions of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. It was therefore lucky that at his outset Mr. Hitchcock decided upon following a course of teaching

which had proved efficacious to many of his countrymen, who under academic restrictions might have missed their aim and lost all their distinctiveness. In an entire year he followed the course of study at M. Julian's, during which time he never, except perhaps in the rare intervals of leisure, had a paintbrush in his hand. This is an important point, and one on which it is necessary to insist in order to dispose at once of the idea that Mr. Hitchcock is in any remote way a colourist of the French school, or that he has fallen into the ways and moods of some of his compatriots who linger over the hazy beauties of the Seine and Oise and insensibly become the imitators of their French masters or companions. At Julian's school Mr. Hitchcock learnt to draw, and nothing more; perhaps it would be more correct to say that he learnt where and how his drawing fell short of the perfection at which he aimed. The work was perhaps tedious and often monotonous, but he was many strides nearer his goal when he left Paris, although he failed to find there or in his surroundings his true inspiration. After a further short stage at Düsseldorf, where he only learnt what to avoid, finally, in 1880, he reached the Hague, ostensibly to place himself under the guidance of Mesdag, or at least to see if Dutch Art could stimulate in him that power of expression of which he only felt the inarticulate longings. In watching the methods of the Dutch painter, and in studying the aims of the French landscapist Cazin, Mr. Hitchcock probably learnt more than he was aware of.

Mesdag's place in nineteenth-century Art has yet to be assigned. His work enjoys considerable popularity, and not altogether without reason; for he possesses in a very marked degree a true appreciation of aërial effect. He is on co-



Tulip Cultures.

lourist; nor is he fascinated by beauty of line or contour. "Wash it down with yellow ochre and black," is the recipe he is reported to have given to a young student who saw, or thought he saw, all the colours of the rainbow in skies and seas of Holland. There is no truth, of course, in the story of his having told Mr. Hitchcock to "paint with the other end of his brush," but he did inculcate upon him the necessity of studying nature instead of models and of learning to draw with freedom. Beyond this, Mesdag taught little except by example. His pupils were allowed to watch him work, and learned more by sight than by precept. Mr. Hitchcock stayed a short time at the Hague, and then having by this time realised the value of Dutch atmosphere in the work which seemed to commend itself to his taste, he went off to Egmond, a little village on the North Sea, and for the first time set to work on his own resources, supplemented by the technical knowledge he had acquired in his years of study.

In one sense Mr. Hitchcock's *Wanderjahre* were now ended, but his *Lehrjahre* were in truth only just beginning. He had found under Dutch skies and among the Dutch dunes and gardens the impulse which he had sought in vain in the Art schools and artists' studios of many lands. He settled himself at Egmond, and set himself to paint from nature—the one great lesson he had learned from Mesdag. He began by sending, in 1881, to the New York Water Colour Society some of his earliest works; but neither these nor his first oil paintings, which were exhibited in 1885 at the New York Academy of Design, attracted any special notice from his fellow-countrymen. In the following year,

however, he unexpectedly found a noble patroness in the person of the Empress of Austria. She was at that time staying at Amsterdam, and in the course of her excursions into the surrounding country visited Egmond, where Mr. Hitchcock and Mr. Melchers had temporarily taken up their residence at the village inn. Although absent at the time of the Empress's visit, there were plenty of pictures and sketches lying about, and one of them so pleased her that a few days later she sent her chamberlain to purchase it. It was only an unfinished picture of the sandy Dutch coast with its grey water and silvery sky; but it was a truthful representation of the scenery, and would serve to recall the characteristic features of the country. Beyond the satisfaction of finding a purchaser no other advantage came of this act of imperial patronage, but it gave the artist the self-confidence of which, at this turning point of his career, he stood in need, and encouraged him to make, in conjunction with his friend and fellow-countryman Mr. Melchers, an appeal to the English public. Unfortunately the spot where the pictures were exhibited was altogether too remote to attract the ordinary run of connoisseurs; a few Art critics found their way to the ill-lighted rooms in the city where the two American artists were exhibiting their studies of Dutch life; but the notices they received were meagre; and none of the writers probably anticipated the success which both painters were to achieve. Both returned to Egmond, and Mr. Hitchcock set himself to paint his first picture, which became known as 'Tulip Culture' (p. 291), which was despatched to Paris in the following spring; not without considerable misgivings on the part of the artist as to the reception it would there find. In the first place there was the natural jealousy which every nation displays when asked to give special advantages to foreigners; and in the next place, Mr. Hitchcock had ventured upon a theme which had already been approached, but not surmounted, by a distinguished French artist. The jury of the Salon, however, showed themselves superior to petty feelings, and gave to 'La Culture des Tulipes' a place on the line in the *salle d'honneur*. He received more than one cablegram from New York offering to purchase the unseen picture. On the eve of the opening of the Salon of 1885 Mr. Hitchcock was—he will permit me to say—unknown, but a week later his place amongst the promising painters of the day was recognised, not only by his fellow-countrymen, but by both French artists and French critics, neither of whom can be accused of awarding praise to foreigners with excessive liberality. Gérôme, who can scarcely be thought to have had special sympathy for idealised work, said of 'La Culture des Tulipes,' 'I have followed for a long time the progress of young American artists; I think the 'Tulip Culture' the best American picture of the year." Lefebvre (who had forgotten the name of his quondam pupil), Henner and Bonnat spoke similar commendation. M. Albert Wolf, the most acute and able of Art critics, thus wrote in the *Figaro Salon*:—"Un fort joli tableau d'un étranger mérite encore une mention toute spéciale. M. Hitchcock est Americain de naissance, mais il rend le paysage hollandais avec un accent de vérité parfait. Nous avons tous dans nos voyages éprouvé la surprise du paysage aux environs de Haarlem, les vastes champs de tulipes qui éclatent sous le soleil dans les couleurs les plus variées. Placer une figure de femme dans un pareil milieu et maintenir, malgré l'éclat des fleurs, une parfaite harmonie dans son tableau, ce n'est pas une tâche facile, croyez-le bien. C'est tout-à-fait une ravissante toile. Il serait indigne d'un critique attentif d'amoindrir l'œuvre d'un peintre sous prétexte qu'il est né hors de France."

M. Paul Leroi, writing in *L'Art*, emphasises still more strongly the position suddenly obtained by Mr. Hitchcock:—"Dès le premier jour, sa 'Culture des Tulipes' est allée aux nues parmi les raffinés qui prisent par-dessus tout la note originale. Le choix très osé du motif, la largeur et en même temps la finesse de la touche, une exécution féconde en délicatesses infinies, la perfection de fond de paysage, l'esprit, la grâce, l'élégance, le goût de la charmante figure de femme, ont accaparé tous les suffrages qui comptent."

The Salon of 1887 marked for Mr. Hitchcock the "flowing" tide, and happily he had within him a reserve of strength which has shown that his success was not ephemeral. Year after year, at Paris, Brussels, New York, and London, he has exhibited pictures which display an ever-increasing mastery over his medium, and a wider range of fancy and observation. In 1887 he exhibited two pictures at Burlington House, 'Alma Mater,' ostensibly only a Dutch interior, but with a touch of religious symbolism which suggested the waking of the painter's mind; and a little coast scene, 'Dutch Shrimpers,' which the critics found wanting in light and colour. A somewhat identical theme was worked out more successfully in a picture entitled 'Waiting,' exhibited in the same year at the Society of British Artists. It represented the single figure of a woman resting on a bit of sand, with the grey sea beyond reaching up to the horizon—a scene of loneliness and mournful beauty. It was at this time also that Mr. Hitchcock was awarded the gold medal of the American Art Association of New York for a picture conceived in a similar spirit, 'The Toilers of the Sea.'

He chose this occasion, moreover, to indicate in part the paintable qualities of Dutch scenery, and its luminous atmosphere which contains a depth and pearly opalescence throwing over things commonplace a halo of beauty. In an article on the "Picturesque Quality of Holland," which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* (August, 1887), Mr. Hitchcock defended the Dutch climate as warmly as he appreciated the Dutch atmosphere. "Holland," he says, "is the most harmonious of all countries either in sun or shadow. It is never crude, it is always a picture atmospherically as it stands, without change or thought of change; even under the bright light of the sun it does not lose its opalescent attributes, nor are its eternal harmonies impaired. It is often most bright, if sunshine be brightness; the shadows are never the crude, purple, cut-out spots of a southern sun, nor is the blue of its skies ever metallic; the brightness is always diffused even through the shadows, and no matter how sharp the sunlight is, the 'tonality' is always fine. The north wind brings with it, summer and winter, a sky of the purest turquoise; with at times a soft sun throwing over everything a yellow saffroned light, softening the lines of cast shadows and harmonizing every object remote or at hand." The low-lying country further gives prominence to an infinite variety of cloud forms which pass before the spectator with panorama-like effect; but the most important element pictorially is the sea, breaking in ever-changing beauty on its white sands. Its turbid waters, mixed with sand, make up in colour what they lack in transparency, and in stormy weather, when it breaks far away from the shore, all the light of the scene seems to be in the mass of foaming water. The low sand-hills, with their shorn covering of dune-grass, the red-roofed fishing villages, the blue ribbon of a canal fringed with willows, lazily flowing through green

meadows, the dark weather-beaten windmills, and a hundred other little incidents and accidents make Holland an eminently paintable country—for those who have eyes to see beauty in simplicity.

Meanwhile the artist was busy with a fresh picture, in which he emphasized more strongly the note he had struck in his 'Alma Mater,' the association of religious sentiment with daily life. The Virgin in his 'Annunciation' is in reality but a peasant girl, unconscious of the destiny to which she has been called. Dressed in the simple costume of her country, and wearing the muslin head-dress which still survives in North Holland, she may seem to have



The Manger.

just received the divine message, and with downcast eyes and lowliness of heart to reply, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to Thy word." The foreground is filled with the tall white lilies which are associated with the Virgin, whilst in the background a dark edge of lilacs interspersed with willows separates the garden from the stretching green landscape which fades away in infinite gradation of colour. No one can study Mr. Hitchcock's 'Annunciation' without calling up the memory of Botticelli's picture in our own National Gallery. This had from the time of his first visit to England attracted Mr. Hitchcock's admiration, and after his first stay in Italy he wrote an interesting article on the

first great artist who had given the true direction to religious as distinguished from Church Art. In the restrained colour and simple accessories by which the divinity of motherhood was rendered intensely human, the American artist endeavoured to follow in the footsteps of the great Florentine.

By a curious reaction of feeling American Art at the Salon of 1888 was relegated to the least favoured places, and the 'Annunciation' shared in the general ill-will of the jury and the critics. But in New York in that year, at the Society of American Artists, his 'Tulip Culture' was exhibited for the first time to his own countrymen. On the same occasion 'The Flower-Seller,' a peasant woman with a blue yoke over her shoulders, carrying bunches of flowers, was purchased and presented to the Art Institute of Chicago; whilst the 'Winnower,' conceived more in the style of Bastien Lepage's work, passed into private hands. This latter picture was the more interesting as giving the first experience of an idea which Mr. Hitchcock subsequently worked out in his 'Maternity.' The 'Winnower' was a fair-haired peasant girl standing on the sloping side of a sunny field, carrying a winnowing sieve. The tall tufted grey grass springing out of the greener undergrowth threw a tender tone over a scene which was in other respects sombre in colour. It was, moreover, in contrast with the landscape of the 'Flower-Seller,' in which the sluggish stream winding among the willows and the fleecy clouds patching the grey-blue sky gave another glimpse of Holland.



A Sketch.

At the Paris Industrial Exhibition of 1889, Mr. Hitchcock elected to be judged by his 'Tulip Culture,' the 'Annunciation,' and 'La Maternité,' three works widely differing in aim, as well as in treatment. Of the two former mention has already been made, but clever and interesting as they were, they fell short of the last named; in which, whilst vaguely indicating the theme treated by painters of sacred subjects, he gave a modern form to the symbols by which the humanity of the Christian religion has been at various times expressed. A simple peasant woman is setting out on her day of toil, carrying in her arms the babe, on whom the rays of the morning sun are brightly falling; her winnowing sieve behind her spreads a sort of halo about her head, whilst around her is a wide expanse of flowering reeds and sedge, the product of the poor, cold soil, from which she has to wring her scanty livelihood. As a scheme of colour, to which the reproduction forming our frontispiece cannot do justice, 'La Maternité' appealed triumphantly to the French jury, who recognised at once a treatment of silvery light, essentially original, and absolutely truthful, perhaps more in accordance with the aims of their own school, than the bizarre beauty of the 'Tulip Culture,' or the quaint, but poetic realism of the 'Annunciation.' At any rate, the three pictures taken together gained for their painter one of the four first-class medals awarded on this important occasion. His colleagues in this well-merited distinction were Messrs. Alex. Harrison, Eugene Vail, and Weeks, whose works are less well known on this side of the Channel than they deserve to be; whilst amongst those to whom marks of distinction were accorded were Dannat, Bridgeman, Sargent, Walter Gay, Ridgeway Knight, G. Melchers, and many others, who might well bring together their characteristic works, in order to give the English public some more adequate idea of the present position of the American school of painting.

To the Salon of the same year Mr. Hitchcock contributed 'Les Fermières Hollandaises,' a subject which presented certain difficulties to an artist accustomed to paint only in the open air. The difficulty, however, was got over by flooding the tiled floor with light from a large window in the background, against which the two girls showed in strong relief. The floor is strewn with tulips, which the girls in their picturesque white caps are tying up in bundles and laying over the backs of their chairs, previous to packing them up for market. In the following year (1890) Mr. Hitchcock exhibited another variation of his 'Tulip Culture' at Burlington House, and on this occasion the authorities of the Royal Academy graciously extended to him hospitality "on the line." The only difference in this treatment of a now familiar subject was the introduction of more light into the background, and the consequent modification of the tones of the woman's figure. The picture was freely criticised in the English papers, and was generally recognised as one of the most noteworthy pictures of the year. In one or two cases the subject was declared to be not "paintable," but this was not the verdict of the public, and on the closing of the exhibition it passed into the possession of the Duke of Marlborough, and now finds a place on the walls of Blenheim Palace.

In the quarrel which culminated in the schism of the French school, Mr. Hitchcock, as might have been expected, sided with Meissonier and those who seceded from the Palais des Beaux-Arts. To the "new" Salon in the Champ de Mars he sent a charming "pastorale," representing the edge of a Dutch dune, bright with the yellow blossoms of the mullein, a flowery patch "between the desert and the town," over which

the rosy-tinted morn is throwing its soft light. In some respects this was a more ambitious attempt at colouring than even the 'Tulip Culture,' for the problem to be solved required the most delicate treatment; but the habit of constantly working in the open air helped the artist to understand the properties of suffused light, by which the brightest and the most subdued colours are harmonized and graduated. In a series of 'Atmospheric Notes,' exhibited about the same time at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery, Mr. Hitchcock dealt in greater detail on the difficulties raised and to be surmounted by open air walks, and although these notes were made in pastels he succeeded in transcribing truthfully as well as poetically the passing moods of autumn and winter skies with singular appreciation. This exhibition of slight but interesting studies was followed by one of oil paintings at the Goupil Gallery, where Mr. Hitchcock's still unfinished picture of 'The Manger,' an amplification of the idea already treated in the 'Annunciation,' was shown. It would seem as if in these works the artist had endeavoured to remove from modern realism the reproach of ugliness, to which it is often exposed with only too much justice. If this indeed be Mr. Hitchcock's aim he deserves every help and encouragement. The "sentimentalists" in painting have hitherto enjoyed a monopoly of beauty, and in their fear of seeing their monopoly attacked they have been the foremost and the loudest in decrying "realism" as identical with ugliness. In many cases, it must be admitted that the "realists" have played their opponents' game; but if we understand Mr. Hitchcock's art aright, he is endeavouring to prove that an artist, even in the treatment of conventional themes, may be at once truthful and beautiful, without any sacrifice of sentiment or any violation of nature. Such a task is difficult to carry out successfully, but Mr. Hitchcock may without vanity claim the credit of having attempted it in the spirit which inspired his guide and master, Sandro Botticelli. "No man," writes Mr. Hitchcock, "can paint as did Botticelli without a living and ever-present belief. With this feeling he sought what was to him the purest and most perfect type of womanly beauty, idealising and elevating it by his art and sincerity into what has become one of the most sacred symbols of a comparatively dead faith."



Study of a Girl.

To judge from the reception given by the Royal Academy to Mr. Hitchcock's 'Maternity' in this year's exhibition, the Council of that body are wholly indifferent to any such aims and aspirations. His work was so hung that by no possibility could it enter into comparison or rivalry with any Academician's or Associate's work. To have rejected it altogether after the verdict of the Paris jury would have created too great a scandal, so it was uncompromisingly "skied" in order to show that from the point of view of English official Art it was *hors concours*.

In conclusion we may claim for Mr. Hitchcock the credit of having shown that American Art is not always imitative. After first submitting to Italian influences, it fell for a time under the cold spell of the Düsseldorf school, but of these periods, the outcome is to be found only in the United States. The rise of French influence dates from the first Paris Exhibition, and to that capital young artists have every year been more and more attracted. American Art gained in its colour and technique, but it ceased to be American. It reflected, with more or less accuracy, the mannerism of some French artist, and was marked by an almost entire neglect of subject—an ignorance of the value of tone, and an inability to grasp the principle of effective composition. Mr. Hitchcock has boldly grappled with these difficulties, and relying upon himself instead of following in the footsteps of others, he has produced results which will leave a definite mark on the history of American Art.

LIONEL G. ROBINSON.

THE CHIEFS OF OUR NATIONAL MUSEUMS.

No. VI.—THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY. MR. GEORGE SCHARF.

THE National Portrait Gallery is the Cinderella of our public collections. For many years it has been the sport of fortune; neglected, if not snubbed, by "the authorities," now hurried from one location to another with surprising indifference to its requirements, left now to shift for itself in the cold shade of official carelessness, while its elder sisters have basked in the sunshine of royal and "departmental" smiles. At last a beneficent prince has come to its rescue, and for a time, at all events, it will be fitly housed and cared for, in company with the most dignified and admired of its sister galleries.

Like the South Kensington Museum, the National Portrait Gallery is the product of our own times. Its initiation was in 1856, and the first purchase (that of a portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh) was not made until the following year. It now comprises upwards of one thousand exhibits, and has, during its three or four-and-thirty years of existence, been visited by a million and a half persons. Our first duty is to pay a tribute to one who may fairly be regarded as its founder—the late Lord Stanhope, favourably known as an historian and man of letters, but whose most enduring monument will certainly be found in the gallery in whose establishment he was the principal factor. His bust in marble most fitly finds a prominent place in the collection; a short correspondence between his lordship and the Prince Consort is also shown. Lord Stanhope sends to the Prince a copy of the resolution of which he had given notice overnight in the House of Lords, and invites the interest of the Prince in his undertaking, surmising that a vote of £500 a year for purchases would, with the assistance of certain public bodies which he names, prove sufficient. The Prince replies, expressing his concurrence, and promising all the help in his power. Lord Stanhope's resolution was brought forward in the House of Lords on the 4th of March, 1856. It was supported by Lords Lansdowne, Ellenborough, and Carnarvon, and the address to the Crown which it proposed was carried unanimously. The moment was, indeed, an opportune one.

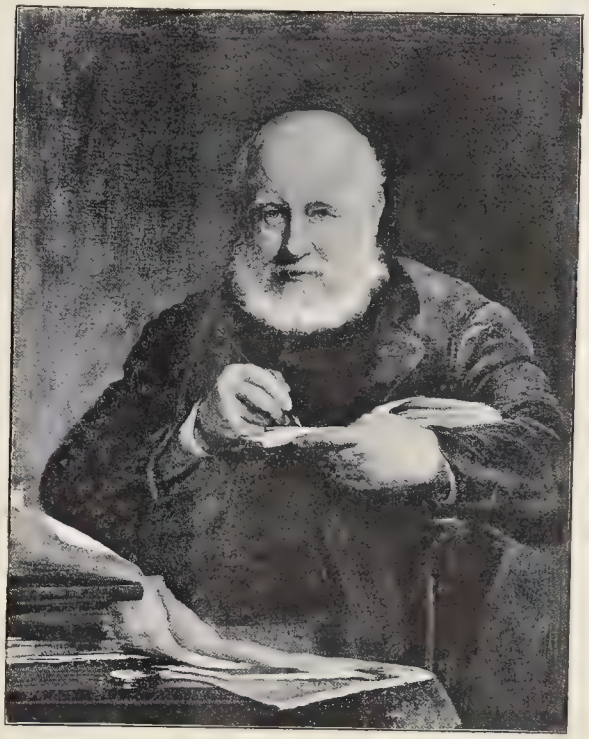
Exactly a week before, the armistice between the contending armies in the Crimea had been signed; and the conference which was again to give peace to Europe had already been summoned. The arts of peace and culture which had been stimulated, and some of which had been called into existence, by the Exhibition of 1851, were about to resume their gentle sway, which had been rudely interrupted by the outbreak of the war. Lord Stanhope encountered no opposition either in Parliament or outside its walls. The only criticism was upon the inadequacy of the endowment he proposed. One clever writer of the day, however, seemed to think a vote of the House of Lords a somewhat questionable shape for the proposal to assume, and expressed a hope "that his lordship will not restrict his collection to persons eminent for their virtues, their mental attainments, or by actions of public utility alone. The careful reader of history will desire Guy Fawkes, Felton, Titus Oates, and Judge Jeffreys. Will his lordship admit such peculiar worthies? We hope he will. He might have, like Madame Tussaud, a chamber of horrors," And so forth, and so forth. The shade of this writer has long ago been propitiated by the presence in the gallery of the effigies of the two last of his "peculiar worthies," and we are confident that there would be no insuperable objections to the presence of the former pair.

It seems that the Parliamentary machine moved more easily in those days than in ours. On the day three months after the House of Lords had carried Lord Stanhope's resolution, the House of Commons effectuated it by the grant of £2,000 for the ensuing year. Before that time arrived, a Board of Trustees had been constituted by that handy and far-reaching instrument, a Treasury minute; it consisted of thirteen persons. Casting our eyes down the list, it is sad to note that only two of them survive; neither of them is now a member of the board. One of them is Lord Wemyss, then Lord Elcho, the same individual whom in a former article we found, as Mr. Charteris, to be one of the only two survivors of the celebrated Royal Commission of inquiry into the affairs of the National Gallery. The other appears as Lord Robert Cecil, afterwards Lord Cranborne, and now Lord Salisbury; he withdrew in 1869. The first meeting of the board was held on the 9th of February, 1867; on the 18th it lost one of its members by the death of Lord Ellesmere; who, however, had already made to the infant gallery its first benefaction, in the shape of the celebrated portrait of Shakespeare, known as the "Chandos," which he had acquired at the sale at Stowe Palace. His successor was Thomas Carlyle. No selection could have been more appropriate. His strenuous advocacy, quoted by Lord Stanhope in the House of Peers, had already been accorded to the institution, and other words of his, not quoted, might fitly serve as its motto:—"It seems to me that human portraits, faithfully drawn, are of all pictures the welcomest on human walls."

At this time, too, an appointment was made by the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery which has been fruitful of advantage to the enterprise, far-reaching in its results to all students of portraiture, and marked by a longer tenure of official service than that enjoyed by any member of the Board that made it; the election, namely, of Mr. George Scharf to be the first Secretary and Keeper of the Gallery. From that time his biography is that also of the Gallery with which he then became connected. It becomes necessary at this point, therefore, to "hark back" somewhat, to show the grounds upon which the appointment, which has so long justified itself, was then supported.

George Scharf was born on the 16th December, 1820, in St. Martin's Lane; a neighbourhood which still deserved to be called "artistic." His father, George Scharf, the elder, was a water-colour artist and miniaturist, and also a distinguished lithographer; the latter more especially in the departments of topography and natural history. He was a Bavarian, and was therefore a fellow-countryman of Senefelder, the inventor of lithography. In the year that young Scharf attained the age of eight, the "University of London," of which so much

was expected, was inaugurated. It had been the subject of a debate begun long before, continued until our own day, and never conducted more vigorously than at the present moment. In connection with it was the "London University School." To this Academy for young gentlemen, now known, it is unnecessary to say, as University College School, was George Scharf, junior, sent for his education. He was, probably, one of its earliest pupils, as he is undoubtedly one of its most distinguished products; among his masters then, the best known afterwards were Thomas Hewitt Key and Henry Malden. There was no intention that he should be an artist, or should "embrace an artistic career" in any form. But from his boyhood he was subject to cultured influences, and these formed his mind and directed the course of his studies. His father, if he did not encourage his aspirations, at least guided them, and allowed him to resort to the British Museum and make copies "from the antique." For proficiency in these, the Society of Arts periodically bestowed its Medals, and young Scharf was encouraged by successfully competing for certain of these, to pursue his studies—if such they may be called. At the age of eighteen a definite step was taken, and he became a student at the Royal Academy, then under the Keepership of Hilton. Mr. Scharf, senior, had long been a keen appreciator of the dramatic arts and the stage, and from the age of six his son had frequently accompanied him in his visits to the theatre. Almost instinctively he began sketching the people around him, and particularly the performers. The rapid motion and changes of scene necessitated quickness, and gave the young student a facility in sketching that proved to be of great value in his after-career. Scharf was never without his sketch-books; they have always accompanied him in his later years during his visits to great houses and whilst examining public collections. We are happy to know that all these, containing a vast number of portrait records and historical notes, and all of them of uniform sizes, Mr. Scharf proposes to bequeath to the nation.



George Scharf. From the Portrait by W. W. Ouless, R.A. By permission of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.

This contact with the life of the stage brought with it at least one important result to the young artist, namely, an intimacy with Macready, the greatest actor of his time. A fruit of this was Scharf's first publication, which he called 'Scenic Effects,' and which saw the light in the winter of 1838. All this time his pupilage at the Royal Academy continued, but this was about to receive an abrupt termination. Mr., afterwards Sir Charles Fellows, having in 1839 published a most interesting book of travels in Asia Minor, was preparing to start on a second tour, with the purpose more particularly of exploring the province of Lycia. He required an artistic secretary as *compagnon de voyage*, and George Scharf accepted the post. The interior of Lycia was now visited, and besides Xanthus, the capital, already seen, numerous cities, including Flos, Pinara, and Cadyanda, were discovered. Fellows explored and Scharf drew. The publication of a second volume in 1841, induced the Government to organize an expedition, consisting of a frigate, officers, and a working party from Malta, which Fellows volunteered to direct. Scharf again accompanied him, having found time, however, between his two visits to the East, to contribute a large cartoon of 'Caractacus' to the competitive designs for the decoration of the House of Parliament which were exhibited in Westminster Hall in 1843. This second journey took place in the winter and spring of 1843-4; the pair travelled by way of Italy to Asia Minor, and they succeeded in obtaining and shipping home the valuable collection of Lycian antiquities now in the British Museum, including the Nereid Monument, the Harpy Tomb and the Arch-top Monument peculiar to Lycia, which are now being rebuilt on a new site in the British Museum. These travels, so fruitful of result to the nation and to the travellers themselves, were concluded in 1844. To Scharf they were of the greatest value; his visit to Italy, especially, had opened his eyes to the importance and significance of Italian Art, then little studied or understood. The newly stirred interest soon bore fruit in a new edition of Kugler's celebrated

"Handbook," then and now a standard work, which was published by Murray. It proved to be a work of considerable labour, demanding great industry. It contains illustrations of ancient Art in outline, engraved on wood by Thomson and Williams, from drawings made by Scharf upon a wonderfully minute scale, so minute that they would have been absolutely impossible to one not blessed by almost phenomenally fine sight as was Scharf. This work has never been superseded. It was re-edited by Sir Henry Layard in 1887.

Scharf had now it seemed found his *métier*. The success of these illustrations was followed by commissions from several influential quarters for others. One or two of these deserve to be mentioned on account of their owning literary associations of remarkable interest. In 1847, Longmans had published one of the most famous books, as it turned out, of the century, Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." The sale was immediately enormous. "Eighteen thousand (of the Lays) were sold in ten years; forty thousand in twenty years; and by June, 1875, upwards of a hundred thousand copies had passed into the hands of readers." With only one of the editions are we concerned here, namely, the Illustrated Edition, in pure outline, which appeared in 1847. These were furnished by Scharf after many conferences with Macaulay himself, who would repeat the lays aloud out of the stores of his marvellous memory, leaning back in his chair, while the artist made the sketches for his designs. As we to-day turn over the volume which has ever since held the field, we are struck by the charming taste and perfectly classic grace of the illustrations. Some of the subjects, such as the Visit of the Princes to Lucretia, Appius Claudius' first sight of Virginia, and the Funeral of Virginia, are really remarkable for their pure and delicate conception and exquisite execution. Many other books were illustrated by Scharf at this period of his life; such as what was *par excellence* the principal travel book of its day, Layard's famous "Nineveh and its Remains," which brought more fame to him. Dean Milman's "Horace," published 1849 (Murray), in which his delightful work was handicapped by the silly "soap-paper coloured borders" supplied by a fashionable decorative artist of the time. The antique materials were selected by Scharf himself, and the designs are thoroughly characteristic of his classical phase. Another work, of which more truly than of most, it may be said that "every schoolboy knows it," was the illustrating of Dr. William Smith's famous Classical Dictionaries. Who is not familiar with the hundreds of charming little "drawings on wood" upon every page of these? How many of us are aware that the quaintly twined "G. S." in the corners of them represent the name of the Director of the National Portrait Gallery? but so it is.

Among other labours, too, at this time, was the preparation of a catalogue of the Duke of Marlborough's works of Art at Blenheim. Of more importance and, as it turned out, of more permanent value, was his series of "Handbooks" to the Crystal Palace, which had been opened in 1854 upon the most approved and advanced educational principles. Scharf had for his *collaborateurs* men like the late James Fergusson, Digby Wyatt, and Owen Jones; his own share being the guides to the ancient Greek and Roman Antiquities and the Pompeian Court, for which his almost encyclopædic knowledge peculiarly fitted him.

About this time he returned with interest to an old love. Charles Kean was in the full course of his celebrated series of Shakespearian revivals at the Princess's Theatre, and he turned to the inheritor of artistic traditions of the Macready era for assistance. Kean's archæological and other scenic effects may have been exceeded in splendour by subsequent efforts in the same direction, but they have not been surpassed in accuracy. The "Kean eye for upholstery," with which the jesters twitted him, was one not easily convicted of anachronisms. Experts, at all events, were satisfied; Kean was elected an F.S.A., an honour that had been conferred upon Scharf in 1852. On the 28th April, 1856, *The Winter's Tale* was presented, "with such elaboration, completeness, and skill as to astonish even those who were familiar with the glories of *Sardanapalus* and *Henry the Eighth*" (we are quoting from a well-known writer). "The fact that the scene of the play is laid in Sicily had been seized upon with avidity by the enterprising manager as a pretext for converting the greater portion of the piece into a most costly exhibition of Grecian antiquities; while Bohemia, changed for stage purposes into Bithynia, was made to contrast the pastoral life of Asia Minor with the town existence of Syracuse." The materials for this famous revival, the antiquities, costumes, and so forth, were furnished by Mr. Scharf. His lectures on Italian Art (hereinbefore referred to) were last given in this same year (1856).

But the time had now arrived when Scharf's somewhat scattered and diffused energies were to receive their proper direction, and the career for which he seemed to be predestined was to be opened before him. The really great event of his life—its turning point—was the Manchester Exhibition of Fine Arts in 1857. For a year or two before that it had, so to speak, been in the air, and the promoters, a band of strong-willed, clear-headed Manchester men, headed by Sir Thomas Fairbairn, had engaged Scharf as one of their principal lieutenants. He travelled pretty well all over England (giving occasion for one of Douglas Jerrold's Rabelaisian witticisms); conferring with the owners of Art treasures, persuading and coaxing them to do what was then an almost unheard-of thing, almost in some instances regarded as sacrilegious, to lend out of their abundance to the forthcoming show at Manchester. To Scharf had been allotted the selection and entire superintendence of the department of Old Masters. The result was a collection of the very choicest examples of these, such as the world had never seen before. It revealed the possession, by the subjects of the Queen, of a mass of treasure absolutely matchless, and, it may be added, heretofore entirely unsuspected. The nobility lent from the great houses and palaces with a freedom and generosity that has never been equalled before or since; and the great mill-owning millionaires of the north embraced with eagerness the opportunity of showing to the great public beyond their border, that in the accumulation of wealth, the liberal Arts had not been entirely overlooked and ignored. Above all, a special gallery was also allotted to an exhibition of British Portraiture, and the late Peter Cunningham undertook the management of it. No fewer than 380 portraits, a perfectly unprecedented and unforeseen number, were lent. This was, in fact, the germ and prelude of the National Portrait Gallery itself. It called instant attention to what was most truly a great National want, and if it had stood alone would have entitled Manchester to the gratitude of the country.

We have thus retraced our steps for some distance in order to narrate, in more detail, Mr. Scharf's career up to the moment when, under the initiation of Lord Stanhope, the first steps were taken in the establishment of a National Portrait

Gallery. We have shown that it may truly be said to have sprung from Manchester. Tentative experiments had indeed been made in a similar direction; there had, in particular, been an Exhibition of Portraits at the British Institution, Pall Mall, in 1820, that had excited considerable interest. The catalogue having become scarce, is now valuable as a curiosity; it gives an account of one hundred and eighty persons whose portraits are shown, but of the pictures themselves, their size or characteristics, not one word. In Crabb Robinson's famous "Diary," an incident is recorded during his visit to the gallery that greatly interested him; he encountered the Duke of Wellington there, with a lady upon his arm, engrossed in the portrait of Marlborough. This experimental exhibition, when repeated in 1845, was not so successful. Lodge's portraits, completed about this latter date, did very much to awaken an interest in national portraiture, a subject hitherto not much regarded in England, the Dutch having always been far ahead of us both in collecting and in publishing to the world their heroes' portraits.

Earlier in this article we gave some account of the circumstances under which the gallery came into existence, and of its first days, and we said that the life of Mr. Scharf since that time has, in fact, been the history of the Gallery. His hours have been almost entirely given to its varying fortunes, and to the conduct of its peregrinations from one *locus in quo* to another. To begin with, it was housed in Great George Street, Westminster, in a mansion formerly occupied by Dr. Lushington, and one of Mr. Scharf's most amusing reminiscences relates to a visit paid to it by that distinguished lawyer and philanthropist. Then the collection, which soon outgrew its earliest *habitat*, was transplanted to South Kensington, and afterwards to Bethnal Green. Up to this time the "administration" of the Gallery had been carried on from day to day under the same roof with the pictures, and Mr. Scharf had them always under his own eye. The general course of the business is, of course, pretty much the same at every public gallery. There is the correspondence with people who own portraits which they prize so highly that they will only part with them for a proper consideration; others, again, who are ready to present several "ancestors," for reasons which may be guessed, though it might seem ungracious to do more than hint at them. Journeys have to be undertaken, and sketches carefully inspected, and reports made upon them. When the Gallery was removed to Bethnal Green, the scene of these labours was transferred to the premises at Westminster. The removal itself was a serious blow to Mr. Scharf's reasonable hopes and expectations, and, indeed, seriously affected his health. But "the night is the darkest," as Charles Kingsley says, "before the dawn," and the fairy prince was coming who was to take Cinderella by the hand, and to build her, if not exactly a splendid palace of delight, at all events an abode ample for her present requirements, and to secure for her the promise of due consideration in the future. In the year 1889 the Trustees received an offer from an unknown benefactor to build a gallery for the portraits at a cost of £100,000. The conditions were simply that the Government should provide the site, and should employ the donor's architect, Mr. Ewan Christian, to carry out the building. The future of this noble offer is well known. An annexe to the National Gallery is now rising at its eastern end, and, according to all reasonable expectation, it will be finished in about a couple of years. The delays have been numerous. Vestries have had to be propitiated, and the spirit of Bumbledom pacificated. The building itself will be found, it is believed, highly satisfactory. The experience gained at South Kensington and Bethnal Green will be shown not to have been thrown away; a great height to the rooms has been proved to be unnecessary, and accordingly the building will be one of four stories, and all the windows will face the north. But when all is said and done, the site is a foolish and inadequate one, and has been the outcome of a spirit of false economy on the part of the Government. It is inevitable that the two galleries will both of them increase year by year, and may be warranted to grow into each other's sides. The problem is simply "a postponed order." None the less is the gratitude of the country due to Mr. Alexander, whose recent nomination to a vacant trusteeship reveals what was, indeed, before an open secret, that he is the munificent donor just referred to. Mr. Alexander resides at Shipton, near Andover. He is a gentleman of about fifty years of age. He has no town house, and the special claims of the metropolis upon his wealth arise merely from the fact that he formerly owned a considerable property in land at South Kensington, which has greatly increased in value. He had already become known as a public-spirited philanthropist by the erection of a large block of buildings as a convalescent home, in the county of Norfolk, under the superintendence of Mr. Christian.

It will occupy but small space to chronicle the remaining incidents of importance in Mr. Scharf's career. In the year 1882, to mark their appreciative sense of the value of Mr. Scharf's services to the Gallery, the Trustees nominated him to the post of Director of the Gallery, thereby placing him officially upon a level with the chiefs of the older galleries. In the same year he was created C.B. In the year 1888 he contributed to the *Times* a series of articles on the Authentic Portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots; these are understood to form the basis of a copiously illustrated work on the same subject, now nearly completed, to be published by Mr. Murray. A year or two ago he took a prominent part in collecting portrait materials for the Stuart and Tudor exhibitions at the New Gallery. In 1884 a fitting compliment was paid to Mr. Scharf. A number of his friends subscribed to have a permanent record of his life and work placed in the scene of his exertions. His portrait was painted by Mr. Ouless, and was shown in the exhibition of the Royal Academy the following year. It now hangs in the temporary offices of the institution at Westminster, and will doubtless obtain a prominent location in Trafalgar Square. By the special permission of the Trustees, for which we return our sincere acknowledgments, we have the pleasure of reproducing this portrait, which, so far as we are aware, has never been published before.

We can find no better words with which to conclude this article, whilst wishing Mr. Scharf a renewed lease of his long, his laborious, and his honourable life under the fresh conditions that are about to open before him, than the words inscribed upon the frame of this picture:—

"*GEORGE SCHARF, ESQ., C.B., F.S.A.*

"*Presented to the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery by his many friends, in testimony of their appreciation of his eminent public services in connection with the formation of, and administration of the National Portrait Gallery*, 1885."

J. F. Boyes.

THE SOUNDS OF NEW ZEALAND.

THE inhabitant of New Zealand will never have occasion to visit other lands in search of the picturesque. Nature has here poured forth the bounties of her treasure-house with an amazing prodigality, and the "Earthly Paradise," as it is fondly and not inaptly called by its sons, challenges within its own borders fair comparison with the hitherto acknowledged beauties of the world. The Alps present no grander aspects in peak and pass, and glacier than their Southern namesakes. Como, Lucerne, and Killarney are in no respects superior to Wakatipu, Wanaka and Manapouri; while its immense forests, still only half explored, are unequalled for variety of form, beauty of colour, and wealth of undergrowth, creeper, and fern. The scarlet maple of America, the orange flamboyant of Mozambique, alike "pale their ineffectual fires" before the great crimson masses of the noble Pohutakawa and the vivid flame of the Rata, "trees whose jewelled leaves do outstare the heavens."

Here are to be met the geysers of Iceland and the lava of Etna, while hundreds of square miles covered with volcanoes, active and extinct, boiling springs, and fumaroles, proclaim all the tremendous war panoply of the fire-god. Last and not least



Preservation Inlet.

the great Sounds on the West Coast, while recalling in shape and extent the far-famed fiords of Norway, immeasurably surpass their barren glories and slate-coloured rocks, for here every height is crowned with trees, every precipice hung with flowers, and unnumbered rivulets in headlong leaps and "wild parabolas of grace" flash downward to the sea. Not long ago a world-wide traveller remarked, "The Sounds are matchless—unique—unapproachable. Why, Milford Sound alone *is* the Yosemite Valley with the bottom knocked out!" A better description probably could not be given.

These glacier-worn gulfs, eighteen in number, stretching for about 120 miles along the South-Western Coast of the Southern Island, are beginning to attract the attention of tourists from Australia, for whose benefit the Union Company arranges special excursions two or three times in the season, a well-found steamer taking about a hundred selected passengers each trip. The greatest care and forethought is exercised in catering for their amusement during the ten days or so the trip lasts. The steamer lingers long or anchors in the most beautiful passages, and special boating parties are made up for shooting, fishing,

sketching or exploring; each being in charge of an officer of the ship, who is responsible for all the passengers; a wise and necessary precaution, for it is easy enough to get lost in the tangled thickets and impenetrable "bush."

Two years ago I made my first trip into New Zealand "Wonderland" under circumstances that permitted more latitude and leisure than could possibly be afforded to the ordinary summer tourist, and gave wider opportunities for pencil and brush.

I.

After a half gale in the dismal Foveaux Straits, where it seems to blow hard at least ten months out of the twelve, and incessant buffetings by the cross tumbling seas off Cape Puysegur, we decide to strain the ship no more, but take shelter in Preservation Inlet, the southernmost of the Sounds, and luckily under our lee. So round goes her head, we quit the murky straits and drizzling skies, and turning a high woody promontory, leave in an instant the dark angry "turmoil of weltering waters," and enter a haven, quiet and serene—anchoring under a noble range of heights, forest clad from top to base. Overhead the low clouds sweep, frequently enveloping the tops of our rocky barrier, and winds still whoop and sigh aloft, but around us all is placid contentment—no bough doth bend nor leaf doth fall: the fish are leaping under low hanging boughs—the boats are out and many a line is trying for the finny spoil: the sun struggles through the light vapours and licks the trailing mists off the wet hill-sides: near and afar, as far as eye can reach, stretches a dense impervious forest of



Daggs Sound. The Head.

Rata, Manuka, Rimu, and Red Pine, clothing all the mountains from base to hanging peaks, and softening in magic guise the otherwise stern effect of the erect and lofty chain: everywhere one sees,

> "The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
> And winding glades high up to heaven."

As the full moon rises a picture of rare and witching beauty is disclosed, like the gradual unrolling of some fine theatrical scene. Down the long reaches of the many-armed fiord a flood of soft light pours along the winding waters, kisses the densely wooded shores and every dancing wavelet, and throws into relief the bold headlands and jutting rocks, and into deeper shade the reaches beyond. Peak and scaur, trunk and tree, are gently outlined with faintest silver markings—the most delicate fairy touches—while above and pervading all is that soft mysterious beauty which moonlight alone can give. It is a harmony in dark blue-grey and silver.

Detained still by foul weather outside, though enjoying the fairest within, we gladly give the day to exploration. There can be few lovelier spots for boating; so, variously equipped for fishing, fowling, or sketching, we pull for miles and miles, past island after island, all densely wooded and all alike beautiful, continually tempted onward by vistas promising more and more; for this fiord of many arms and bends runs for fourteen miles into the hearts of snow-clad mountains, narrowing and getting grander and yet more grand, winding under precipitous heights with tall peaks apparently closing the ends of the narrow waterways—everywhere disclosing views of a nature fresh, vigorous, and unworn as at the opening of the world. All the materials for the artist are here in

wildest profusion—mountain and wood, water, rocks, torrents, a forest primeval, and peak on peak fantastically beautiful.

"Sure so fair a place was never seen,
Of all that ever charm'd romantic eye."

II.

After a vain attempt to struggle against the fierce cross-grained surf that for ever beats on this iron coast we bear up for Chalky (or Dark Cloud) Inlet and anchor in North Port, which looks like a water meadow in the midst of steep sloping woods; the narrow entrance is closed to view, and nothing but foliage on foliage meets the eye, save where to the south rise the blue peaks that mark the boundary of Canaris Sound. Here we get a perfect surfeit of fishing; the blue cod and rock cod are hauled in hand over fist, until the boats are half-full and there is enough to feed several hundred men; while later on, at the upper end of the harbour, off a projecting sandbank, all hands employ themselves under a brilliant moon in catching vast quantities of fine crayfish, the men standing waist-deep in the water and scooping the fish over the gunwale with both hands, regardless of nips and scratches, while the shores ring with their merry shouts of triumph, and a fire is lighted on the beach where some of the spoil is cooked at once. This is a scene whose delicate beauty I try to render in *fusain;* but how to express the gentle pearl-like lights, the distance melting into air, the soft lustre which sleeps upon the surface of the water, or the contrast between the exquisite repose, dignity, and poetic sweetness of nature, and the vulgar bustling of the noisy crew upon the beach!

Good luck had befallen our sportsmen also, for during the day numerous duck had fallen to their guns, and a magnificent black cygnet, a bird which eats delightfully when treated as hare, whose flesh it much resembles both in colour and taste.

III.

Cameras and sketch-books are in constant requisition as we glide, on the most perfect of mornings, from a long, unpleasant, mountainous swell, into the dead smoothness of Dusky Sound, where not a ripple disturbs the surface. A shimmering haze rises along the shore, while the clouds dapple the hills with light and shade, imparting changeful yet delicious pictorial effects. This is indeed "summer sailing on halcyon seas":

"The sun was gilding fair with brightest rays
Isle after isle and purple wastes of sea."

Island and islet we pass, quaint, fantastic, beautiful; some of them like little clumps of forest dropped in mid sea, their topmost foliage glittering in the sun, golden green upon a dark opaque grey. Beyond these again, through the openings, we see more and still more, various in shape, but equal in beauty. Never have we seen anything so sparkling and gem-like, so full of colour and constant surprises.

The colour of the foliage is much warmer and mellower in tint on this coast than on the east of New Zealand, more resembling in its golden brown and russets the autumnal tones of England. Nothing seems to be wanting to its wondrous picturesqueness; the warm, harmonious tones of the nearer foliage, which melt so delicately and imperceptibly into aerial greys, saved from monotony by the sudden protrusion of cliff or scaur, and occasionally lit up by the vivid scarlet splashes of the Rata; the astonishing number of dainty and romantic islands, "with golden glory glistening in the sun"; on every side the smiling forests descending to the sea, the water dark as wine from its enormous depth, the frequent cascades, and far ahead up the distant fiords purple mountains looming gigantic, with heads swathed in mist.

Winding round headland or island of this delightful Sound, where every change of course and each ship's length introduces us to a new picture, we turn at last into a straight and narrow ravine, the jaws of which are as the gateway to some newer world of art and poetry. Ahead, the vessel seems to be charging into a solid barrier of mountain and hanging wood. Two thousand feet sheer on either side rise the mountain walls, while occasionally detached peaks tower to double that height, with heads streaked with snow, mid-summer though it be. Such is Wet-Jacket Arm (p. 304), a huge chasm dividing the hills, six miles in length, and never more than half-a-mile broad, which looks about a hundred yards, so dwarfed is distance by the stupendous heights around.

Driven from deck by a brief but heavy shower, we are surprised at the change when again we return to our wonder-viewing, for dozens of waterfalls are tumbling in thin streaks of white foam from the crests above, zig-zagging their way from cliff to cliff, sometimes diving into deep patches of bush, occasionally lost in some dark ravine, and not again seen for several hundred feet, then emerging, bigger, whiter, and more turbulent, to rage with increased fury over trunk and rock, and plunge at last in one swift leap into the gulf beside us. It is a new excitement to trace the course of these torrents, and follow them in their mad race to the sea, in view and out of view, from start to finish. When at anchor at the head of the Arm, the steep, mossy, shrub-clothed mountain-sides rise so close, and the walls shut in so straitly on every side, leaving no visible entrance, that we appear to be buried in some vast green cavern, whose top seems impending over us. It is difficult to believe that we shall ever find the *door* of this strange rock dungeon, and emerge again into outer daylight.

IV.

Furious squalls in the Acheron Passage, that almost bring the ship to a standstill, drive us for shelter up the noble Breaksea Sound. We steal slowly along the southern shore looking for a break in the bank of foliage, and at last, grazing the branches, slip into a little harbour of such rare and unexpected beauty that, fore and aft, exclamations of pleasure are heard—even Jack is touched by the romantic glamour of the scene. Abrupt the woody precipices rise on the right, tree perched on tree scaling the heavens, whilst on the left, forming a semicircle, are the Anchor Islands, soft masses of leafage

"Whose bowery shore
Went off in gentle windings to the hoar
And light blue mountains."

So still the scene, so silent our approach, that two noble black swans remain undisturbed and unconscious, oaring themselves along with graceful ease under the overhanging boughs, nor take to their wings until frightened by the harsh rattle of the cable.

The clouds are flying fast over Breaksea and out to sea; heavy showers trail over the hills, bringing with them the most beautiful effects, swift and changeful as "the touch of Archimago's wand." One moment the mist would envelop and obliterate half the mountains, while the slanting sunrays

illuminate the rest with redoubled brilliance; and now all is changed at a word; from behind the watery screen emerge miles of forest and rocky islands in strong sunlight, and so all around sunlight chases shadow, and mist moves down from above, and far or near the views are ever shifting and changing.

V.

Daggs Sound (p. 301), up whose narrow windings we have slowly groped our way, canopied with clouds and streaming with mist, is nearly as upright in form as Wet-Jacket but more tortuous in shape, which adds much to its picturesqueness as we wind in and out past jutting cape and forest bluff; the vapoury mist now lifting, now closing, always giving a sense of the unexpected; the mountains as usual seeming doubly gigantic when their feet are hidden in grey mist, and only their heads loom out above, dark and threatening, and the numberless waterfalls on either side seem to be outpourings from the jagged edges of the clouds.

In the narrow area at the end of which we find anchor four fine falls thunder in deafening clamour quite close to us. Their heads, lost in mists, cannot be seen, but one at least seems 1,500 feet in height, showing like a lightning streak against the dark purple of the ravines, which take a deeper shade from the heavy cloud canopy above. Suddenly the clouds roll swiftly away, showing the whole extent of the reach, the steep sloping sides, the never-ending forest, the precipitous heights that close the end. From the rocky beach at the top, crossed by five streamlets the outlet of many a waterfall far up the glen, the ship seems lost in the blackness of shadows cast from the dense foliage on the heights above;



George Sound.

the water, of a dark, sombre, leaden grey in the foreground, melts gradually into the tenderest lemon tint in the distance, in its darkest part intensified by livid streaks where horizontal ripples catch the light. Now or never for the swift hand! seize the effect before it flies, for it may never come again.

We pass in silence the no less remarkable beauties of Doubtful, Thompson, Smith, and Bradshaw Sounds which run one into the other, of Nancy, Charles and Caswell. The same words must inevitably be used in describing them all, but if Milford is supreme in majesty, George Sound (see above) is such a feast of colour that the senses wearied with incessant beauty revive again.

We struggle up a steep ravine to the edge of the waterfall that overnight with muffled roar lulled us to sleep, helping ourselves through the dense and tangled undergrowth by rope-like supple-jacks and long pendant roots, a feature of all New Zealand "bush." Ah! what a sight it is that awaits us!

The branches of great full-foliaged, low hanging trees create a green translucent twilight, across which shoot vivid tracts of light. Here the mosses, parasites, and ferns beggar description, clothing not only the trunks with inches of green fur, but giving a soft and tender coating to every minutest twig, and hanging overhead in graceful festoons and long fantastic strips. It is a veritable fairyland, where the colours are as brilliant as the forms are quaint, and the delightful fresh surprises are never ending. One's brush must be dipped in liquid sunlight to render justice to the lustre of the mosses and lichens which remind one of the richest golden plush when touched by the slanting sunrays. A sort of mental intoxication seizes one at being placed among scenes so charming. The overtaxed

senses reel, and almost like Keats we "swoon drunk from pleasure's nipple." One feels much like a child lifted on the stage during some gorgeous Christmas transformation scene, and permitted to wander at will among the glorious unrealities. It is bliss to see such wonders even though it alters for ever one's ideas of landscape beauty. Here—here is the high superlative,



Wet-Jacket Arm.

and for ever after this all other sights must be content to take a lower standard in the mind.

At the edge of the fall there is a little lake, hung round with vast precipices tree-clad as usual, its waters placid, unruffled, and dark as Avernus. Afar, the mountains slope away in échelon, and in the foreground, the nearer waters glide and swirl down-hill towards the sudden lip, over which with oily unbroken glide they sweep with breathless speed, to plunge headlong down the long ravine, filling its sides with steaming smoke and clattering turmoil. Towards the disused and ancient bed of the waterfall, up which we had climbed with such difficulty, a narrow lagoon penetrates a hundred yards or so, choked at the end by piled-up débris of timber and soil, overhung by low sweeping branches, and crossed here and there by accidental bridges formed by fallen trees; a delicious *motif* for a landscape painter, full of sweet shadow, quiet, luminous tones, and a picturesque confusion of interlacing foliage, through which gleam the still lake and distant mountain-side.

VI.

"Milford" (p. 305) "is in sight!" and we tumble up in haste to catch every glimpse of this culminating point of Nature's Wonderland. A deep vertical fissure alone indicates the entrance. It seems senseless temerity to approach at speed these huge cliffs and impending heights, and would be, were we not sure that ten miles of water deep as the Baltic lie before us. In a few moments we are in the shadow of the tremendous gorge and the rocky walls close in on either side, the chasm opening out in front. It takes one's breath away to look up, and up, and yet up, still not catching the topmost heights until the head is right back on the shoulders. The threatening rock masses seem by some optical illusion to grow closer overhead, and oppress one with a vague sense of alarm, daunting the spirit by their illimitable size. The thin floating clouds that bar the vision also tend greatly to this feeling, for as the crags thrust upward through bank after bank of cloud, showing an intenser colour between the vapoury bars, one is led to imagine absolutely no limit to their height, and join them to the heavens above. We feel crushed in spirit by the appalling size that belittles the ship to a crawling insect, and receive with confiding humility the statements that the peak to the right is a buttress of the Mitre, 5,560 feet in height, and that on the left is Mount Kimberley but little less, while behind, hidden in clouds, is Pembroke, 6,700 feet; that this thin trickle of water shining like a white scratch on the dark stone is the celebrated Stirling Falls, measuring 505 feet from the upper lip to the base, and that other broader scratch, now showing at the end of the chasm though yet some miles off, is the Bowen, now known to be nearly 700 feet in height. We accept it all blindly, and are no longer surprised, for the capacity for wonder is already almost exhausted, and becomes completely so when emerging into an open sheet of water, we are able at last to see the whole panorama spread out before us at a distance that enables the eye to appreciate heights and perspective.

Looking back, the Mitre, now at length revealed in all its beauty, is the centre of a Titanic picture, its bare and pointed summit streaked with snow and base rounded with soft forests; the deep and well-named Sinbad Valley on its left flank filled with mystic beauty, and then the mighty forms of Mount Phillips and the Lawrenny Peaks rearing ridge on ridge up to the region of perpetual snow. To the right of the Mitre lies the ravine through whose sinuous length we have just steered; farther on, projecting from Kimberley, the eccentric Lion Rock, and beyond again, set far back in a wide recess, the dark and massive front of Pembroke, with head lost in mist through which gleam streaks of snow, and far down whose gloomy sides stretch miles of enormous glaciers that have never yet been fairly explored. What a picture it all is! and how impossible it is to give any idea of it in words!

At our back is a view, inferior simply because it *must* be, yet exceedingly grand also. On the right, Sheerdown Hill, so happily named with its sheer perpendicular bulk, forms the very head of the Sound; by its side a woody gorge, and to the left the naked heads of the Barren Ranges rising 5,000 feet into the sky, with bases hidden in thick foliage from amongst which spring, like a wreath of snow, the superb Bowen Falls. In the foreground, barely visible in their gigantic surroundings, are the tiny huts which constitute Milford



Milford Sound, the Mitre Peak, and Sinbad Valley.

City, inhabited by three hardy pioneers, who have for some years made this Sound their home, and earn a precarious yet ever hopeful existence as prospectors. Not ours to see Lake Ada, which lies back some three miles or so a scene "of wild and wild'ring beauty," nor yet is the road sufficiently advanced to permit a view of the Sutherland Falls, eighteen miles inland, now admitted to be the tallest in the world. We take what we can get. As we sketch, the fleeting colours shift and change, light vapours float along the mountain-sides, the shadows chase themselves upon the mighty flanks, the water alternately glooms and gleams, and Nature ranges up and down her tremendous gamut. How useless it seems to follow her, yet the desire is overpowering to take away some visible memento of our visit, if only to prove to oneself that these matchless scenes are not immense unrealities, "vain hallucinations of the brain."

* * * * * *

Time is up, if we are to get out to-night! Reluctantly we turn, and steaming slowly down the great defile seem lost in the dark shadows of the frightful precipices and impending heights, that now with the first gloom of evening are far more appalling than in mid-day, and shake the nerves with vague thrillings of awe while they excite a fearsome delight.

EDWIN SANDYS.

INSCRIPTIONS AS AN ELEMENT OF DESIGN.

FROM the earliest ages of which we possess any records the employment of inscriptions has been a conspicuous feature—a feature extending chronologically from the childhood of the world throughout the intervening centuries to the present day; and, geographically, from the mysterious temple-palaces of bygone races in Mexico and Peru to the work of the teeming millions of Hindustan and yet more distant China. Such inscriptions are found not alone on the stately monu-

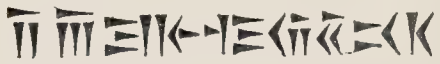


Fig. 1.—Name and Titles of King Darius.

ments reared at the command of some ambitious ruler, or on the massive tomb that marks his resting-place, but on all the multiplicity of objects that come beneath the hand of the Art worker.

All inscriptions may, for our present purpose, be divided into two broad and distinct classes, those that range themselves beneath our title, and those that cannot be thus included. A great many of the inscriptions that we come across, we need scarcely point out, are thoroughly and exclusively utilitarian in their character and motive—mere statements of facts that it is held desirable that the reader should be made acquainted with, but neither possessing nor professing artistic merit. As an instance of these we may quote one from a well-known building in the metropolis. The style of the building is classic, and in the pediment, where in a Greek temple the noblest sculpture would be placed, we read, "Corn Exchange, erected 1828, pursuant to Act of Parliament, 7th Geo. IV., cap. 55."

The long lines of arrowhead characters, again, rich and quaint in effect as they are, that run across the sculptures of Khorsabad and Kyonjik, do not come within our scope, for decorative in appearance as the characters appear to us, the inscriptions, when translated, are the matter-of-fact records of victories won, catalogues of besieged and conquered cities, enumerations of vanquished peoples, details of the spoil of war, or perchance the narrative of the successes of the royal hunter, whose achievements in the battle-field or in pursuit of the lion are represented in the sculptured slab across which the long lines of cruciform writing are thrown. Our first illustration shows, for instance, the name and titles of King Darius, from a cylinder in the British Museum. In the same way the hieroglyphic inscriptions on the temples in the valley of the Nile were scarcely decorative in motive, however decorative they were in effect. Their distinct intention was to inform the reader, to appeal to the mind rather than to the eye, though to the great bulk of mankind nowadays the forms convey no meaning, and only impress us from their quaintness of form and the brilliancy of their colouring, and we therefore very naturally but erroneously regard them as being essentially and primarily decorative in intention. Our second illustration, the name and titles of one of the Pharaohs, affords us a good idea of their general character.

In Mohammedan Art we find excellent illustrations of the use of inscriptions as an element of design, whether we turn to the work of the Moors in Granada in the decoration of the fortress palace of Alhambra, to the beautiful tiles and other pottery of the Persians, many fine examples of which may be seen in the South Kensington and other museums, to the carved woodwork of Cairo or Damascus, or to the arms and other metal-work of India. The prohibition of the Mohammedan creed against the introduction of any living thing in their designs, at once closed to its followers all the wealth of natural beauty that has been an inexhaustible source of suggestion to those free to employ it. Hence, as the delight in lion, griffin, and dragon, in lotus, acanthus, or maple, were forbidden to them, their work necessarily took an entirely different direction, and one of its most characteristic features is the great use made of inscriptions. Ruskin has declared that the Art created under this limitation is "detestable," since the expression of delight in natural beauty is not possible to it; but this restriction is not of the designers' own choosing, it is enforced upon them as a religious obligation that they have no choice but to obey, and for the consequences flowing therefrom they are not in any way responsible. Had we to select an adjective for the decorative work produced under such a hampering limitation, we should ourselves prefer to employ admirable.

The inscriptions which are so freely interwoven in the decoration of the Mohammedans appeal to the eye by the beauty of the characters (the Cufic and Arabic letters having a pliancy that fits them admirably for such a purpose, affording a marked contrast to the formal rigidity of our own Roman alphabet), and they appeal to the intellect by the beauty of the sentiments they express and the poetry of their wording. Such inscriptions are ordinarily verses from the Koran, though at other times they may be dedicatory to or in praise of the maker, the user, or the possessor of the object decorated; often very charming in sentiment, though at times in a language of hyperbole that, characteristic as it is in itself, is foreign to our Western ideas. As examples of the inscriptions having a religious tendency, we may quote the following from the Alhambra: "Praise be given to God. There is no strength or power but in God." "God is the best of protectors: he is the most compassionate of the compassionate." "There is no conqueror but God." Examples



Fig. 2.—Name and Titles of one of the Pharaohs.

of the other sections may be found in such as—"May power everlasting and imperishable glory be the lot of the owner of this palace." "Brightly doth our Sultan shine in the high



Fig. 3.—Monogram on a coin of Alfred.



Fig. 4.—Monogram on a French Coin.

regions of the empire. May his praiseworthy deeds for ever last, and his radiant light never tarnish."

While these Arabic and Cufic inscriptions please the eye by their graceful setting forth, and awaken interest by their curious and complex character, many of them being so arranged as to read either way, this love of complexity is a feature that may readily be carried too far, as it is evident that an inscription that is illegible, or only decipherable after great trouble has been expended upon it, fails in its primary object, and might preferably be exchanged for ornament pure and simple. For our own modern needs, when a choice is open to us, the various forms of Gothic, more or less freely modified, appear to supply the best material, as the ordinary letters in daily use are sadly wanting in the picturesque element that is so desirable.

In the introduction of inscriptions into any design, two essential features must be borne in mind, the manner and the matter, and the result will be in varying degrees a failure so far as either of these points is overlooked, the ideal being the setting forth of sentiments themselves good, or of information that is worth the imparting, in a tasteful way that is pleasing to the eye. The characters employed, we need scarcely point out, should be suitable in style to the position in which they are to be placed; thus an inscription in Roman letters in a design permeated with mediæval feeling, or a legend in fourteenth-century characters across the classic façade of the British Museum, would be equally open to adverse criticism. A very happy and particularly appropriate inscription may be seen in the classic quotation in praise of the virtues of water, duly inscribed in Greek characters on the Corinthian portico of the pump-room at Bath.

The marked power of the Latin language of expressing much in a little compass, fits it in an especial degree for inscriptions; and though, on the one hand, the use of Latin or Greek is a bar to the unlearned, on the other they appeal at once to the educated of all civilised lands. While, therefore, the legend on the village pump may well be in the vulgar tongue, we recognise the value of the classic languages on the public buildings of our great cities. Thus, for instance, in the International Exhibition held in London in the year 1862, around the great window ran the beautiful legend, "Gloria in excelsis Deo et in terra pax," and round the arch of the western gallery, in the midst of all the triumphs of human skill and the utilisation of natural products to the needs of man, the grand acknowledgment of the source of all, "Domini est terra et plenitudo ejus." On the other hand, in that portion of the building specially devoted to home exhibits, the poorest and lowliest might read around the base of the great eastern dome the equally grand acknowledgment set forth in the simple language of our English Bible, "Lord, both riches and honour come of Thee, Thou reignest over all: in Thy hand is power and might, and in Thy hand it is to make great." Latin, from its long association with the services of the Church, and its use as the language of the learned in early times, when scholarship was scarcely found outside the ranks of the ecclesiastics, is especially appropriate again for use in Church work, while the introduction of Latin mottoes in heraldic devices is another happy illustration of its use in mediæval and modern times.

Inscriptions are freely found upon the bells cast in the Middle Ages; in some cases these are prosaic and matter-of-fact enough, while others in matter and manner come fully within the limit imposed by our title. The variety of lettering used upon bells is somewhat remarkable, and many of the forms used are of admirable decorative effect. On early bells the inscriptions are frequently wholly in Lombardic capitals; later on we get every variety of Gothic, and this in turn was succeeded by lettering of the Roman type. The inscriptions are often dedicatory in character, to God, to the Virgin, and to the saints; at other times invocatory, or expressive of loyalty, or suggested by the use of the bells. As examples, we may instance "Sancta Agatha, ora pro nobis." "Ye people all that hear me ring, be faithful to your God and king." "Mankind, like us, too oft is found possessed of nought but empty sound." "Would men, like us, join and agree, they'd live in tuneful harmony." The interesting allusion in the book of the prophet Zechariah to a coming day of blessing and dedication, when even the bells and bridles of the horses should be inscribed "Holiness unto the Lord," points to an analogous use of inscriptions on bells that would be quite familiar to his hearers centuries before the Christian era.

During the Middle Ages great use was also made of inscriptions on rings. These were generally placed on the outer surface of the ring in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and on the inner surface in the sixteenth and seventeenth. Such are termed "posy rings," and many of these mottoes or "posies" are charming in their epigrammatic quaintness, in their sentiment and appropriateness. These mottoes were ordinarily placed in the plain gold circle of the wedding ring, though not exclusively confined to these pledges of troth.* Such legends were ordinarily of a religious character. The following examples from old wedding rings will sufficiently illustrate this, and also show the kindly wholesome tone that is so characteristic of them. "In thee my choice I do rejoice," "Let me in thee most happy be," "United heartes death only partes," "Noe heart more true than mine to you," "Where hearts agree there God will be," "True love is lyfe to



Fig. 5.—Monogram on a coin of Charles II.

* On an old gold ring in our collection that from its size and style, the traces of blue enamel upon it, and a diamond cut in the form of a heart, may be considered as equivalent to a modern "engagement" ring, we find the propitiatory motto, "I am sent to Salute."

man and wyfe," "In thee my choyce how I rejoyce." In one hundred and ten examples before us, as we write, we find that eighty-five are thrown into this rhyming form. On one plain gold ring in our collection we find the inscription, "The gift of a faithfull frend"; and while we would not for a moment imply that husband and wife may not be the best and most faithful of friends, such an inscription so far differs from the general character of those found, as to call for notice.



Fig. 6.—Monogram on Queen Elizabeth's Sixpence.



Fig. 7.—Monogram on coins of William and Mary.

Many of the devices adopted by the old printers were very quaint and ingenious. The famous J. Daye, for example, in the sixteenth century, instead of merely affixing his name to his work, used an emblematical woodcut of the rising sun, and the motto, "Arise, for it is Day!" and the great love of the Middle Ages for these conceits, rebuses, plays upon words, and such-like devices, affords us many other illustrations of like character. Of these Mrs. Bury Palliser's excellent book on historic devices and badges gives hundreds of interesting examples, and we cannot do better than refer our readers who are interested in the subject to its pages.

Inscriptions as an element in the design may frequently be met with in our coinage, giving some interesting historical allusions or other source of interest beyond the bare enumeration of such more or less necessary facts, as names, titles, dates, or values, as one ordinarily expects to find on coins. Queen Elizabeth's motto, "Rosa sine spina," was, for instance, a happy reference to the cessation of civil strife, and the blending of York and Lancaster into the house of Tudor, and its occurrence on the money in circulation, was a constant reminder to all of the welcome fact. On divers medals, seals, and coins, we find an ornamental arrangement based on the initials or letters of the sovereign's name, or of the place where the piece was struck. Thus on some of the coins of Alfred the Great, we find the device given in Fig. 3, a monogram based on the word Londinia. The arrangement is particularly crude, but it is distinctly decorative in interest. An equally quaint arrangement is seen in Fig. 4, from the coinage of Charles the Simple of France, where the cruciform base of the device ultimately develops into the name Karolus, the minute central letter being the U or V, the diamond form surrounding it being the O, and the upper half of the diamond in conjunction with the V making the A. Charles the Second of England had upon his groat a pleasing arrangement of four interlacing Cs, on his threepence he placed three, see Fig. 5, and on the twopenny-piece two. On Queen Elizabeth's sixpences, pence and halfpennies, she placed the monogram shown in Fig. 6. It will be found on analysis to contain the letters Elizabeth R., while the device shown in Fig. 7, based on W and M, appears on the coinage of William and Mary. During the Middle Ages the use of inscriptions on almost every object of use or ornament was a very marked feature—a feature that is now rarely seen, but which we think might advantageously to some extent be revived. Around the walls of our own study we have an illuminated floral border that bears, in addition, the words "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave"; a reminder that is at all events not adverse to wholesome endeavour, and has many a time nerved us to renewed effort. The writings of our old authors are full of excellent passages suitable for such illumination, and it appears to us that a pleasant, interesting, and profitable old custom might very well take its old place, not only in mural decoration, but in the thousand and one decorative opportunities of daily life, opportunities at present very inadequately met by the "Cave canem" on a door-mat, the "mizpah" often placed upon a ring, or some such motto as "Waste not, want not," entwined amidst the ears of wheat around a bread trencher.

F. Edward Hulme.

THE ART SALES OF 1891.

THE season recently ended has been a slightly magnified reflex of its precursor. As in 1890, its tone was markedly British, and although on the whole a slight depreciation is discernible, some remarkable figures were attained.

Last year the sale of one of Turner's masterpieces for the large sum of £7,455 had to be recorded, and this year another of his works, the 'Walton Bridges,' curiously enough achieved the same figure. Other seasons show no greater auction price for a Reynolds than that of £4,725, obtained this spring for the portrait of Mrs. Buller, and a similar remark applies to Hogarth's celebrated 'Gate of Calais,' which realised £2,572.

The Matthews sale afforded many points of interest to lovers of more recent British Art, noteworthy features being the submission of twelve fine works by Mr. Hook, which averaged over £900, and Mr. Holman Hunt's 'Finding of the Saviour,' for which £3,570 was bid. Water colours were as numerous as ever, but prices showed a slight all-round decadence.

The works of the old Dutch and Italian masters which appeared do not call for any comment, but the old French school was brilliantly represented by Watteau, whose 'L'occupation selon l'âge' realised £5,460 in the James sale. On the modern side of foreign Art Troyon, Meissonier, and Fortuny were conspicuous; the 'Sign-Painter,' by the second, fetching £6,772.

Summing up the season's data, it is gathered that in all 37 pictures were sold for sums of 1,400 guineas and over, compared with 38 (unprecedented) in 1890. On the other hand, whilst the large numbers of 277 oil paintings fetching over £200, and 105 water colours over £100, were dispersed in that year, the corresponding totals this year are greater, viz., 324 (pictures) and 114 (drawings); statistics which illustrate the increasingly brisk nature of present-day markets. With reference to miscellaneous *objets d'art*, the Cavendish Bentinck sale of rare French furniture, collected by the late *censor artium*, absorbed the main interest. Excellent prices were reached considering the material, and five of the chief lots alone amounted to £6,770.

Various ceramics, prints, and old silver, were also seen in the market, but space forbids any detailed mention of these; particulars are appended therefore only of the chief picture sales of the year.

Feb. 28.—The Haldon House collection of the late Lord Haldon (Sir Laurence Palk), comprising several well-chosen examples of the Dutch school: W. Van de Velde, 'Departure of Charles II. from the Scheldt, 1660,' £1,963 (Pearce); Jan Weenix, 'A Grand Garden,' £1,102 (Agnew); Claude, 'Embarkation of St. Paulina,' £913 (M. Colnaghi); J. Ruysdael, 'River Scene,' £630 (Sedelmeyer); Rembrandt, 'Elderly Woman,' £535 (Lesser); A. Van der Neer, 'River Scene,' £246 (Raphael); 'A Winter Scene,' £388 (Salting); J. Ruysdael, 'A Forest Scene,' £236 (Sedelmeyer); A. Cuyp, 'River Scene,' £325 (M. Colnaghi); J. Van Goyen, 'Frozen River Scene,' 1642, £409 (Colnaghi). The collection of 46 works realised over £8,000. On the same day a fine portrait by Reynolds, 'Mrs. Buller,' the property of the late John Buller, of Morval, Cornwall, fetched £4,725 (Scott). This is the highest price ever paid for a Reynolds at auction. Other portraits were: G. Romney, 'Lady, in white and gold,' £692 (Gooden); 'Mrs. Carus-Wilson,' £220 (Vokins); 'William Lindow and Wife,' £278 (Taylor); 'Lady Hamilton,' £210 (Sedelmeyer); Reynolds, 'Lady,' £294 (Vokins); J. Hoppner, R.A., 'Lady Boughton,' 1786, £388 (Hawker); B. Marshall, 'The Sportsman,' 1801, £215 (Vokins); W. Collins, R.A., 'Antrobus Children,' 1842, £430 (Millais); F. Hals, 'A Gentleman,' £493 (Barnes).

March 7.—A portion of Mr. Edward Fox White's collection included: Josef Israels, 'The Poor Man's Harvest,' £677 (McLean); W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., 'From my Window, Venice,' 1871, £231. At Messrs. Phillips' rooms: K. Halswelle's 'Contadini waiting for the Blessing of Pope Pius IX.' sold for £315 as against £372 in 1885.

March 14.—The pictures of the late Mr. Charles Goding: G. Morland, 'Landscape,' £346 (Agnew); 'The Ale-house,' £535 (Agnew); J. B. Pater, 'Fête Champêtre,' £393 (M. Colnaghi); Boucher, 'Les Pêcheurs,' £351 (Wertheimer); Rubens (ascribed), 'The Redeemer triumphing over Death,' £241 (Colnaghi); Cuyp, 'A River Scene,' £226 (Connot); Sir W. Beechey, R.A., 'Master Boyce,' 1792, £548 (Agnew). From Lord Bessborough's Collection: Cuyp, 'River Scene,' £210.

March 21.—Various pictures: Copley Fielding, 'View of the Isle of Staffa from the South,' £451 (Bowker); E. Douglas, 'A Highland Heath,' £231 (Deighton); E. Verboeckhoven, 'Farm Scene,' £283; Do., £273; Herring, Bright, and Faed, 'The Village Farm,' 1854, £241.

April 11.—The water-colours of the late Sir Henry A. Hunt, of the Lees, Folkestone: S. Prout, 'The Bridge of Sighs,' £325 (Agnew); 'Arch of Constantine,' £125 (Vokins); Birket Foster, 'Haymakers,' £325 (McLean); W. Hunt, 'Primroses and Bird's Nest,' £278 (Agnew); C. Stanfield, R.A., 'A Wreck,' £210 (Vokins); C. Fielding, 'Scotch Loch,' £168 (Vokins); 'Coast Scene,' £115 (Vokins); L. Haghe, 'The Silver Wedding,' £262 (Vokins); Carl Haag, 'Filial Love,' £220 (Vokins); F. Tayler, 'The Popinjay,' £252 (Vokins); V. Cole, R.A., 'View in Surrey,' 1867, £179 (Greig). Various pictures: E. Nicol, A.R.A., 'The Cross Roads,' 1868, £409 (Tooth); B. W. Leader, 'Sunny Autumn, N. Wales,' 1868, £273 (Agnew); J. Linnell, 'Sheep,' £693; V. Cole, R.A., 'Surrey Cornfield,' 1862, £220 (Agnew); Henriette Browne, 'The Reprimand,' £204 (Gibbs); E. Van Marcke, 'Cattle returning Home,' £338 (Goupil).

April 18.—Water-colours and pictures from various sources. Drawings: A. C. Gow, R.A., 'Doubtful Company,' £246 (Agnew); E. J. Gregory, A.R.A., 'A Fantasy,' £110 (Agnew); 'The Pet of the Crew,' £105 (Agnew); H. Herkomer, R.A., 'Who comes here?' £430 (Agnew); 'Arrest of a Bavarian Poacher,' £325 (Innes); 'Fate of the Poacher,' £420 (Webster); 'Souvenir of Rembrandt,' £110 (Agnew); 'Fairy Symphony,' £252 (Webster); W. Hunt, £225 (Vokins); T. S. Cooper, R.A., 'June Mid-day,' £105 (Carter); B. W. Leader, A.R.A., 'Summer on Welsh River,' £183 (Innes). Pictures: A. C. Gow, R.A., 'News from the Front,' £220 (White); C. Van Haanen, 'First Dip,' £420 (Webb); 'Venetian Water-Carrier,' £283 (Webb); H. Herkomer, R.A., 'Natural Enemies,' £367 (Ellis); 'Welsh Mountain Scene,' £315 (Ellis); D. G. Rossetti, 'Astarte Syriaca,' £472 (Innes).

April 25.—The sale of this date, of the modern pictures of the Marquis of Santurce, was chiefly noticeable on account of the inclusion of the following three fine works by L. Alma Tadema, R.A.: 'An Audience with Agrippa,' 1861, £2,672 (Tooth); a portion of the 'Vintage Festival,' 1871, £2,372 (Webster); 'Un Amateur Romain,' 1869, £2,782 (Hunt). Other works sold were: G. H. Boughton, A.R.A., 'Confidences' and 'Consolation,' a pair, £367 (Norman); V. Cole, R.A., 'Autumn Leaves,' 1869, £540 (Tooth); D. Cox, 'Welsh River Scene,' £420 (Tooth); 'Mountain Shepherdess,' £630 (Norman); 'View in N. Wales,' £409 (Ellis); 'Pont y Pier,' £787 (Grant); 'Changing Pastures,' 1850, £378 (Myers); T. Faed, R.A., 'Worn Out,' 1868, £420 (Grant)—£1,438, Banbury sale, 1880; 'The Offer,' and 'Accepted,' a pair, £325 (Grant); 'Conquered, but not Subdued,' 1856, £252 (Agnew); S. L. Fildes, R.A., 'The Daffodil,' £252 (Shepherd); F. Goodall, R.A., 'Mater Purissima,' £236; 'Inundation of the Nile,' £514 (Curtis); P. Graham, R.A., 'Landscape,' 1871, £692 (McLean); 'Spate in the Highlands,' £598 (Tooth); 'Mountain Torrent,' £325 (Innes); J. Linnell, sen., 'The Reaper,' 1862, £577 (McLean); 'Noon,' 1871, £630 (Richards); 'Changing Pastures,' 1859, £483 (McLean); 'Wooded Landscape,' 1873, £651 (McLean); 'Milking Time,' £398 (Curtis); 'Landscape,' £336 (Curtis); P. Nasmyth, 'River Scene,' £336 (Agnew); E. Nicol, A.R.A., 'The Favourite Melody,' 1868, £383 (Sir F. Mappin); J. Phillip, R.A., 'Dolores at the Balcony,' 1863, £378 (Tooth); D. Roberts, R.A., 'High Altar, Rouen Cathedral,' 1844, £598 (Keene); J. Stark, 'Trumps Mill,' £525 (Myers); 'The Weir,' £451 (Tooth); 'The Ferry,' £341 (Sir F. Mappin). Continental School: W. Bouguereau, 'Going to Market,' 1869, £414 (Joyce); Rosa Bonheur, 'Three Sheep and a Lamb,' 1866, £672 (West); 'Sheep and Lamb,' £330 (West); Jules Breton, 'Meditation,' 1873, £514; J. Dupré, 'Sea-piece,' £399 (McLean); Fortuny, 'The Moorish Guard,' £1,575 (McLean); Gérôme, 'The Augurs,' £798 (McLean). This realised £903 in the Murrietta sale, 1873. R. Madrazo, 'The Return from the Ball,' £283 (Innes); 'The Billet Doux,' £273—these two fetched the same price in the Lee sale, 1888; T. Rousseau, 'Sunset,' £294 (Wallis); C. Troyon, 'Timber Waggon,' £430 (Ellis); 'Sheep,' £420 (Ellis). It is said that many of the foregoing were bought in.

May 2.—On this day the pictures and drawings from the town house of the late Mr. H. W. F. Bolckow were dispersed. It will be recalled that in 1888 the late ironmaster's collection, housed at Marton Hall, Middlesboro, was submitted to

auction, and the great interest then aroused was reawakened in the sale under notice. Although the seventy lots making up the previous sale fetched as much as the hundred and eleven examples recently sold, the appearance of some of the best works of the greatest modern artists will suffice to make memorable the Bolckow sale of 1891. The chief sale prices are appended. Water Colours: G. Barret, 'Shore of the Adriatic,' £199 (McLean); G. Cattermole, 'Raising of Lazarus,' £168 (Agnew); J. Linnell, 'A Surrey Landscape,' £120 (Agnew); 'An English Landscape,' £105 (Agnew); Sir E. Landseer, 'The Drive' (crayon), £141 (Davis); 'Three Dogs' (crayon), £225 (Burstall)—sold in the Landseer sale, 1874, for £178; 'Stag Bellowing' (crayon), £136 (Agnew); 'Missed,' £147 (Agnew); 'Suspicion,' £141 (Vokins); Carl Haag, 'The Chamois Hunter,' £126 (Agnew); L. Haghe, 'The Choir of S. Maria Novella, Florence,' 1861, £315 (Agnew); B. Foster, 'The Swing,' £231 (Tooth); T. S. Cooper, R.A., 'Landscape with Sheep,' £168 (Agnew); F. W. Topham, 'Gipsy Fortune-Telling,' 1853, £210 (Agnew); T. M. Richardson, 'Amalfi,' 1862, £220 (Agnew); W. R. Beverley, 'Bringing a Lugger ashore,' £252 (Agnew); W. Hunt, 'The Cricketer,' £525 (Agnew); 'Roses,' £283 (Agnew); S. Prout, 'Grand View of Venice,' £630 (Agnew)—in the Heugh sale, 1878, this went for £903; 'Beauvais Cathedral,' £210 (Agnew); P. de Wint, 'View on the Tees,' £173 (Vokins); D. Cox, 'The Windmill,' £178 (Vokins); 'The Anglers,' £204 (Agnew); C. Stanfield, 'The Wreck of the *Avenger*,' £157 (Agnew); C. Fielding, 'Loch Lomond,' £525 (Agnew); 'Rivaulx Abbey,' £960 (Agnew)—in the Quilter sale, 1875, this drawing was sold for £997; 'Stormy Weather off the Cornish Coast,' £110 (Agnew); 'Loch Achray,' £430 (Vokins); Turner, 'Sidmouth,' £120 (Reece); 'St. Agatha's Abbey,' 1799, £630 (Agnew)—£945, Heugh sale, 1874; 'Eridge Castle,' 1816, £966 (Agnew); 'Llangollen,' 1836, £509 (Vokins); 'The Acropolis,' £162 (Agnew); 'Edinburgh,' £913 (Agnew)—£1,115, Heugh sale, 1874; E. Frère, 'The Fagot-Gatherers,' £142 (Agnew); 'Evening Prayer,' £168 (Agnew); Gérôme, 'Devotion,' £136 (Agnew); Rosa Bonheur, 'A Sultry Day,' £525 (Agnew); 'Sheep,' £262 (Agnew); Fortuny, 'Interior of a Morocco Carpet Warehouse,' £1,050—in the Quilter sale, 1875, this was bought for £1,470; Meissonier, 'The Ante-Chamber,' £840 (Agnew). This completed the water colours, which fetched in all £15,475. Then followed the pictures: Henriette Browne, 'Giving Baby a Ride,' £262 (McLean)—this sold for £630 in the Mendel sale, 1875; 'The Letter-Writer and Client,' 1874, £535 (Agnew); Rosa Bonheur, 'Mountainous Landscape,' 1870, £1,260 (Tooth); Gérôme, 'Carpets for Sale,' £682 (Tooth); Rosa Bonheur and E. Dubufe, 'Rosa Bonheur,' £1,312 (Agnew); C. Troyon, 'Going to Market,' £4,930 (Obach)—£472, 1874: J. L. E. Meissonier, 'The Sign-Painter,' £6,772 (Obach). Mr. Bolckow, it is said, gave the painter £8,400 for this work. Two works by the Old Masters were: D. Teniers, 'Le Cuisinier Flamand,' £267 (McLean); W. Van de Velde, 'A Fresh Breeze,' £278 (Colnaghi). As this fetched £682 in the Lucy sale, 1875, a great depreciation is shown.

The chief British works are appended: E. Nicol, A.R.A., 'Referring to Dr. Johnson,' 1871, £315 (Colnaghi); 'The China Merchant,' £1,260 (Lord Moray); D. Cox, 'Peat-Gatherers,' £693 (Walker); 'Waiting for the Ferry,' £493 (Gooden); T. Faed, R.A., 'Reading the Scriptures,' £525 (Agnew); T. Webster, R.A., 'Roast Pig,' £1,207. This picture was one of the features of the Gillott sale, 1872, where it realized £3,722. 'Punch and Judy,' £252 (Gooden)—Gillott sale, £215, Fallow sale, 1868, £215; J. Linnell, 'The Hillside Farm,' 1849, £2,100 (Agnew); Sir D. Wilkie, 'The Only Daughter,' £735 (Agnew)—£630, Moon sale, 1872; W. Mulready, R.A., 'The Rattle,' 1808, £262 (Agnew)—Gillott sale, 1872, £402; J. Sant, R.A., 'Prayer in the Barrack Room,' £210 (McLean); J. C. Horsley, R.A., 'Detected,' 1868, £367 (Vokins); E. W. Cooke, R.A., 'Kynance Cove,' 1873, £420; E. M. Ward, R.A., 'Parting of Marie Antoinette from her Son,' £210 (Burstall); Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., 'Gaston de Foix,' £498 (Reece)—Vernon sale, 1842, £199; John Phillip, R.A., 'Grape-Seller of Seville,' 1862, £2,410 (Agnew); Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 'Return from Deerstalking,' 1827, £1,785 (Colnaghi); 'Breeze, Retriever with Game,' 1842, £4,326 (Agnew); F. Goodall, R.A., 'Raising the Maypole,' £567 (Mappin); C. Stanfield, R.A., 'Bay of Naples,' Paris Exhibition, 1867, £1,050 (Agnew); D. Roberts, R.A., 'Interior of St. Peter's, Rome,' 1862, £1,470 (Miss de Stern); W. Collins, R.A., 'The Minnow-Catchers,' £1,575 (Agnew). The three pictures which followed were of remarkable interest. W. Müller, R.A., 'The Chess-Players at Cairo,' £3,202 (Agnew). In the Gillott sale, 1872, this work realised £3,950, and in the Heugh sale, 1874, £4,052; the depreciation in price, however, cannot reduce the great merit of this example. J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 'Walton Bridges,' sold at the Gillott sale 1872, for £5,250, now for £745 (Agnew). Last year, the 'Sheerness,' in the Wells sale, reached the same figure. W. Hogarth, 'The Gate of Calais,' otherwise the 'Roast Beef of Old England,' £2,572 (Agnew, for the Duke of Westminster). In Lord Claremont's sale, 1874, this example sold for £945, the impression being at the time that it was intended for the National Gallery. In fact, in Redford's Art Sales (vol. ii., p. 54), the picture is actually stated to have been "bought for National Gallery."

From the foregoing particulars it will be gathered that seventeen pictures realised sums ranging between one thousand and seven thousand one hundred guineas, and in the aggregate £45,643. These figures show a curious similarity to the results of the Bolckow sale of 1888, where eighteen of the lots fetching over a thousand guineas realised £45,780.

May 5.—Pictures and drawings of the late James Anderson Rose, which, however, did not reach any high prices.

May 9.—Modern pictures of the late Mr. Andrew G. Kurtz, of Wavertree, Liverpool: E. Verboeckoven, 'Coast of Shetland,' £383 (Harrison); F. Lee Bridell, 'Temple of Venus,' 1858, £246 (King); W. J. Müller, 'Lynmouth,' 1845, £294 (Agnew); G. D. Leslie, R.A., 'Summer,' £378 (McLean); C. Stanfield, R.A., 'Against Wind and Tide,' £420 (Agnew); K. Halswelle, 'Play Scene in *Hamlet*,' £262 (King); R. Ansdell, R.A., 'Shepherd's Revenge,' 1868, £204 (Nathan); F. Heilbult, 'On the Seine, Bougival,' 1880, £472 (Wyatt); J. Holland, 1847, 'The Jesuit Church, Venice,' £278 (Agnew); G. W. Cooke, R.A., 'Off the Isle of Wight,' 1871, £330 (Vokins); W. P. Frith, R.A., 'Nell Gwynne,' £215 (Wyatt); P. H. Calderon, R.A., 'The Orphans,' 1870, £262 (Roberts); F. Goodall, R.A., 'The Swing,' 1834, £236 (Gooden); B. W. Leader, A.R.A., 'Summer in North Wales,' 1869, £336 (Stern); Paul Delaroche, 'Execution of Lady Jane Grey,' £630 (Agnew); 'The Earl of Strafford on his Way to Execution,' £735 (Agnew). These two works were from the Demidoff sale, 1870, and in the Heugh sale, 1874, realised

£829 and £787. D. Roberts, R.A., 'St. Mark's, Venice,' from the Tamworth collection, £315 (McLean); do., from the Hooten Hall collection, £262 (Vokins)—this is apparently the picture sold in 1874 for £819 at the Farnworth sale; 'Milan Cathedral,' 1863, £609 (King); Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., 'The Martyr of the Solway,' £472 (Agnew); J. Linnell, 'View in Surrey,' 1865, £330 (Short); T. Faed, R.A., 'From Dawn till Sunset,' 1861, £1,785 (Agnew), from the Swainson collection.

May 11.—On this day the Kurtz water colours were sold, occasioning more competition than the pictures of the same property: R. Giannetti, 'Their First Meeting,' £110 (King); 'Weaving Garlands,' 1881, £210 (Agnew); T. S. Cooper, R.A., 1862, 'Wintry Landscape,' £110 (Harrison); F. W. Topham, 'The Holy Well,' £189 (King); T. M. Richardson, 'Kilchurn Castle,' 1852, £183 (Gooden); Birket Foster, 'The Meet,' £535 (Agnew); 'Anne Hathaway's Cottage,' £241 (Agnew)—Clare collection, 1867, £357; E. Duncan, 'Haunt of the Wild Fowl,' 1864, £136 (Agnew)—Clare sale, £367; Carl Haag, 'Crypt of the Temple,' 1861, £157 (Agnew); J. D. Harding, 'The Grand Canal, Venice,' £156 (Agnew)—Moon sale, 1872, £399; W. H. Nesfield, 'The Falls of the Tummell,' £157 (Corbett)—Leaf sale, 1875, £325; 'The Turc Falls,' £147 (Corbett)—Trelfall sale, 1864, £68; D. Roberts, R.A., 'Grand Staircase, Burgos,' £157 (Agnew)—Dunmore sale, 1874, £252; S. Prout, 'Cathedral Exterior,' £126 (Agnew); 'Piazza San Marco,' £283 (Agnew); 'The Doge's Palace,' £320 (Agnew); D. Cox, 'Windermere Regatta,' £136 (Corbett)—Broderip sale, 1872, £283; 'Gossips on the Bridge,' £173 (Forth)—Levy sale, 1876, £425; J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 'Castle of Chillon,' £147 (Agnew)—Greenwood sale, 1875, £157; 'Abbotsford,' £157 (Agnew); 'Hastings,' £178 (Agnew); 'Richmond,' £173 (Tooth); 'East and West Lowe,' £315 (Agnew); 'Florence,' £157 (Agnew)—Farnworth sale, 1874, £315; 'Rivaulx Abbey,' £735 (Agnew); 'Pass of St. Gothard,' £525 (Agnew)—same price Novar sale, 1878. The total of the sale exceeded £9,000, but, as will be noticed, in many cases prices show a depreciation from those obtained in former years.

May 23.—The lots disposed of on this date comprised the pictures and drawings of Mr. William Houldsworth, of Ayr, and of the late Colonel W. J. Holdsworth of Halifax; the latter collection having been seen once before at auction in 1889, when the works were submitted under reserve.

Water colours: W. E. Lockhart, 'Durham,' £120 (Duncan); Copley Fielding, 'Staffa,' £588 (Agnew)—Farnworth sale, 1874, £472; 'Seapiece with Boats,' £204 (Davis); P. de Wint, 'Torksay Castle,' £498 (Vokins)—Ellison sale, 1874, £682; Turner, 'The Devil's Bridge,' £210 (Duncan); 'Florence,' £173 (Duncan); 'Venice,' £105 (Agnew); D. Cox, 'Tuileries and Louvre,' £157 (McLean); F. Walker, A.R.A., 'Curiosity,' 1860, £178—Holdsworth sale, 1889, £194. Pictures: Gérôme, 'Botzaris,' £913 (Duncan); J. Linnell, 'The Windmill,' £840 (Duncan)—Eden sale, 1874, £1,260; Turner, 'Boats and Dutch Men-of-War,' £1,312 (Gordon); 'Falls of the Clyde,' £304 (Agnew). The well-known Gainsborough, 'A Haymaker and Sleeping Girl,' known as 'The Mushroom-Girl,' realised £2,572 (Agnew)—in the Dupont sale, 1872, it sold for £525. The picture by T. Faed, R.A., 'Music hath Charms,' 1866, made its annual reappearance and fetched £483 (Graves). P. Graham, R.A., 'The Highland Ford,' £399 (Gooden); Briton Riviere, R.A., 'There's many a Slip,' £225 (Agnew); Vicat Cole, R.A., 'Haytime,' £735 (McLean); K. Halswelle, 'Inverlochy Castle,' £430 (Dunn); T. Creswick, R.A., 'Tintern Abbey,' £441 (McLean); E. Long, R.A., 'Alethe,' £735 (Graves); Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., 'Murthly Water,' £1,522 (Graves); Turner, 'Whale Ship,' £945 (bought in). This picture, the property of Mr. Seymour Haden, was bought in at the Leyland sale, 1874, for £960.

The following were Col. Holdsworth's pictures: H. Le Jeune, A.R.A., 'The Little Angler,' £94 (Finlinson, Halifax); B. W. Leader, R.A., 'A Fine Spring Morning,' 1868, £168 (Cooke)—1889, £204; F. Goodall, R.A., 'Sarah and Isaac,' £246 (Innes)—1889, £367; H. Davis, R.A., 'Breezy Weather, French Coast,' £420 (McLean)—1889, £451; J. C. Hook, R.A., 'Kelp-Burners,' 1874, £1,302 (Graves)—1889, £1,071; 'Market Morning,' 1854, £231—1889, £409; Vicat Cole, R.A., 'Abingdon,' 1882, £1,065 (Tooth)—1889, £777.

May 29.—Various works belonging to the late Miss Isabel Constable mostly sold for small amounts. John Constable, 'Dedham Vale,' £514 (Colquhoun).

May 30.—Pictures of Mr. Hamilton Bruce, North Mymms Park, Herts: D'Aubigny, 'Dordrecht,' £441 (Tripp); Turner, 'Kilgarrane Castle,' £367 (Barbour)—Wynn Ellis sale, 1876, £472; K. Heffner, 'Der Erbst,' £315 (McLean); F. Holl, R.A., 'Deserted,' £178 (Agnew)—Hill sale, 1889, £357; J. Farquharson, 'Cauld blaws the Wind,' 1888, £288 (Tooth); Marcus Stone, R.A., 'On the Road from Waterloo,' £278 (Agnew); T. Creswick, R.A., 'Sunny Afternoon on the Trent,' £267 (Gooden).

June 6.—The sale of the fine modern pictures of the late Mr. Charles P. Matthews, of Havering-atte-Bower, Essex. The feature of the sale was the disposal of thirteen of Mr. Hook's works which had been bought from the artist himself.

The chief prices of the 125 lots were:—E. de Blaas, 'Meditation,' £325 (Schuster); 'Venetian Water-Carrier,' £283 (Clayton); H. Browne, 'Turkish Boys chanting the Koran,' 1869, £535 (Davis); P. Calderon, R.A., 'On her Way to the Throne,' £304 (Agnew); 'Summer Breezes,' £315 (Wynne); E. W. Cooke, R.A., 'Catalan Bay,' £325 (Henson); 'Bay of Tangier,' £210 (Agnew); Creswick, R.A., and Frith, R.A., 'Woodcutters,' £504 (Agnew); Creswick and Ansdell, 'Crossing the Ford,' £577 (Hill); A. Egg, R.A., 'Launce's Substitute for Proteus' Dog,' £210 (Agnew)—Flatou sale, 1866, £735, Grapel sale, 1869, £630; Etty, R.A., 'Coral-Finder,' replica, £242 (Schuster); 'Phædra and Cymocles,' £210 (Agnew)—£535, Ellis sale, 1874; W. Frith, R.A., 'King Charles II.'s last Sunday,' £1,732 (McLean); 'Scene from *She Stoops to Conquer*,' £262 (Vokins); Gérôme, 'Ave, Cæsar,' £976 (Graves)—£315, Gambart sale, 1861; C. Van Haanen, 'Pearl-Stringers,' £997 (Agnew); 'Luncheon Time: Venetian Sartoria,' £635 (Vokins); J. C. Hook, R.A., 'Clearing the Nets,' £945 (Agnew); 'Hoisting Sail,' £1,785 (Agnew); 'Trawlers,' £850 (Agnew); 'Jetsam and Flotsam,' £1,785 (Tooth); 'Sea Urchins,' £777 (Agnew); 'From under the Sea,' £945 (Agnew); 'Brimming Holland,' £1,701 (Agnew); 'Cottagers making Cider,' £892 (McLean); 'Broom Dasher,' £483 (Agnew); 'Spring,' £283 (Agnew); 'Ship Boy's Letter (writing),' £346 (Agnew); 'Ship Boy's Letter (reading),' £399 (Agnew). Then came the celebrated 'Finding of the Saviour in the Temple,' by Holman Hunt, £3,570 (Agnew); 'The Afterglow,' £472 (McLean); 'Street Scene in Cairo,' £635 (Agnew)—£152, 1873, Landsdowne sale; Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., 'Music Lesson,' £2,467 (Vokins); 'Iostephane,' £1,071 (Agnew); 'Kittens,' £435 (Wallis); 'Neruccia,' £325 (Agnew);

'Zeyra,' £409 (Harvey); G. D. Leslie, R.A., 'My Duty towards my Neighbour,' £367 (Agnew); 'Hens and Chickens,' £640 (Landor); 'Lavinia,' £294 (Agnew); J. F. Lewis, R.A., 'Reception,' £892 (Vokins); 'Intercepted Correspondence,' £1,764 (Agnew); 'Turkish School, Cairo,' £1,785 (Agnew); 'Camping in the Desert,' £409 (Vokins); 'The Banks of the Nile,' £577 (Agnew); 'The Seraff,' £1,785 (Agnew); J. Linnell, 'Haymakers,' £472, 'Bayswater' ('The Bird-Catchers'), £703 (Vokins); 'Over the Common,' £525 (Agnew)—Radley sale, 1874, £535; Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., 'The Sisters,' £525 (Tooth); 'Early Days,' £530 (Tooth); 'A Flood,' £1,680 (Agnew); 'The Ransom,' £840 (Agnew). Müller's fine 'Island of Rhodes,' bought at the Watts' sale, 1885, for £1,945, now realised £3,465 (Agnew); 'Lago Maggiore,' £645; W. Mulready, R.A., 'The Toy-Seller,' £304 (Doyle). This was a bargain for the Irish National Gallery, as in 1864 the price obtained was £1,197. Nasmyth, 'Overshot Flint Mill,' £692 (Agnew); W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., 'Christopher Sly,' £472 (Sir F. Mappin); J. Phillip, P.R.A., 'The Balcony,' £315 (Agnew); 'The Signal,' £451 (Agnew); 'Al Duena,' £535 (McLean)—Collie sale, 1876, £630; 'Early Career of Murillo,' (small), £320 (Agnew); P. F. Poole, R.A., 'Solomon Eagle,' £320 (Mappin); 'Goths in Italy,' £262 (Agnew); B. Riviere, R.A., 'Persepolis,' £997 (Ralli)—Potter sale, 1884, £1,050, 'Victims' (study), £231 (Agnew); C. Stanfield, R.A., 'Mazorbo and Torcello,' £1,050 (Agnew). In the Knott sale, 1845, this went for £425, and again in the Hargreaves sale for £1,470; a third appearance was in the Skipper sale, 1884, when it realised £730.

June 20.—Pictures of the late Miss James, including some fine examples by Watteau; and the collection of the late Colonel McMurdo, most of the latter having been up before in 1889:—J. Ruysdael, 'Rustic Cottage,' £619 (Agnew); F. Hals, 'Cornelius Niedwagen,' £451 (Colnaghi); 'J. Hoornbeeck,' £241 (Colnaghi); A. Watteau, 'L'occupation selon l'âge,' £5,460 (Lord Seymour)—Camden sale, 1841, £246; 'L'accord parfait,' £3,675 (Wertheimer); 'Garden Scene,' £525 (Wertheimer); 'Encampment,' £451 (Colnaghi)—Camden sale, 1841, £40; J. B. Pater, 'Fête Champêtre,' £1,365 (Wertheimer); Lancret, 'Fête Champêtre,' £252 (Innes); N. Diaz, 'Les Pêcheurs,' £819 (Hollender)—£892, 1889; A. Schreyer, 'Arab Chiefs,' £351 (Wallis)—£357, 1889; Meissonier, 'La Vedette,' £1,102 (Osborne)—£1,680, 1889; 'Les Mousquetaires,' £997 (McLean)—£1,312, 1889; Fortuny, 'The Arab Guard,' £325 (Grant); Bouguereau, 'Yonnette,' £420 (Innes); Copley Fielding, 'Staffa from the South,' £362 (Davis); Landseer, 'Devon Oxen,' £525 (Hodges); 'Herd of Deer,' £630 (Hodges); 'Jocko,' £735 (Parkes); B. Foster, 'Venice,' £220 (Sale); P. Nasmyth, 'Leigh Woods,' £1,491 (Vokins)—Northwick sale, 1859, £710; 'Woody Landscape,' £215 (Agnew); J. Linnell, 'The Forest Road,' £1,260 (Agnew); Rembrandt, 'Jew Rabbi,' £840 (Lesser); Ruysdael and Van de Velde, 'Haarlem,' £787 (Agnew); P. de Hooghe, 'Musical Party,' £504 (Colnaghi); Ostade, 'Landscape,' 1653, £210 (Rutley); Lancret, 'Dance Champêtre,' £325 (Lesser); J. Hoppner, R.A., 'Mrs. Hoppner,' £829 (Agnew); Romney, 'Lady Hamilton as a Nun,' £451 (Agnew); 'Countess of Stradbroke,' £262 (Vokins); Sir J. Reynolds, 'Henry, Earl of Suffolk,' £840 (Ellis); Sir T. Lawrence, 'Hon. Mary Howard,' £399 (Rochefort).

June 23.—The sale of the remarkable collection formed by the late Miss James of Watteau drawings was this day concluded. The chief prices obtained were: 'Man playing Guitar,' £126 (Agnew); 'Leçon d'amour' (two sketches), £236 (Wertheimer); 'La Toilette' (three studies), £283 (Bourgeois); 'Comédien Italien,' £315 (Agnew); 'Boy and Two Flute-Players,' £136 (Bourgeois); 'Three Studies of Ladies,' £220 (Wertheimer); 'Seven Sketches of Women's and Boys' Heads,' £682 (Wertheimer); 'Mdme. Duclos' (three studies), £367 (Wertheimer); 'Lady's Head,' £105 (Agnew). Other drawings: Turner, 'Colchester Castle,' £262 (Agnew); 'London and Thames from the South,' £168 (Agnew); A. Dürer, 'Grotesque Animals,' £101. The collection fetched £8,600.

June 27.—Various pictures of the late Sir W. R. Drake, Weybridge: J. Crome, 'Mousehold Heath,' £236 (Dowdeswell).

July 3.—Several private collections. Water-colours: Birket Foster, 'Winchilsea' and 'Rye,' £204 each (Tooth); J. F. Lewis, R.A., 'Harem Life,' 1858, £105 (Vokins); 'Chryses on the Seashore,' 1811, £1,491 (Agnew). Pictures: Wilkie, 'Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage,' £273 (Shaw); —Laurie sale, 1871, £367; D. Cox, 'Collecting the Flock,' £1,575 (Grant)—Walker sale, 1888, £2,362; S. E. Waller, 'Day of Reckoning,' 1883, £262 (Macarthur); G. D. Leslie, R.A., 'Last Day of the Holidays,' £204 (Ellis); H. W. Davis, R.A., 'On the Low Ground,' £267 (Lamb); E. de Blaas, 'Wheedling,' 1888, £204 (Tooth).

July 11.—The varied collection of pictures of the late Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, M.P., was this day sold. G. Stubbs, 'Horse and Jockey,' 1774, £378 (Agnew); Gainsborough, R.A., 'An Open Glade,' £241 (Agnew); Sir J. Reynolds, P.R.A., 'Fanny Kemble,' 1784, £2,960 (Agnew); Murillo, 'St. John the Baptist,' £535 (Reichter); D. Teniers, 'Butcher's Shop,' £252 (Hannen); Fyt, 'Boy and Dog,' £483 (Agnew); A. Cuyp, 'Landscape,' £577 (Vanderbilt); J. Ruysdael, with figures by Berchem, 'Wooded Landscape,' £1,470 (Colnaghi); Lorenzo di Credi, 'Virgin and Saviour,' £325 (Colnaghi); F. Guardi, 'Interior of S. Giovanni and Paolo,' £619 (Rochefort); 'Companion Picture,' £210 (Reichter), 'The Ducal Palace,' £630 (Lesser); 'Venice, looking towards the Dogana Vecchia,' £736 (Colnaghi); 'Piazza of St. Mark,' £262 (James); Morland, 'Hunting Scene,' 1793, £309 (Agnew); Gainsborough, 'Landscape,' £273 (Agnew); Paris Bordone, 'Saviour disputing with the Doctors,' £493 (Reichter); Tintoretto, 'War Galleys,' £262 (Reichter); Canaletto, 'Piazza of St. Mark,' £346 (Reichter); 'Maria della Salute,' £273. The day's sale realised over £19,000, and the six days' sales of bric-à-brac, etc., £62,000.

July 18.—G. Morland, 'Farmyard Scene,' £273 (Colnaghi).

July 25.—Pictures of the Marquis of Ely: Van de Capella, 'Coast Scene,' £236 (Lesser); Rembrandt, 'Old Woman,' £346 (Casella); 'Old Man,' £262 (Casella); Sir T. Lawrence, 'Anna, Marchioness of Ely,' £241 (Agnew); Sir J. Reynolds, 'Earl and Countess of Ely,' £651 (Lesser). From a different property: Sir T. Lawrence, 'Miss Murray,' £1,270 (Agnew); Sir J. Reynolds, 'Sir Patrick Blake,' £420 (Colquhoun); T. Gainsborough, 'A Lady,' £252 (Casella); and Canaletto, 'The Grand Canal, Venice,' £588 (Bruce).

The season at Messrs. Sotheby's was marked chiefly by the sale of the fine Lakelands Library, and the dispersal of the magnificent collection of prints and etchings, mostly by Rembrandt, the property of Mr. Seymour Haden. Eighty-four lots were sold for sums over £20; the well-known first state of 'Christ before Pilate,' from the Reynolds, Festetics, and Galichon collections realising the high figure of £1,000.

A. C. R. CARTER.

THE PILGRIMS' WAY.*

VI.—OTFORD TO CHARING.

AFTER Otford had become Crown property, the Archbishop's manor-house passed into the hands of the Sidneys and Smyths, who dismantled the castle, as it was then commonly called, and allowed the walls to fall into ruin. A massive octagonal tower of three stories, with double square-headed windows, and a fragment of a cloister, now used as farm stables, are the only portions remaining. They evidently formed part of the outer court, and are good specimens of fifteenth-century brickwork. The tower was considerably higher a hundred years ago, and Hasted describes the ruins as covering nearly an acre of ground. The stones of the structure were largely used in the neighbouring buildings, and the Bull Inn contains several fireplaces which originally belonged to the castle. A bath, or chamber, paved and lined with stone, about thirty feet long, and ten or twelve feet deep, not far from the ruins, still bears the name of Becket's Well, and tradition ascribes the birth of the spring which supplies it to St. Thomas himself, who, finding no water at Otford, struck the hillside with his staff, and at once brought forth a clear stream, which since then has never been known to fail. Another legend tells how the saint one day, being "busie at his prayers in the garden at Otford, was much disturbed by the sweete note and melodie of a nightingale that sang in a bush



View from the Pilgrims' Road.

beside him, and in the might of his holinesse commanded all birds of this kind to be henceforth silent," after which the nightingale was never heard at Otford. But with the decay of the palace and the departure of the Archbishops, the spell was broken; and the Protestant Lambarde, when he was at Otford, takes pleasure in recording how many nightingales he heard singing thereabouts.

From Otford the Pilgrims' Way runs along the edge of the hills about half a mile above the villages of Kemsing and Wrotham, and passes close to St. Clere's, a mansion built by Inigo Jones. Kemsing still retains its old church and well, both consecrated to the memory of the Saxon Princess, St. Edith, whose image in the churchyard was, during centuries, the object of the peasants' devout veneration. "Some seelie bodie," writes Lambarde, who visited these shrines in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and delights in pouring contempt on the old traditions of these country shrines, "brought a peche or two, or a bushell of corne, to the churche after praiers made, offered it to the image of the saint. Of this offering the priest used to toll the greatest portion, and then to take one handful or little more of the residue (for you must consider he woulde bee sure to gaine by the bargaine), the which, after aspersion of holy water and mumbling of a fewe wordes of

* Continued from page 270.

conjuration, he first dedicated to the image of Saint Edith, and then delivered it backe to the partie that brought it; who departed with full persuasion that if he mingled that hallowed handfull with his seede corne, it would preserve from harme and prosper in growthe the whole heape that he should sowe, were it never so great a stacke."

Wrotham was the site of another of the Archbishops' manor-houses—there were fifteen in all—and rivalled Otford in antiquity, having been granted to the see of Canterbury by Athelstan in 964. Wrotham was never so favourite a residence with the Archbishops as Otford, but they stopped here frequently on their progresses through Kent until, in the fourteenth century, Simon Islip pulled down the house here to supply materials for the building of the palace at Maidstone. A terrace and some scanty remains of the offices are the only fragments now to be seen at Wrotham, but the charming situation of the village in the midst of luxuriant woods, and the beauty of the view over the Weald from Wrotham Hill, attract many visitors. The church has several features of architectural interest, including a handsome rood-screen of the fourteenth century, and contains many tombs and brasses, chiefly of the Peckham family, who held the manor of Yaldham in this parish for upwards of five hundred years. Fairlawn, the ancestral home of the Vanes, also lies in a corner of Wrotham parish, and a terrace, bordered with close-clipped yew hedges, and surrounded by sunny lawns, where peacocks spread their tails over the grass, is still pointed out as a favourite walk of that stout old regicide, Sir Harry Vane. And Ightham, with its famous moat, so perfect a picture of an old English house, is close by, within a walk of Wrotham station, but unluckily on the opposite side from the line of hills along which our path lies. The Pilgrims' Way continues its course over Wrotham Hill, and above the village of Trottescliffe, until it descends a mile or two farther on to the banks of the Medway, here disfigured by the ugly chimneys and dense smoke of the Snodland limestone works.



Manor-house, Hollingbourne.

The exact point where pilgrims to Canterbury crossed the river has been often disputed. In the thirteenth century the greater number seem to have stopped at Maidstone, where, in 1261, Archbishop Boniface built a hospital for their reception on the banks of the Medway. The funds which supported that hospital, the Newark—Newwork, Novi operis, as it was called—were diverted by Archbishop Courtenay, a hundred and forty years later, to the maintenance of his new college of All Saints, on the opposite side of that river, but a remnant of the older foundation is still preserved in the beautiful Early English Chancel of St. Peter's Church, which was originally attached to Boniface's hospital, and is still known as the Pilgrims' Chapel. By the time that Archbishop Courtenay founded his college the stream of pilgrims had greatly diminished, and the hostel which had been intended for their resting-place was rapidly sinking into a common almshouse. Maidstone no doubt lay considerably out of the pilgrims' course, and the great majority naturally preferred to cross the Medway either at Cuxton or at Snodland ferry, while some would choose Aylesford, which lay but a mile or two below. At this ancient town, the Eglesford of the Saxon Chronicle, there was a stone bridge across the river, and close by, the Carmelite Priory founded in 1240 by Richard de Grey, on his return from the Crusades, where the pilgrims would be sure to find shelter. But whether or not they crossed the Medway at this spot where the old church stands so picturesquely on its high bank overhanging both the river and the red roofs of the long street, the Pilgrims' Way passed through the parish of Aylesford and close to the famous cromlech of Kits Coity House. This most interesting sepulchral monument, Kêd-coit—Celtic for the Tomb in the Wood—consists of three upright blocks of sandstone about eight feet high, eight feet broad, and a covering stone of eleven feet which forms the roof, and is only one of a group of similar remains which lie scattered over the hillside and are

locally known as the Countless Stones. We have here, in fact, a great cemetery of the Druids which once extended for many miles on both sides of the river. Deep pits dug out in the chalk, filled with flints and covered with slabs of stone, have been discovered on Aylesford Common, and a whole avenue of stones formerly connected this burial place with the cromlechs at Addington, six miles off. And here, by a strange destiny, above the time-honoured graves of British chiefs and heroes of olden time, was fought the great battle which decided the fate of Britain, and gave England into the hands of the English. Here, about the year 455, the Saxon invaders stopped in their march to the Castle of Rochester to turn southwards and met the Britons in that deadly fray, when both Catigern and Horsa were left dead on the field of battle. Ancient military entrenchments are still visible on the hillside near Kits Coity House, and a boulder on the top was long pointed out as the stone on which Hengist was proclaimed the first king of Kent.

About a mile from this memorable spot, in the plains at the foot of the downs, was a shrine which no pilgrim of mediæval days would leave unvisited, the Cistercian Abbey of Boxley, then generally known as the Abbatia S. Crucis de Gracias, the Abbey of the Holy Rood of Grace. Not only was Boxley the first Cistercian house founded this side of the Channel, the *filia propria* of the great house of Clairvaux, but the convent church rejoiced in the possession of two of the great celebrated wonder-working relics in all England. There was the image of St. Rumbald, that infant child of a Saxon prince who proclaimed himself a Christian the moment of his birth, and after three days spent in edifying his heathen hearers, departed this life. This image could only be lifted by those of pure and good life, and having a hidden spring, which could be worked by the hand or feet of monks, was chiefly influenced by the amount of the coin paid into their hands. And there was that still greater marvel, the miraculous Rood, or winking image, a wooden crucifix which rolled its eyes and moved its lips in response to the devotees who crowded from all parts of



Kits Coity House.

England to see the wondrous sight. The clever mechanism of this image, said to have been invented by an English prisoner during his captivity in France, was exposed by Henry VIII.'s commissioners in 1538, who discovered "certayn ingyns of old wyer with olde roten stykkes in the back of the same," and showed them to the people of Maidstone on a market-day, after which the Rood of Grace was taken to London and solemnly broken in pieces at Paul's Cross. The Abbey of Boxley owned vast lands, and the Abbots were frequently summoned to Parliament, and lived in great state. At one time their extravagance brought them to the verge of ruin, as we learn from a letter which Archbishop Warham addressed to Cardinal Wolsey; but at the dissolution the Commissioners could find no cause of complaint against the monks, excepting the profusion of flowers in the convent garden, which made them comment on the waste of turning "the rents of the monastery into gillyflowers and roses." The foundations of the church where the Cistercians showed off their "sotelties" may still be traced in the gardens of the house built by Sir Thomas Wyatt on the site of the Abbey. Here some precious fragments of the ruins are still preserved. The chapel of St. Andrew, which stood near the great gateway, has been turned into cottages, and the noble guesten-house, where strangers were lodged, is now a barn. The old walls remain to show the once vast extent of the Abbey precincts. Now their grey stones are mantled with thick bushes of ivy, and a fine clump of elm-trees stands by the red-tiled roof of the ancient guest-house in the meadows under the wooded hills; but we look in vain for poor Abbot John's gillyflowers and roses.

Between Boxley Abbey and Maidstone stretches the wide common of Penenden Heath, famous from time immemorial as the place where all great county meetings were held. Here the Saxons held their "gemotes," and here, in 1076, was that memorable assembly before which Lanfranc pleaded the cause of the Church of Canterbury against Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, Earl of Kent, the Conqueror's half-brother, who had

defrauded Christ Church of her rights, and laid violent hands on many of her manors and lands. Not only were the Kentish nobles and bishops summoned to try the cause, but barons and distinguished ecclesiastics, and many men "of great and good account," from all parts of England and Normandy were present that day. Godfred, Bishop of Coutances, represented the King, and Agelric, the aged Bishop of Chester, "an ancient man well versed in the laws and customs of the realm," was brought there in a chariot by the King's express command. Three days the trial lasted, during which Lanfranc pleaded his cause so well against the rapacious foreigner, that the see of Canterbury recovered its former possessions, and saw its liberties firmly established.

The village and church of Boxley (Bose-leu in Domesday), so called from the box-trees that grow freely along the downs, as at Box Hill, are about a mile and a half beyond the Abbey, and lie on the sloping ground at the foot of the hills close to the Pilgrims' Way. Old houses and timbered barns, with lofty gables and irregular roofs, are grouped round the church, itself as picturesque an object as any, with its massive towers and curious old red-tiled Galilee porch. Following the Pilgrims' Way by Detling, a small village prettily situated on the slope of the hill, and Thurnham, where the foundations of a Saxon castle high up on the downs may still be seen, we reach Hollingbourne. William Cobbett, whose memory has been so often recalled to us along the Pilgrims' Way, rode over here on his return from Dover to the Wen, and from the summit of that down, one of the highest points of the chalk ridge, looked down over the fair Kentish land, which in its richness and beauty seemed to him the Garden of Eden.

Hollingbourne itself lies at the foot of the hill. This manor was granted to the Archbishop of Canterbury by Athelstan, son of Ethelred II., in the year 1015, and was retained by the monks when Lanfranc divided the lands belonging to Christ Church between the Priory and the see. It is described in Domesday as *Terra Monachorum Archiepi*, the land of the Archbishop and monks. At one time they kept a house here, and in the reign of Edward IV. the Priory rooms at Hollingbourne were greatly improved by Prior William Sellyng. The handsome red-brick manor-house was built in Queen Elizabeth's time by the great Kentish family of the Culpepers, who in those days owned the greater part of the parish. Their principal mansion is now a farmhouse, and Leeds Castle, in the neighbouring parish, which also belonged to them in the seventeenth century, passed by marriage, a hundred years later, into the Fairfax family. Many of the Culpepers are buried in Hollingbourne Church, including John Lord Culpeper, the faithful servant of Charles I., who, after holding the offices of Chancellor of the Exchequer, Master of the Rolls, and Governor of the Isle of Wight, followed Charles II. into exile, and returned with him in 1660, to die a few weeks after the Restoration. The purple velvet altar frontal and pulpit cushion, embroidered with grapes and pomegranates in gold thread, were worked by his daughters during the twelve years of their father's exile, and presented by them to the church on the happy day when the King came back to enjoy his own again.

The Pilgrims' Way now enters the grounds of Stede Hill, a fine park with beech-woods spreading down the grassy slopes to the village and church of Harrietsham—Heriard's Home in Domesday—in the valley below. An altar-tomb, to the memory of Sir William Stede, who died in 1574, and several other monuments to members of the same family, may be seen in the south chapel of the church, a fine building of Early English and Perpendicular work, with a good rood-screen, standing in an open space at the foot of the Stede Hill grounds. The rectory of Harrietsham was formerly attached to Leeds Priory, but was granted by Henry VI. to Archbishop Chichele's newly-founded College of All Souls, Oxford, which still retains the patronage. The manor was one of many in those parts given to Odo of Bayeux after the battle of Hastings, and afterwards formed part of the vast estates owned by Juliana de Leyborne, called the Infanta of Kent, who was married three times, but died without children, leaving her lands to become Crown property.

A mile farther the Pilgrims' Way enters the town of Lenham. This parish contains both the sources of the river Len and the *acqua lena* of the Romans, which flow through Harrietsham and by Leeds Castle into the Medway, and that of the Stour, which runs in the opposite direction towards Canterbury. Lenham has held a charter, and enjoyed the privileges of a town from mediæval times. The bright little market-square, full of old houses with massive oak beams and quaint corners jutting out in all directions, hardly agrees with Hasted's description of Lenham as a dull, unfrequented place, where nothing thrives in the barren soil, and the inhabitants, when asked by travellers if this is Lenham, invariably reply, "Ah, sir, poor Lenham!" The picturesqueness of its buildings is undeniable, and its traditions are of the highest antiquity. The manor of Lenham was granted to the Abbey of St. Augustine at Canterbury by Cenulf, King of Mercia, more than a thousand years ago, and in the twelfth century the church was appropriated to the Refectory of St. Augustine; that is to say, the rectorial tithes were made to supply the monks' dinners. Some fragments of the original Norman church still exist, but the greater part of the present structure, the arcade of bays, the fine traceried windows of the aisle, and most of the chancel, belong to the Decorated period, and were rebuilt after the great fire in 1297, when not only the church, but the Abbot's barns and farm buildings were burnt to the ground by an incendiary. So great was the sensation produced by this act of wanton mischief, that Archbishop Winchelsea himself came to Lenham to see the ravages wrought by the fire, and fulminated a severe excommunication against the perpetrators of the wicked deed. The sixteen oak stalls for the monks, and an arched stone sedilia of the fourteenth century, which served the Abbot for his throne when he visited his Lenham estates, are still to be seen in the chancel. Here, too, is a sepulchral effigy, let into the north wall in a curious sideways position, representing a priest in his robes, supposed to be that of Thomas de Apulderfelde, who lived at Lenham in the reign of Edward II., and died in 1327. Both the western tower and the north chancel, dedicated to St. Edmund, and containing tombs of successive lords of East Lenham manor, are Perpendicular in style, and belong to the fourteenth or early part of the fifteenth century. Fragments of the fourteenth-century paintings, with which the walls of the whole church were once adorned, may still be distinguished in places; among them the figure of a bishop, probably St. Augustine or St. Thomas, and of St. Michael weighing souls, with devils trying to turn the balance in their favour on one side, and on the other the crowned Virgin throwing the rosary into the scale which holds the souls of the just. The church was dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin, and her image formerly occupied the niche in the timbered porch which, with the old

lych-gate, are such fine specimens of fifteenth-century woodwork. The beautiful Jacobean pulpit was given by Anthony Honywood in 1622, and is charmingly carved with festoons of grapes and vine-leaves. The Honywoods also built the old almshouses, with carved bargeboards and door-posts, in the street at Lenham; and an inscription in the chancel floor records the memory of that long-lived Dame, Mary Honywood, who, before her death in 1620, saw no less than three hundred and sixty-seven of her descendants!

Close to the church are the great tithe barns, built after the fire in the fourteenth century by the Abbots of St. Augustine. The largest measures 157 feet long by 40 feet wide, and, saving the low stone walls, is built entirely of oak from the forests of the Weald. The enormous timbers are as sound and strong to-day as they were six hundred years ago, and for solidity of material and beauty of construction, this Kentish barn deserves to rank among the grandest architectural works of the age. The monks are gone, and the proud Abbey itself has long been laid in ruins, but these buildings give us some idea of the wealth and resources of the great community who were the lords of Lenham during so many centuries. They could afford to lend a kindly ear to the prayer of the poor vicar when he humbly showed the poverty with which he had to contend, and the load of the burden he had to bear; and we are glad to learn that the Abbot granted his request, and agreed to give him a roof over his head and to allow his two cows to feed with their own herds in the pastures at Lenham during the months between the Feast of Philip and James and that of Michael.



Lenham.

From Lenham the Pilgrims' Way threads its lonely way along the hill-side, past one or two decayed farm-houses still bearing the name of the great families who once owned these manors—the Selves and the Cobhams; and the view over the level country grows wider, and extends farther to the south and east until we reach Charing Hill, the highest point of all the Kentish North Downs. From the windmill, a few hundred yards above the track, a far-spreading prospect is to be had over the valley, stretching from the foot of the ridge to the Quarry Hills, where Egerton Church stands out on its steep mound above the hazy plains of the Weald. We look down over Calehill, the home of the Darrells for the last five centuries, and over the woods and park of Surrenden Dering, which has been held by the Dering family ever since the days of Lanfranc, to the churches and villages of the Weald, and across a foreground of swelling hill and dale to the flat expanse of Romney Marsh and Dungeness; and then for the first time we catch a glimpse of a pale blue line of sea—that sea across which Roman and Saxon and Norman all sailed in turn to land upon these Kentish shores. On clear days you can see the Sussex downs in the far horizon beyond the Weald, and near Hastings, the hill of Fairlight rising sharply from the sea. Down in the valley below, the tall tower of Charing Church lifts its head out of a confused heap of red roofs and trees, with the ivy-grown ruins of the old palace at its feet. Many are the venerable traditions attached to the churches and villages which we have seen along our road through this pleasant land of Kent, but here is one older and more illustrious than them all. Here we have a record which goes back far beyond the days of Lanfranc and Athelstan, and even that king of Mercia who gave Lenham to the Abbey of St. Augustine. For Charing, if not actually given, as the old legend says, by Vortigern to the ancient British Church, was at all events among the first lands bestowed on Augustine and his companions by Ethelbert, King of Kent. Saxon historians tell us how that this most ancient possession of the church of Canterbury was seized by Offa, King of Mercia, in 757, but restored again by his successor, Cenulph, in the year 788. Long before the Conqueror, the Archbishops had a house here, for in Domesday Book Charing is styled "proprium manorium archiepiscopi," being reserved by those prelates for their private use; and from those days until the manor was surrendered by Cranmer to Henry VIII., it remained a favourite residence of the Archbishops. In the thirteenth century the Franciscan Archbishop, John Peckham, dates many of his letters from his house at Charing, and Stratford, as Dean Hook tells us, was often here, and found consolation in this quiet retreat for the troubles of

those stormy days. So too were Chichele, Kemp, and Bourchier. Stratford it was who first obtained the grant of a three days' fair to be held at Charing twice a year, on the festivals of St. George and St. Luke. Leland tells us that Cardinal Morton made great buildings at Charing, and the red and black brickwork still to be seen under the ivy of the building now used as a farm-house, may be ascribed to him; but the great gateway with the chamber and hooded fireplace above belongs to an earlier period, and was probably the work of Stratford in the fourteenth century. Some of the older stone-work is to be found in the stables and cottages now occupying the site of the offices on the west of the court. The chapel, with its pointed arches and large windows, which in Hasted's time stood behind the modern dwelling-house, was taken down sixty years ago, but the great dining-hall, with its massive walls and fine decorated window, still remains standing. This hall, where so many Archbishops sat in state, and kingly guests were feasted; where Henry VII. was royally entertained by Archbishop Warham on the 24th of March, 1507; where Henry VIII. and all his train were sumptuously received on his way to the Field of Cloth of Gold, is now used as a barn and oast-house. But in its decay, it must be owned, this old palace is singularly picturesque. The wallflowers grow in high golden clusters up the roofless gables and along the arches of the central gateway; masses of apple-blossom hang over the grey stone walls, and ring-necked doves bask in the sunshine on the richly-coloured tiles of the old banqueting-hall. Close by is the church of Charing, famous in the eyes of the mediæval pilgrims for the possession of one hallowed relic, the block on which St. John the Baptist was beheaded, brought back, an old tradition says, by Richard Cœur de Lion from the Holy Land, and given by him, it may be, to Archbishop Baldwin or Hubert Walter, when the King paid his devotions at the shrine of St. Thomas.



Ruins of Palace, Charing.

The precious relic went the way of all relics in the sixteenth century, and is not mentioned in the long list of costly vestments and frontals recorded in an inventory of Church property taken at Charing in 1552. But Charing Church is still, in the words of the old chronicler, "a goodly pile." It is cruciform in shape, and contains some traces of Early English work, but is mostly of later date. The windows are interesting on account of their great variety. There are three narrow lancets, several of Transitional and Perpendicular style, and one large and very remarkable square-headed Decorated window. The chapel of Our Lady, on the south side of the chancel, was built, towards the close of the fifteenth century, by Amy Brent, who belonged to a family which owned the charming old manor-house of Wickens in this parish. The porch and fine tower, which forms so marked a feature in the landscape, were also chiefly built by the Brents, whose arms, a wyvern, are carved on the doorway, together with a rose encircled with sun-rays, the badge of Edward IV., in whose reign the work was completed. Through this handsome doorway the Archbishop, attended by his cross-bearers and chaplains, would enter from the palace-gate hard by, and many must have been the stately processions which passed under that western arch and wound up the long nave in the days of Morton and of Warham. A hundred years later Charing Church narrowly escaped entire destruction. On the 4th of August, 1590, a farmer, one Mr. Dios, discharged a birding-piece at a pigeon roosting, as the pigeons do to this day, in the church tower, and "the day being extreme hot and the shingle very dry," a fire broke out in the night, and by morning nothing was left but the bare walls of the church, even the bells being melted by the heat of the fire. Happily the parishioners applied themselves with patriotic zeal to the restoration, and within two years the fine timber roof of the nave was completed. The date 1592, E. R. 34, is inscribed on the rafter above the chancel arch, while that of the chancel roof, Ann. Dom. 1620, Anno Regni Jacobi xviii., appears on the beams immediately over the altar.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

ILLUSTRATED LIFE OF IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

NO other pen has invested the cities of the past with so much glory as has that of Mr. W. H. Brewer.



Pamplona.

Putting back the centuries by three or four, he has restored town after town to its old beauty of holiness. Europe, under his hand, blossoms a very garden of churches. His views of old Oxford and other English cities have been widely published, and now a bulky biography of St. Ignatius Loyola has given his pencil the most congenial employment. For fellow-illustrators he has had his son, Mr. H. C. Brewer, and also Mr. Louis Wain. Loyola, the Spanish place where the saint was born; Pamplona, where he was wounded; Montserrat and Manresa, where he dedicated himself to the religious life; Barcelona and Paris, where he studied for the priesthood; London, where he begged for his support in 1530; Venice, where he was ordained, and Rome, where he devised his Society, all these, wholly or in part, have been depicted in "Stewart Rose's" volume (Burns and Oates) as they appeared when Ignatius trod their pavement and made his petitions, so fervent yet so precise, in their churches. The result is a series of sketches which give a sort of bird's-eye vision of flower-like churches springing up in majesty in almost every street—a forest of steeples and of pinnacles, wherein, indeed, the birds of the air built their myriad nests. The great works of the Middle Ages, the period of organic growth in architecture, not yet replaced by building of bastard origin, and of revival rather than birth, still studded the lands.

Whether the Society which Ignatius founded bears on its history any traces of the glory in stone which attended its birth may be open to doubt. The Jesuits were all for the new movement, almost contemporary with their own foundation. The decadence and the renaissance are still writ large across any building or decoration to which they set their hands. So little have they been identified with anything serious in the decking of their churches, that we saw almost with surprise the other day the complaint made by one of their number, Archbishop Porter, of the tawdriness of the churches of Bombay. The drawings in this new life of their Founder not only are more beautiful than any hitherto associated with biographies of Jesuits, but supply architectural object lessons in all the grand styles of mediæval Spain, Belgium, Italy, England and France. A guide to draughtsmanship must always be any book upon which Mr. Brewer has been industrious. The great majority of the illustrations are, of course, portraits of places rather than of men. The frontispiece, however, reproduces the affected and wooden portrait of Ignatius kept in the Gesù at Rome. A second portrait of him, in



University of Salamanca.

the book, is supposed by his spiritual sons to be at least a good likeness. It was painted just after his death, and each of Ignatius's intimate companions visited the studio to supply hints to the artist before the canvas was finally put into its frame. The temper of the artist must have been admirable, else his task had been abandoned. What success could be achieved from this curious substitute for sittings, we need not inquire; but Ignatius has set his sign so visibly on his sons that they seem to be so many living portraits of their pattern.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

THE jury of the Munich Art Exhibition has made the following awards:—Medals of the first class: Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., and Mr. A. Melville. Second class medals: Messrs. David Murray, A.R.A., E. J. Gregory, A.R.A., East, Stott, Vos, Brown, and Roche.

Mr. George Reed has been elected President of the Royal Scottish Academy in the place of the late Sir William Fettes Douglas, whose death we announced last month. Born in 1842, Mr. Reed is as well known for his black-and-white work as for his pictures. In fact, Mr. Pennell, in his recent book on the subject, has referred to him as "perhaps the best pen-draughtsman in Great Britain to-day."

At a meeting of the Committee of the Association for the Promotion of Art and Music in Glasgow, it was announced that £46,000 for the erection of the proposed new Art galleries had been subscribed by forty-three persons. A double competition of designs for the building will be held, the first to include all architects who chose to compete. From these at least five are to be selected to send in final designs, one of which will be chosen. Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., has been appointed assessor, and it is expected that the building will be begun by April of next year. The outlay is not to exceed £120,000.

The Thirty-fourth Annual Report of the National Portrait Gallery, 1891, contains a list of additions to the collection, including a bust of Southey by Lough; a portrait in oil on canvas, by J. P. Davis, of the Marquis Wellesley; sketches of Lord W.' Cavendish-Bentinck by J. Atkinson; a bust, by M. A. Saloman, of E. Chadwick, and a medallion in bronze, painted, of R. Baxter. Among the works purchased by the Trustees were: the first Earl of Pembroke; Charles I.; Sir J. Banks, by Lawrence; T. Hood; D. G. Rossetti, drawn in pencil by himself; and busts by Sir J. Boehm of Queen Victoria, Archbishop Tait, the Earls of Beaconsfield, Iddesleigh, and Shaftesbury, Lord Napier of Magdala, General C. G. Gordon, Sir H. Cole, J. Beech, Dean Stanley, and J. Bright.

The statue of Lord Shaftesbury, designed by Mr. Gilbert, A.R.A., will be erected in Piccadilly Circus early in November next, and the fountain destined to cover the other vacant space, which has been so long in preparation, will probably be ready by January,

Mr. W. Holman Hunt's picture, 'The Triumph of the Innocents,' has been acquired for the Liverpool Art Gallery. The artist has consented to accept the sum of £3,620, of which £2,120 has been raised by contributions from the public, and £1,500 has been voted by the Corporation.

Holbein's 'Ambassadors,' from the Longford Castle collection, having undergone a wonderful transformation at the hands of the cleaners, is now back at the National Gallery. The removal of the dirt and varnish has revealed several details which apparently had no existence at the time the picture was purchased, and also established the identity of the ambassador beyond any doubt. In a letter to a contemporary, Mr. Colvin, who wrote on this picture in the *Art Journal* of January last year, says:—"The names of places appearing on the globe in this picture formed no part of my original grounds for identifying the personage on the left as the French Ambassador, Dinteville. But now that the cleaning of the surface has enabled these names to be clearly read, and that among them the obscure village of Polizy, in Burgundy, where Dinteville was born, is found inserted on equal terms with Paris, Lyons, and Bayonne (the only other French towns given), I venture to think that the correctness of the proposed identification must be regarded as placed beyond further doubt."

A large case has lately been placed in the Ceramic Gallery at the British Museum, in which will be stored some recent important additions to Mr. Franks's department. Chief among them is the collection of Persian pottery presented to the Museum by Mr. F. Du Cane-Godman, comprising many notable specimens, and forming one of the most important collections of glazed pottery brought together in modern times. The pottery discovered in the Cairo mounds by the Egypt Exploration Fund in 1890 will also find a place in the case.

A large mosaic of considerable interest has lately been added to a new gallery of Jewish antiquities that has been opened at the Louvre. Known as the mosaic of Kabr-Hiram, it was discovered by M. Renan in the plain of Tyre. The mosaic once formed the pavement of a church dedicated to St. Christopher.

HANDBOOKS.—He must indeed be an indefatigable student who succeeds in keeping pace with the endless series of Art handbooks issued from the press. Among those that lie on our table we may mention four from Messrs. George Rowney & Co., dealing with the usual round of landscape, still-life, and figures, all elementary in character, but of use to students; Vere Foster's "Rudimentary Perspective," from Messrs. Blackie and Son, with a frontispiece woodcut of Hogarth's "Perspective," to show what perspective is *not;* and a little work on "Model Drawing" from the same firm.

OBITUARY.—The death is announced of Mr. Leonard C. Wyon, the medallist, chief engraver to the Mint; also of the French painter, M. Elie Delaunay; and of Mrs. J. H. Carter, miniature painter, at the age of eighty-four.





THE PRIVATE ART COLLECTIONS OF LONDON.*

THE LATE MR. DAVID PRICE'S, IN QUEEN ANNE STREET.

FEW names have been better known in the world of Art and connoisseurship during the past five-and-thirty or forty years than that of the late Mr. David Price. It was about that number of years ago that he began to gather together his remarkable collection of paintings; a collection to which he added year by year up to within quite a recent period. At the time mentioned Mr. Price (who was formerly a member of the firm of Messrs. Price, Coker and Company, of Gresham Street) resided in York Terrace, Regent's Park, in a house which well suited his own modest bachelor requirements, but which, as he soon found out, was quite insufficient for the treasures with which he had resolved to surround himself. It was, we believe, about the year 1869 that Mr. Price removed to the locality which was already heavily weighted with artistic associations; to the street in which Turner had resided and painted for ten years. For nearly a generation Turner had been with the illustrious dead in St. Paul's, where, as Mr. Hamerton says—



The late Mr. David Price. From the Portrait by J. P. Knight, R.A.

"From his grave he challenged Claude Lorraine."

A tablet on his house, or "den," No. 47, arrests attention, and seems to hallow one of the dullest streets in London. The eccentric Fuseli lived for many years at No. 72 and No. 75. Mr. Price's house, No. 4, was at the east end of the street, next door to Chandos House, the gloomy mansion of the late Duke of Buckingham. When Mr. Price made the removal above mentioned, he was attracted to this house on account of its possessing a picture gallery ready to hand. Mr. Price informed us that it was formerly the picture and sculpture gallery of Mr. Hope, of Amsterdam—"Anastatius Hope," the most famous Art patron of his time. Mr. Hope died in 1831, "in his house in Duchess Street." As Mr. Hope's gallery was most undoubtedly situated in Duchess Street, it may be conjectured that at some period, which we have not been able to trace, the gallery at the back of his house was annexed to the house at the other end of it, and so came to belong to Mr. Price's house, instead of the one in Duchess Street. If this be so, Mr. Price's gallery is probably the apartment described by Mr. John Timbs as "the *New Gallery*, for one hundred pictures of the Flemish school, antique bronzes and vases; furniture of elegant Grecian design." This is a part of Mr. Timbs's elaborate description of Mr. Hope's house; the remainder does not concern us.

In our volume (of the *Art Journal*) for the year 1872, we find some account of a visit to Mr. Price's collection as it

* Continued from p. 140.

then was. The writer congratulates its owner upon the fact that the landlord, the Duke of Portland, had agreed to allow him to greatly increase his accommodation by the erection of a second gallery. This room—it is hardly to be dignified by the other term—which connects the residential portion of the house with the gallery before described, is built over the small yard space, and is certainly a valuable addition to the already large suite of apartments in which the paintings are hung. It is recorded of Mr. Hope that his collection was frequently visible to the public "under proper restrictions." For such a purpose, the plan of placing pictures or other objects of Art in a gallery, has obvious advantages over the now more general one of distributing them among the rooms of a private house. It was Mr. Price's happy idea to combine the advantages of both plans. In the large gallery he had placed a full-sized billiard table at one end, at the other was a large writing-table and a cluster of chairs. Around these tables it was Mr. David Price's hospitable custom to keep what we may almost describe as "open house." In more modern phrase, he was "at home" on every Monday evening for a long series of years. The afternoon had been set apart with the same kindly intent for ladies, or visitors from a distance, or who did not care for the evening symposium. At night, whilst some of Mr. Price's guests gathered round the "board of green cloth," others were chatting over the topics of the day, mainly those owning artistic interest, or "on mind, and Art, and labour, and the changing mart, and all the framework of the land." There were



Streatley. From the Picture by Vicat Cole, R.A.

usually those in the room well qualified to discuss these and other matters of grave import: men from the public offices, from the City, from St. Stephen's, from the museums and galleries, men of letters and of law; but mainly the company would be recruited from the studios—painters "of all arms," as they say; Academicians, from the veteran retired R.A. to the junior Associate; "outsiders," members of the R.W.S. and other societies; and the propinquity of the Arts Club over the way in Hanover Square generally induced a going-to-and-fro from one house to the other. Of the stories connected with the acquisition of Mr. Price's pictures, of his early experiences with smart young artists whom we now regard as grizzled veterans, of all the accidents of change and chance which give life and colour to the pursuit of any "hobby," the host was full of bright and cheery anecdote. On his table stood many tokens of the affectionate regard of his friends—the huge granite tobacco-box from Aberdeen, for instance; whilst no excuse was ever made or required for a cheerful glass or two, invariably brewed by the host himself. Happy evenings of rest and refreshment, gone never to return, of which the present writer may say *pars parva fui*, as he records with grateful recollection.

By Mr. Price's special kindness we were permitted to accompany this account of his pictures by a portrait which, it may be, few only of the guests to whom we have referred have ever seen. It is a likeness of Mr. Price painted about the year 1850, by Mr. J. P. Knight, R.A., for so many years the well-known laborious secretary of the Royal Academy,

an old and attached friend; it hung up-stairs in the drawing-room of the house.

As the pictures themselves are in number no fewer than three hundred, it is obvious that no account of them can be a complete one. We propose to indicate the more important specimens of the masters represented; a task much simplified by the carefully compiled printed catalogue, though several of the more recently purchased examples are not included in it. It has, however, references to some fourteen works by the late Mr. P. F. Poole, R.A.; ten of John Linnell, senior; nine of J. C. Hook; the same number of Creswick; eight Friths; seven Edouard Frères; six Patrick Nasmyths. It is not to be supposed that these works—or even those by the same hand—are of equal importance, or even as interesting as those by artists who are represented by a smaller number. The two Millaises and the five Rosa Bonheurs, the Müllers, the Meissonier, the J. F. Lewises, the Tademas and the Turner are of surpassing interest; we have only given certain names and figures above, to account for the great repute the gallery has obtained, and to show to some extent the richness and variety of its contents. We may premise that Mr. Price entirely disregarded the time-honoured convention of a "line." The pictures are hung with precise attention to their size, in long rows round the rooms, but the "line" itself is abolished, or rather it is broken into two. What in a public gallery is spoken of as the "place of honour" is occupied in each room by some favourite picture. At the end of the gallery facing the door is Millais's 'The Sound of Many Waters,' here reproduced; in the centre of the right-hand wall is Tadema's 'Frede-



Apple Blossoms. From the Picture by Sir John E. Millais, R.A.

gonda;' facing this is Long's 'Diana or Christ?' Over the fireplace in the smaller room is J. F. Lewis's 'The Bazaar at Cairo,' and facing it Frith's 'Claude Duval,' also reproduced: it would not be easy to select half-a-dozen works more representative of the entire collection.

As the visitor enters the larger gallery, the first picture on his left hand at the side of the door is Millais's famous 'Apple Blossoms;' famous, indeed, but hardly perhaps familiar to the public at this date, from the fact that it was not included in the exhibition of the artist's work at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1886. It was painted about the year 1852, in obedience to the injunction of Mr. Ruskin, whose influence was then at its height, to the younger painters to go and paint apple blossoms and the like—the aspects of the country that were at their own doors. The picture has always been considered to be one of Sir John Millais's masterpieces, and is too well known to need much description. Across the whole of the upper half of the canvas are depicted masses of apple blossom in every stage of the flower. In the foreground is a group of ladies, some standing, others sitting or reclining, one prone. They are all portraits. The central kneeling figure is Mrs. Stibbard; the sitting portrait in the left-hand corner is the late Mrs. Caird, both ladies sisters of Lady Millais.

Although somewhat out of its order, it may be convenient here to refer to the large picture at the end of the gallery, which was a commission to the same distinguished painter direct from Mr. Price. 'The Sound of Many Waters' was painted in 1876-7, and was exhibited at the Royal Academy in the following year (along with 'The Yeoman of the Guard'

and 'Yes'). It is of large size, 56 by 82 inches. This superb landscape represents a favourite spot of the painter's on the river Bruan. A cascade of peat-stained water tumbles and roars over huge stone boulders that break its fall, covered with lichen and moss. The smooth stretches of the river itself, before it reaches the fall, occuping the background, and many varieties of forest trees fill in the composition, under an overcast grey sky. We give engravings of both these important works.

So many of the charming pictures of Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A., belonging to Mr. Price have been fully described and illustrated in a recent Christmas number of the *Art Journal* (1888), that it is unnecessary to do more than mention them cursorily in this place. Several of them hang in this gallery. On the upper of the two "lines" just referred to we find several, including 'The Wily Angler;' hard by the fine work and landscape of Mr. P. F. Poole, 'Lorenzo and Jessica.' Of Mr. Poole, as of Mr. Hook, Mr. Price was always an ardent admirer, a generous patron, and an intimate personal friend. When the Royal Academy held, in 1884, a special exhibition of some thirty of Mr. Poole's works, seven were contributed by Mr. Price, a very fair proportion to come from one owner. This picture was not one of them; it was, however, engraved and described in one of our earlier volumes. The next comet is 'The Bride's Toilet,' by Sir David Wilkie, painted in 1837, shown at the Royal Academy in 1838, and taken to Vienna.



Claude Duval. From the Picture by W. P. Frith, R.A. By permission of the Art Union of London.

Another version went to Munich. It presents the bride in white satin, helped to dress by several attendants. In the centre of the room is a work of much later late, 'Diana or Christ?' by the late Edwin Long, R.A. This picture is now well known from its recent publication in the form of a photogravure. Mr. Long's keenest critics, and they are many, will concede to this work a high place among the productions of his brush. Then follow another fine Poole, 'Oberon and Titania; Fairies dancing by Moonlight' (R. A. 1876 and 1884); the figures, as usual, quite in the foreground, on the borders of a lake bounded by distant hills; and a characteristic work of Mr. Vicat Cole, known simply as a 'Landscape,' but it is, in fact, easily to be recognised as a view of Streatley, one of this artist's favourite riverside haunts (see p. 322). Under these pictures hangs the second division of the "line" pictures, beginning, at the other end of the room, with a striking work by Mr. Frank Dillon, 'Interior of an Arab's House, Cairo,' in which the falling of the light on the tiled wall is particularly noteworthy; a pair of Venetian landscapes by a painter whose true value has only of late years come to be fully understood, James Holland; Mr. Erskine Nicol's 'New Boots,' one of the earliest and cleverest of the artist's delineations of Irish character; 'The Prisoner at Rome,' by L. Gallait; Mr. Hook's 'Oyster Severals;' the Landseer so well known from the engraving, 'The First Leap,' the boy on a pony jumping over a felled tree (it is, in fact, a portrait); another very fine Hook, 'Whiffing for Mackerel;' a 'Scene at Tunis,' by Mr. J. E.



Lilium Auratum. From the Picture by J. F. Lewis, R.A.

Hodgson: these are among the most notable works to be mentioned. Over the 'Diana' hangs a very fine breezy picture by Mr. Edwin Hayes, 'Hard-a-Starboard.'

The principal attraction of the end of the room, Millais's 'The Sound of Many Waters,' has been previously mentioned; but second only to it (if second at all) is the famous portrait of Rosa Bonheur by herself, a celebrated and truly noble work. She stands, bareheaded, with her right arm over the head of a superb ox, a crayon in the hand; the other arm is at her side, with a sketch-book or small folio in the hand—a picture that has always excited admiration. Between it and the 'Fredegonda,' on the right-hand side of the gallery, hang several works of importance. On the upper line first come a pair of Creswicks, 'Mountain Streams' and 'Richmond, Yorkshire,' the latter undoubtedly the finer, but both in the familiar manner of this painter. But they are both altogether distanced by the great picture which hangs near them, namely, Turner's 'Modern Italy,' a superb work, and so well known as to render all description superfluous.



The Vigil. From the Picture by Luigi Serra.

Mr. Alma Tadema's 'Fredegonda' is, as we have said, the centre picture of the west side of the gallery. It was shown in the Royal Academy in 1880 (the same year as the 'Spring Festival'), and is of considerable size (60 by 48). 'Fredegonda, Queen of the Franks, watching the espousals of her husband, Chilperic the First, King of the Franks, to Galeswinthe, the Arian Visigothic Princess, for whom she had to give way, not being of blood royal.' The half-draped figure, drawing aside the curtain of her chamber with one hand, a fan in the other, is drawn with consummate skill; the distant figures are perhaps detailed with more than the usual elaboration, whilst of the accessories (such as the tiger-skin on the couch), no praise can be too high. Hanging next to this masterpiece is John Linnell's 'Timber Waggon,' owning all the delightful characteristics of the painter; and then, between this last and the end of the room, follow no fewer than four grand works of Rosa Bonheur, viz., 'Cattle in the Highlands,' 'Changing Pasture,' 'The Alarm—Deer, Early Morning,' and 'Landais Peasantry returning Home.' Of these the second and fourth have become universally popular from the engravings. The first shows three Scotch oxen in the foreground, of the breed that Rosa Bonheur was the first to discover the value of to the artists; who soon made haste, however, to profit by the lesson. The second is the picture which represents a large boat filled with sheep and their shepherds, crossing a lake towards a mountainous shore, and it is beyond question one of the painter's most beautiful works. 'The Alarm' is more Landseer-like in composition and feeling; the startled deer and the misty atmosphere recall our English painter's methods. The fourth picture exhibits a mother and child sitting on the hay in a country cart drawn by oxen; the man at the side is walking on stilts, a flock of sheep is clustered round and about the wheels of the cart. Rosa Bonheur's life and work have been so recently (Christmas, 1889) the theme of a special number of this journal, that we select for illustration on the present occasion a capital work from the easel of her brother, M. Auguste Bonheur. His paintings are of a more reposeful, Cuyp-like character than those of his illustrious sister, but are full of a charm of their own, and have always been favourably regarded by connoisseurs.

In the somewhat subsidiary series under the line of pictures just described are several of interest. Under Rosa Bonheur's portrait, at the north end of the room, is the landscape by Patrick Nasmyth which excited such universal admiration when Mr. Price lent it to assist in illustrating the Century of British Art at the Grosvenor Gallery, 'A View in Surrey.' The compiler of the catalogue (Mr. F. G. Stephens) thus describes it:—"Open view of a flat landscape in soft, bright weather, warm with sunlight; a road crosses from our left in front, and passes under a clump of trees; meadows,

water, and a cottage in the middle distance; a pond is on our right." It is, in fact, one of the gems of Mr. Price's collection, if not of British Art; it is as bright and lustrous as on the day it was painted, possibly more so. It is one of the glories of this collection. There are several works by E. W. Cooke, P. F. Poole, T. S. Cooper, another fine work of P. Nasmyth, 'The Frith of Forth (also shown at the Grosvenor Gallery), J. Philip, C. Stanfield, V. Cole, a famous Linnell, 'Crossing the Common;' these we have only space left to mention. A couple of excellent works by Mr. Frith, illustrating Scott's romances, represent (1) the scene in "Kenilworth" where Anthony Foster snatches the poisoned cup from his daughter's hand, and (2) a scene from the "Bride of Lammermoor"; and two Faeds, 'My only Pair' and 'From Dawn to Sunset,' are, we imagine, finished sketches for the larger pictures which are among the best known of this popular artist's works. There is, too, a charming exhibited work by Mr. J. B. Burgess, 'An Artist's Almsgiving'; the scene is in the life of Alonzo Camo, who, when his purse was empty, would give sketches to the beggars who importuned him. It is in some respects one of the most attractive pictures in the gallery.

We now retrace our steps to the smaller room through which we entered the gallery: as we do so we note next the door a noble work of William Müller, entitled (whether by the artist or the owner we do not know) 'A Grand Waterfall



The Sound of Many Waters. From the Picture by Sir John E. Millais, R.A.

in Wales.' Grand and powerful, however, it undoubtedly is, and of unusually large size. Actually in the doorway are the pair of pictures by Mr. Frith, which had an extraordinary vogue in their day, namely, 'Sherry, Sir?' and 'Did you Ring, Sir?' They were published in a variety of forms, and no doubt achieved the fortunate result of making many homes happy.

We have already mentioned the noble work by J. F. Lewis which is over the fireplace in this apartment, 'The Bazaar at Cairo,' with its crowd of busy listeners to the musicians, the people sitting, standing, grinning, gesticulating; its wealth of detail, of costumes, pipes, fans, turbans, veils, fruit, draperies, and latticed windows. And there is here another of distinguished merit by the same painter. This is the 'Lilium Auratum,' an upright picture painted with the greatest skill and adroitness. An Eastern girl, probably belonging to the harem, in a magnificently embroidered flowing robe, is carrying in the open air a large scent-bottle towards her rooms. She is followed by her maid, bearing a basket of flowers. To the left of the picture stand the tall white lilies (which give the picture its name), and a cluster of red poppies, fuchsias, and other flowers, are at the right. This work was shown in the Royal Academy in 1872; it is one of the finest works of Mr. Lewis, and shows his powers in the presentation of Oriental life and luxury at their highest and best; we have been permitted to engrave it. A fine pair of seascapes by Stanfield, 'Peace' and 'War'; a noble Linnell, 'The Hog's-back'; Hook's 'The Dogger Bank';

Faed's 'After Work'; another superb Linnell, 'The Gate at Child's Hill'; a good Carl Heffner; and a brilliant pair by the lamented Keeley Halswelle, 'The Three Counties' and 'Inverlochy Castle,' are among the remaining attractions of this room. Mr. Alma Tadema's picture of 'The Parthenon at Athens,' in which the visitors are inspecting the unfinished frieze from the vantage ground of the scaffolding, is also of the very highest interest. There is, too, here a somewhat curiously heterogeneous collection, amounting to some forty in all, of small cabinet works. They are mainly by foreign artists; those by English masters are in several instances either replicas or finished sketches for larger and well-known works. Of the former there can be little doubt that the gem is the Meissonier known as 'Regnard in his Studio'; he sits at a table which is littered with books and papers, reading a paper. The picture is lighted from above, and every detail, down to the clasp of the volume on the table, is a marvel of executive skill and delicate appreciation.

With this gem our notice must conclude. In the living rooms of his house Mr. Price surrounded himself with many beautiful, costly, and lovable works of Art, statuary, porcelain, furniture, and bric-à-brac, upon which it is apart from our object to-day to descant.

Since the earlier part of this article was written we have



A Summer's Day. From the Picture by Auguste Bonheur.

heard with the sincerest regret of the death of the owner of this delightful collection. After a prolonged but painless illness, Mr. David Price expired on the 16th of April, in the eighty-second year of his age. He will long be remembered, not only as an enlightened "Art patron," but as one of the kindest, most hospitable, and best of men. "The good grey head that all men loved," the cheery voice, the warm hand-shake, will long be missed, wherever artists and Art lovers come together "in hall, in mart, and crowded street."

J. F. Boyes.

P.S.—We are informed that the late Mr. David Price has left explicit directions as to the disposal of the gallery of pictures we have attempted to describe. The whole of them, together with the other objects of Art in the house, are to be sold by Messrs. Christie in the spring of 1892. The occasion promises to be one of high interest; it is many years since so large and important a collection has been dispersed. It has already been announced that Mr. Price has bequeathed the substantial legacy of one thousand pounds to the funds of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund, of which in his lifetime he had been a generous supporter.



Pownall Hall.

A MODERN COUNTRY HOME.

THE building of a country house is doubtless one of the most delightful and interesting experiences, especially when one is untroubled by limitations of cost; but to do it to one's permanent satisfaction is really a very difficult

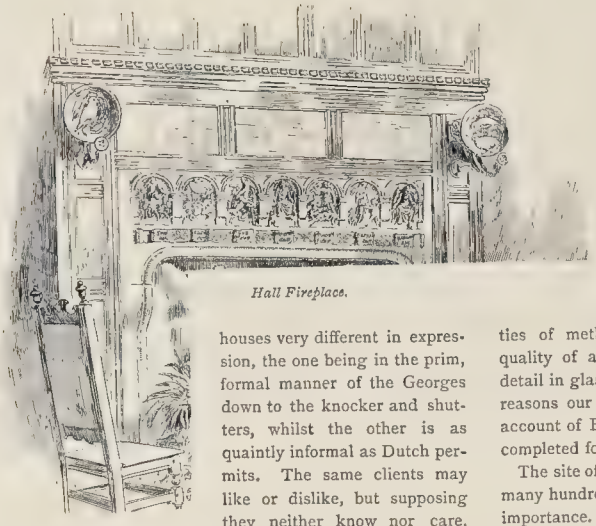


The Porch

matter. To be sure that you thoroughly approve the site, the accommodation, and the locality—that you have anticipated and discounted any and every objection or difficulty under those heads may be hard enough, but how are you going to decide the question of style? Your choice might be pleasing enough at first, and all carefully correct in Greek, Queen Anne, Gothic, Romanesque, François Premier, or English Renaissance, but be quite out of fashionable taste in ten years' time. We might ourselves continue to approve whilst we age with the house; but what about our friends for whose pleasure we build, as well as our own? The history of modern "styles" is not reassuring. Just when the Gothic house was losing its smartness, when its piquancy had proved such a relief to the revived classic, we suddenly discovered that Queen Anneism was vastly better, and when that had been cleverly revivified we found that Dutch and French Renaissance were more interesting; and now, alas! some new prophets ask us to believe again in the stiffest of all possible classic, even whilst one of the cleverest things in François Premier is mounting up in Berkeley Square fresh from the architects' drawing-board!

The truth is, of course, that if a building be in good proportion and comfortable withal, it may stand the test of time. But the question of style cannot be quite left out of count, and it makes all the difference in the world whether we wish our house to be stiff and stately, or rambling and picturesque. An attempt to combine different or opposing qualities cannot be so satisfactory as a prevailing quality of design which shall run through a building. It may be as stiff and formal under Gothic rule as Classic, and we may make the style yield something either way; but, as those who greatly desired a picturesque and cosy home would never think of getting their inspiration from Greece or Rome, so those who desire something of dignity and formal stateliness in their entertaining rooms will certainly arrive at such results better through a classic *motif*.

Mr. Norman Shaw has shown us quite recently at Queen's Gate that he can elect to build in the very same thoroughfare



Hall Fireplace.

houses very different in expression, the one being in the prim, formal manner of the Georges down to the knocker and shutters, whilst the other is as quaintly informal as Dutch permits. The same clients may like or dislike, but supposing they neither know nor care, being merely satisfied to have gone to as able an architect as possible, how is the public, who are yet going to build, to decide which they will have? Both houses are suited to the town, yet they are very unlike. Modern architecture is puzzling enough, looking at it from within the professional circle; but it must be a very curious riddle to the lay mind. At all events, when artists appreciate a house, folk generally are disposed to argue that the architect must have had some little wit! And in some way that is perhaps a fair test of quality. In a house lately visited we found hardly one apartment which would not have supplied material for at least two interesting pictures—but that is a house in a thousand.

In this country it is unusual to find varieties of methods in the same building, as an individual quality of architecture, combined with great excellence of detail in glass design, carving, metal and plaster. For these reasons our readers may find some interest in the following account of Pownall Hall, in Cheshire, a country house lately completed for Mr. Henry Boddington.

The site of "Pownall" is a heritage from the far past. For many hundred years it has been occupied by a house of some importance. From Earwaker's "East Cheshire" we find that "Pounale" is mentioned in the year 1297 in a charter, and it was from an early period the seat of a family who bore the local name. It afterwards passed by marriage to a branch



of the Felton family, and then to the Newtons, of whom Humphrey Newton, a well-known lawyer in the sixteenth

century, was the most distinguished. In the eighteenth century Captain John Worrall, who brilliantly distinguished himself at the battle of Malplaquet under Marlborough, is described as "of Pownall, gent," and died in 1760. A curious fact in its history is that, about 1713, the house was divided into third parts, and actually held so in divided ownership, one Worrall taking one-third part and the Earl of Stamford and Warrington two-thirds. The arms of the old families, formerly associated with Pownall, have been pleasingly introduced in the stained glass and decoration of the modern house. About 1713, a domestic chapel adjoining was pulled down, and the material used in the rebuilding the house. In 1830, the old square house was purchased and pulled down and rebuilt on the present lines by Mr. James Pownall, of Liverpool. Since then the estate has been purchased by Mr. Boddington, and in the modern house, now standing as altered by him, we find no deviation whatever beyond the ground area of the 1830 building except the throwing out of a bay recess from the library. Thus Pownall Hall as we now see it, has, like Colonel North's great mansion at Eltham, been built up on the remnant of an old house, and both in plan and elevation has been restricted thereby.

Pownall illustrates chiefly what may be done in altering



The Library
the room ages of oak panelled w frieze

an existing and commonplace house into a country home of much comfort and artistic interest, with little or nothing in the way of structural addition. As you approach it through the park there is nothing, even in its present state, which would indicate any likelihood of special architectural interest on a nearer inspection of the house. Ivy-covered walls, crowned by red-tile roofs and nicely-designed red-stone chimney stacks, are all one can see of the Hall, as it nestles in a belt of trees, and it is only upon driving right up to the very entrance door that evidences of a transforming hand present themselves in the nicely-detailed porch, the leaded-light windows, the new dormers and chimneys. We will make a tour of the house, and note wherein the difference lies between such a one and that which satisfied the aspirations of our grandfathers.

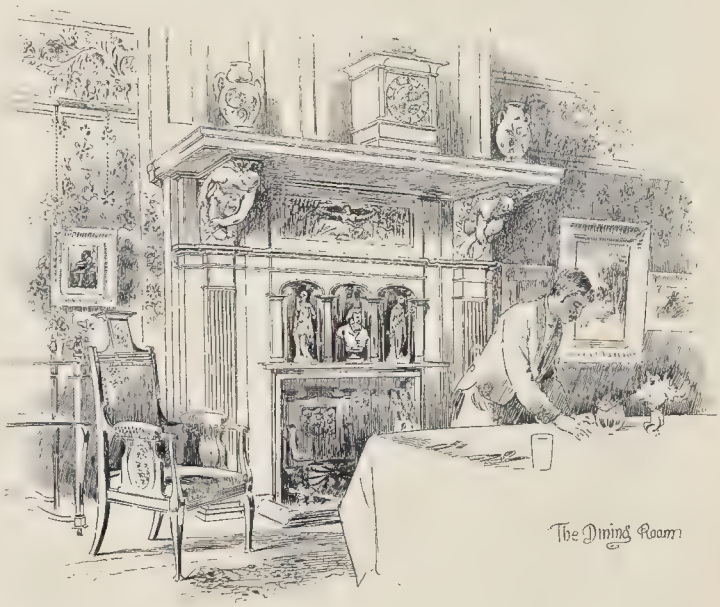
Instead of a columned stone portico, open to the winds, and approached up a flight of stone steps, such as our forefathers thought imposing and agreeable, we find a cosy little porch (p. 329), with a carved oak seat along one side, and massive oaken doors and ceiling. Eclecticism meets us on the threshold, for, under the pretty carved tympanum of the Tudor doorway we find wrought-iron hinges, knocker, and handle,

by the Century Guild, who believe in the Greeks, whilst the mosaic floor might have graced a Roman atrium. It all looks fit and appropriate, however. After noting the legend on the door-post, telling of the entry of the present owner into possession of the house in Jubilee year, and the little mediævalist under the lamp bracket doffing his cap to us, with two hands clasped, and the words "Salutation and Greeting" on the lintel above, we enter the large entrance hall (p. 330). Here we are met with a surprise. The change from the old square-fronted house, with its stiffly vertical windows and uncompromising primness, to the comfortable-looking picturesqueness of the interior, is very great. The high wainscoting on the walls, and massive roof timbers, with a frieze of "black and white" work, remind us we are in a Cheshire country house, and the old oak chests and chairs add largely to the effect. What we are struck with here runs throughout the house where the architect has had a free hand, and that is the broad and vigorous handling of detail such as beseems the homely country house. In the hall the upper parts of the walls are built in half-timber work, which is continued up the stairs and corridors, and in certain of the bedrooms, giving a good constructional look—a welcome change from the usual paper and paint. In the hall are two items in the finishing of the house much above the average in quality, viz., the window glazing and the carved work. The large open stone fire-place (p. 330) has carved on the lintel the Saxon names of the days of the week, Sun-day, Moon-day, Tis-day, etc., on a running scroll, with symbolic figures designed with much vigour. On either side of the fire-place hang brass candle sconces, made by the Century Guild. In the upper lights of the two hall windows are the twelve signs of the zodiac, one occupying each pane. The figures are placed in scrolls of leafage and flowers running throughout, the general effect of colour being yellow relieved by purplish red flowers. Another pretty feature in the hall is a circular niche, near the porch door, with a window seat and three welcoming heads of Amorini in the leaded window, with the legend "Dominus benedicat exitus tuum et introitum tuum."



The Morning Room

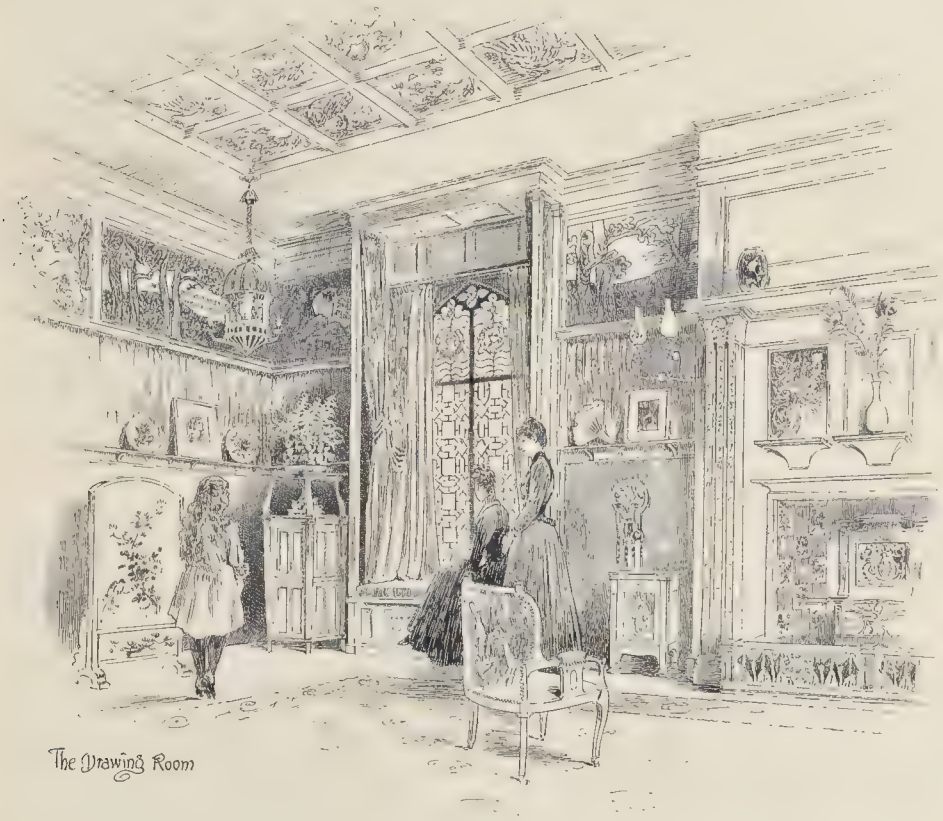
It would be difficult to find a cosier place than the library (p. 331), which we enter down a short corridor at the north-west angle of the hall. The room consists of two distinct portions; that which we first enter is lined round with glazed book-cases and cupboards,



The Dining Room

and over the opening into the farther portion is a double lintel, connected with uprights, giving the effect of a series of open niches, in which are placed copies of well-known busts. This double lintel arrangement is repeated over the fireplace recess (p. 331), but in place of the niches are a series of plaster panels, on which are painted the Seven Ages of Man, by J. D. Watson. Another excellent specimen of Watson's work is the painting in the cove of the over-mantel of scenes from *As You like It*. The mantel is also decorated with some admirable carving by Millson, whilst the fender contains repoussé brass work by the Century Guild. In the corner of our sketch we show the return of the ingle-nook seat, and of the lounge seat which runs round the bay window, our sketch being taken from the dais contained within the bay; to the left of our illustration are more bookcases. The wrought-iron pendant which hangs in the book recess is also by the Century Guild. The little sculptured group to the right is one of many beautiful works of Art which Mr. Boddington has accumulated in his travels.

If the character and methods of the Century Guild are more appropriate to one part of a house than another, that would



The Drawing Room

surely be the dining-room. The mantelpiece, buffet, and other pieces of furniture in the Pownall dining-room have been shown at various exhibitions as exemplifying the aims of the Guild for dignity and quality of mass, and refinement of detail. It is impossible to feel much exhilarated or impressed with the buffet, for its massive weight and bulk of pedestal and cornice, contrasted with the thin detached pillars supporting the cornice, do not come happily. The proportion and breadth of the mantel, are, however, very effective. The mantelshelf, which forms a hood over the fireplace, is supported by stooping figures, modelled by Creswick with much vigour and character; these are gilded over, in strong contrast to the dark mahogany. In the panel under the shelf is a decorative picture by Selwyn Image, which symbolizes summer and winter, forming a pleasant bit of colour in contrast to the dark rich wood. The fire-grate is a quaint piece of work by the artists of the Century Guild; the fire-back contains a charmingly modelled figure panel by Creswick. The plaster ceiling is decorated by an oval panel with delicate relief ornament, and the plaster frieze is formed of a beautiful scroll of leafage and fruit in very elaborate relief, below which is a line of dogs in great variety of attitude. These dogs appear much out of scale and look very tiny at the height they are placed, but they are excellent in them-

selves. Below the frieze the walls are covered with a dark-toned leather paper. Indication of the furniture is to be found in the sketch of an arm-chair shown beside the fire-place. The small panel built up from the top rail has a quaint look, but is not very good construction.

Entering next the drawing-room (p. 333) we find a unique and pretty apartment, the prevailing colour being tones of yellow. It is chiefly in this and in the delicacy of detail that the value lies, for there is a formality and stiffness in the Century Guild work here, which suggests neither luxuriousness nor ease. There runs round the room a painted frieze some three feet deep in dull greens and reds, set in an outline of flat gilt, which is also used to separate the frieze into panels to divide the various subjects; though very ably painted (with reposing figures between trees on undulating ground against a pearly sky, on which Latin legends are inscribed), the frieze appears too coarse in execution for its position. Below the frieze is a citron-toned fabric, on which are angels blowing trumpets, under this a shelf for pictures, and below again, to the floor, a cream-toned plain wall.

The ceiling is divided into square panels containing hares, snipe, and fruit, painted in a scroll of citron leafage, relieved with soft blue and red. A brass chandelier for candles hangs near each angle of the ceiling. The fittings and furniture are of satin-wood; a canopied seat with brass repoussé panels on the frieze stands against the wall opposite the fireplace, and another quaintly-shaped seat at the side of the fireplace. The window seats have canopies over them, supported on thin square posts, as shown in the sketch. The upper lights of the windows are filled with beautiful glazing, containing oval panels with heads of goddesses, as Juno, Venus, Diana, Latona, Minerva, in golden stains bordered by bands of green. The carpet was also specially designed for the room. In the over-mantel are three flower panels, with green leafage and red flowers on a dull blue ground.

The morning room (p. 332) has less special character about it than the other rooms on this level, but the window-glazing



is a good feature, and in the bay are charming pictures of Andromeda and Perseus, and of Acis and Galatea. The mantelpiece is a convenient and pleasing piece of fitting.



The Kitchen

Descending to the kitchen, scullery, servants' hall, butler's pantry, and parlour, we find the architectural interest of the upper part fully sustained. The quaint and broad treatment of the kitchen (p. 334) is very effective, and the pedimented lintel over the great fireplace, the table recess, and other features make a good interior. The other kitchen and the servants' hall, which we do not illustrate, are even more picturesque.

The staircase of a large house presents a good opportunity for the skilful architect to give an air of comfort and interest to the whole interior, and in this the architects at Pownall, Messrs. Ball and Elce, of Manchester, have been very successful. The high oak wainscoting, with the black-and-white work above, the gallery landings and the bedroom doorways, with arched battlemented architraves inscribed with the names of the various bedrooms in thin incised letters, and the big alcove recess on the first landing, are points of interest in the design. This staircase alcove opens out from the landing under a great double lintel with carved wood brackets, and is draped with fine portière hangings. Within the alcove is a fire-place, with somewhat elaborately carved wood mantel and over-mantel, and across the end are fixed wood seats and lounges, upholstered in velvet. Above the seats is one of the old windows of the house, which consists of four lancet lights, with small corner pieces over. These four lancets contain a very fine design of stained glass, by Messrs. Shrigley and Hunt, of Lancaster, whose beautiful window-glazing is to be found all over the house. The lights are filled with figures symbolical of the four winds—Eurus, Notus, Zephyrus, and Boreas. They are rich and excellent in colour, that of Boreas being especially good (p. 334). The figure of the wind, with his red wings against the purple and amber light, the comet and stars glowing in the deep blue sky above, and the dark tree boughs of winter against the cold blue sky, make up a decorative design of striking beauty and interest. Across the windows runs the following inscription—"The continued succession of seasons in the human life by daily presenting to us scenes renders it agreeable, and like those of the year affords us delights by their change, which the choicest of these could not give us by their continuance."

In our next article we will give our readers some idea of the bedrooms and picture galleries of the house.

T. RAFFLES DAVISON.

THE NATIONAL ART COMPETITION, 1891.

THE completion of another year of the Science and Art Department Classes has brought the exhibition of the works which were successful in the national competition. This exhibition, now an annual institution at the South Kensington Museum, affords an interesting study. Reference to the official report shows that a total of over 132,000 objects were sent in for examination from the various schools throughout the country. No statistics are furnished of the number of works produced in the course of the year, and not eventually submitted for examination; but it may fairly be



Fig. 1.—Design for a Fan. By Miss G. E. France. Birmingham.

inferred that the number sent up bears only a proportion to the entire work done. The number examined is further reduced to 2,000 for the national competition, and of these lack of space compels the examiners to select for exhibition only those works which have gained prizes. Thus the public have a comparatively slight opportunity to judge of the extent and importance of the work of the Department. It is to be hoped that we shall not have to wait for the completion of the

Museum buildings before provision is made for a more representative collection. The objects on view this year hardly exceed 600, which number might with advantage be doubled or trebled so as to include some of the work which, though not



Fig. 2.—Design for Cretonne. By L. P. Butterfield. South Kensington.

gaining any award, has yet attained to a certain standard of excellence.

The present year shows a general improvement in nearly every branch except, strange to say, in designs for such objects as are most commonly needed. The prevailing tendency seems to be to design primarily for the sake of designing. But no artist should rest content with that. He ought not only to presuppose the carrying out of his drawings, but further, he should keep in view the practical utility of the objects when produced. It is of small benefit to design a thing that not one in a thousand consumers will ever dream of wanting; or a thing which, though many might be glad to possess it, not one person in ten thousand can possibly afford to pay for.

For example, none but the wealthy can aspire to the dignity of a mosaic floor for their halls, while the average householder has to be content with linoleum or some such humble covering for his entrance passage. There is a fair supply of designs for tiles and mosaic pavements, but not one for any machine-made floorcloth. It is to be trusted that none of these patterns will fall into the hands of the linoleum manufacturers, to whom they cannot fail to offer a powerful temptation. Why should not some of the students set about designing simple patterns for floor decoration in materials that may be within reach of all? Only let the rule be observed which is invariably disregarded, that the oil-cloth covering, if it has a pattern, should be, as frankly as any wall-paper, a surface-printed material, instead of being a hypocritical figment of mosaic, tiles, parquetry, or Indian matting.

The designs for internal decorations and furniture are bad, except one for embossed leather by Thomas Kerr, consisting of bold conventional foliage, richly coloured in bronze tints and blue-green. But this again is a costly kind of decoration. In wall-paper design, for which there must be a continual demand, the standard has been getting lower and lower of late. The only one at all worthy of note is that by Ella Ginn, of Hertford, which, however, is rather ingenious and strange than otherwise. Even in nature there are some forms which are so ungainly that they require to be modified or idealised to render them suitable for decorative purposes. It was therefore hardly to be expected that a pleasing pattern could be made out of pelicans (not the graceful mediæval birds, but the authentic zoological creatures with the ungainly flesh pouches under their bills), fishes, the heads of which were ill-drawn and ugly, crabs, and miscellaneous shell-fish.

The designs for ribbons are as bad and as commonplace as they could be; and those for cotton prints for wearing very few in number. Fred Hatton of Manchester, almost alone in this branch, contributes several of real excellence, one of them with small bushes being remarkable for delicacy of treatment and manifest sense of decoration. In the design for printed cotton hanging by Florence Dunkerley, of Burnley, the conception of turk's-cap lilies with their bulbs is good, though the colouring is harsh, and the whole weak in execution. It is impossible to approve the paltry expedient of filling inconvenient spaces in a pattern with worms or even butterflies. Thomas Barrett's design for printed cretonne, founded on the peony, is admirable both in composition and general tone, and is a good instance to show how rich an effect may be obtained with a limited number of colours skilfully disposed, only four colours, including the outline colour, being used in his pattern. Lindsay Butterfield exhibits two designs for printed cretonnes, both excellent in drawing and colour, and founded upon broad decorative motifs, one with a vertical leaf and the other, which we reproduce on this page, with a diagonal leaf, the arrangement of which, in the way that the two members of it are intertwisted, merits the special commendation of the examiners. Both the last-named we consider superior to the design for silk hanging by Arthur Cartwright, of Macclesfield, which seems to please the examiners still more. Though possessing



Fig. 3.—Design for Lace Insertion. By Miss Annie Steen. Birmingham.

undoubted merits it cannot be said to be harmonious in colouring, and the tigers are so far realistic that their small scale, as compared with that of the lilies, is disagreeably felt. Intersecting the background vertically there is a wavy undercurrent which is ingenious and decidedly effective.

The designs for metal work are very feeble. The only good one is for an object for which there can scarcely be a great demand, viz., coronet and bells to surmount the scroll of the law in the Jewish ritual. It is a clever adaptation from the Persian style by Amy Hobson, of Sheffield. If this promising designer were to turn her attention to more every-day objects she might be capable of doing good service. What a genuine boon would be some severely honest designs for fire-grates! It is next to impossible to get any that do not violate all the known canons of Art. In ninety-nine out of a hundred debility of line is vainly compensated by over-loading with detail ornament. Again, what a scope for improvement there is in design for lamp-posts and area-railings in our towns. Under the head of metal, though not specially or necessarily suited for that material, is a drawing for the ornamentation of a hospital collecting-box. This is a branch of decoration that has hitherto been neglected, but it seems likely to acquire importance in view of the growing custom of street collecting. Since we have become liable at every turn to be importuned for alms, it is well that the boxes which are constantly forced upon our notice should be made as attractive as possible. Therefore, Mary Bayliss, of Birmingham, would have been deserving of commendation for her idea, even had her design been indifferent. Her drawing gives prettily arranged leaf sprays for all sides of the box but one, which, being the most ambitious, is also the weakest, a melodramatic figure composition. In a less subjective age than this such a box, instead of attempting to depict our own sufferings, would have borne a representation of SS. Cosmas and Damian, St. Roch or St. Julian, the patrons of the sick. And as for missionary boxes, how different in those old days would they have been from our modern horrors in chrome and emerald green! What charming and appropriate devices might be made for this purpose, introducing any scene from the mission of St. Augustine, from St. Gregory and the Angles to the baptism of King Ethelbert, or the figure of St. Patrick, St. Wilfrid or St. Boniface, not to mention such recent missionaries as St. Francis Xavier! Again, how much might be done in design for pianos, not only in decorating the panels but in the fashioning of the case itself! We may certainly congratulate ourselves as a nation that we have never perpetrated such things as some of those that are to be seen in the German Exhibition, whitened and gilded and veiled in bridal fashion, or plushed and upholstered. We have even produced three or four grand pianos that might be named, of excellent design; but we must own that the upright piano that can be truthfully pronounced an artistic object has yet to be made. Therefore, though not supplying this want, the efforts of the draughtsmen who have sent designs for piano decorations deserve a grateful acknowledgment. Of several designs of no particular merit that of Fred Mason for a set of panels with half-length figures in red chalk is decidedly the best. We reproduce a fan (Fig. 1) with a well-grouped and graceful pattern of mermaids and seaweed by Georgie France, of Birmingham, a designer of great promise. It is to be observed that this is more than a mere design. It is actually painted on ribbed silk, and thus the full effect is to



Fig. 4.—Design for Mosaic Pavement. By Miss Gertrude Roots. Canterbury.



Fig. 5.—Design for Book Illustration. By Miss G. M. Bradley. Birmingham.

be seen. Embroidery designs are somewhat scantily represented. The most striking of these is by Alice Jacob, of



Fig. 6.—Modelled Design for a Panel. By P. J. Davies. Bristol (Kensington School).

Dublin, for a curtain with cut linen and embroidered filling. The cut portion of the design, representing Celtic interlaced dragons, is handsome and shows considerable power, but the foliage between is weak and utterly out of keeping with the main features of the design.

A pillow-lace insertion, with floral forms well-conventionalised and peacocks introduced with good effect, by Annie Steen, of Birmingham, is here shown (Fig. 3).

Of the book illustrations a set by Gertrude Bradley to illustrate Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin" shows a fair imagination and a sense of decorative design (Fig. 5). The effect produced by the arrangement of masses of dark in contrast to the stronger lights is seen perhaps to better advantage in some others of the same series than in the title-page here reproduced. With these may be compared a set of designs by Winifred Smith for the "Jackdaw of Rheims," in which, however, though the drawing is good, the effect is marred by absence of definite light and shadow, and by thinness of lines. There are two or three good suggestions of designs for invitation cards, notably that by Charles Gere, who has evidently seen and appreciated the "Briar Rose." Frederick Wooldridge's design for wall tiles is founded on Persian ornament, not very original, it is true, but soft and harmonious in colour.

The designs for china are rather disappointing, but Clara Thompson's, of Blackburn, is highly creditable. Her decoration for a plate, cup and saucer, not unlike the well-known aster pattern, is an adaptation of the form of the dandelion, the flower in white upon a blue ground producing a rich and handsome effect. Another design for a plate is a decorative treatment of irises in blue by Frederick Hatton, of Manchester. Too thin to be altogether satisfactory, it is still very suitable for printing, the purpose for which it is intended.

The designs for stained glass are on the whole poor; a very creditable cartoon, however, is exhibited by Sidney Meteyard, of Birmingham, the subject being Deborah, a full-length figure holding a scroll, with a leafy background. It is too close a copy of the style of Burne Jones to win the approbation of the examiners, who characterize it as slavish. But we should rather commend the designer for his taste in selecting, and for his skill in imitating so excellent a master. The peculiarities or individual preferences of the teachers form a most important factor in the working of the different schools. To such influences, no doubt, should be ascribed the characteristics of several schools, the classic and academic tone of one, and the preference for animal forms in another. It is noticeable that the use of the latter in repeated ornament prevails at Canterbury, where, by the way, the school is under the presidency of Mr. Sidney Cooper. The ablest of these designers is Gertrude Roots, whose evident love of animals, and thoughtful observation of their capabilities in decoration, shows itself in all her work. The design, here represented, for a mosaic floor (Fig. 4) is a fair example of her style. The foliage, however, is too strong in tone, and not sufficiently subordinated to the rest of the pattern, and therefore tends to confuse and weaken an otherwise good composition. Other designers, who employ recurring forms of animals with a certain amount of success, belong to the Manchester, Macclesfield, and Leicester schools. The design by G. Austin, of Manchester, on this page, if only the animals had been more powerfully drawn, would have been second to none in the whole



Fig. 7.—Design for Tiles. By George Austin. Manchester (Technical School).

exhibition. The ingenuity of the pattern is remarkable, and the way in which the geometrical lines of the pattern are carried

through into the border, without losing or confounding the separate character of either border or filling, is not unworthy of a master hand. The least successful of this class of designers are from the Hertford school, which has produced so many patterns of the same character that the examiners have cautioned the students there to discontinue the style, which is running into extravagance and losing all grace in eccentricity and singularity. There is obviously no artistic value in mere conventionality, particularly when the forms conventionalised are not inherently beautiful. The artistic capacities, such as they are, of snails, shrimps, crabs, newts, eels, and all the host of other reptiles affected by the Hertford designers, have been strained to the uttermost. But out of the evil good has resulted, in the shape of the golden rule which the examiners have formulated, as follows:—As a general principle, the higher the organism used for ornament the more danger there is in repeating it frequently in a pattern.

Among the coloured studies from still-life we noticed several dead creatures, and among the models two dead ducks and one dead cock. But surely such morbid representations ought not to be encouraged. They can serve no worthy end whatever, and it is a sad pity to see skill and labour thrown away upon them. Copying dead brutes is but one degree removed from copying human corpses. In either species the living model only is legitimate, for the simple reason that death, like deformity and disease, is a defect of nature, and therefore not in itself a fit subject for artistic treatment, saving, of course, when it is required to fulfil a definite purpose in any pictorial subject, such, for instance, as the entombment of Christ. Not so skilful in execution as the above-named models, but showing more artistic discrimination, is the plaster panel with borders by Preston Davies, of Bristol (Fig. 6), who has at least the good taste to choose live birds and dogs for his models. The attitude of the dogs is too exaggerated to be either graceful or natural, whereas the impression of the rest of the work as a whole is that of studied realism. Most of the panels and other objects in which the human figure is introduced are of the most trivial character. W. C. Unwin, of Sheffield, exhibits a small seated figure, apparently intended to represent "Time," holding a scroll charged with the signs of the zodiac. The modelling of the figure is of considerable merit, and in its general form recalls the prophets or sibyls of Michael Angelo. Thomas Patchin's panel of Perseus and Andromeda, as regards the general design and grouping of the figures, shows striking ability; but the execution of the figures is very poor. The foliage is elegant, and ingeniously arranged after the manner of German ornament of the close of the fifteenth century. Peter McCrossan obtained a gold medal for his panel in the Renaissance style. The lower extremities of the figure are so long as to be out of proportion with the rest of the body, and the drapery is so arranged that the figure appears to taper downwards almost to a point. There are several excellent modelled designs for medallions by David McGill; one a portrait study, and another a beautiful composition, with two nude figures within a wreath. Florence Smith, of Hanley, sends models for a Renaissance vase (Fig. 9) and plateau, with foliage and human figures, the latter weak in the drawing of the hands and feet. Similar in style, and better drawn as regards the figures, altogether more ambitious, but not so decorative in general effect, is the vase of Lilian Morris. Emma Rose Mead, of Lincoln, exhibits a chalk drawing of the head of a boy from life, beautifully soft and true. In the full-length figures from life, the average is high; the large number of male, as compared with the female figures, showing, however, that the ladies in this most important branch of drawing are not at present able to compete with the other sex.

The exercise of drawing from memory is so admirable a training that it can hardly be too strongly recommended. We should have wished to see a larger number in this class, there being only four examples, on the whole very creditably rendered, after the antique figure. Of the flower studies in water colours the best executed are those of Emily Wilkinson, of Dublin, who, however, has selected perhaps the three stiffest and most artificial flowers that grow, the geranium,



Fig. 8.—Flowers and Foliage, modelled from Nature. By A. Wakeford. South Kensington.

the camellia, and the cineraria. The merit of such drawings is in reproducing as naturally as possible the effect of the qualities of the different plants. But in modelling the case is altered. Owing to the exigencies of the material, a mechanical rendering of nature is impossible, and to attempt it is a slavish practice destined to failure. These remarks apply in a certain degree to the two studies by A. Wakeford (reproduced above) and J. Smith respectively; the former of hemlock and the latter of the geranium, in which the effect should have been obtained in a flatter treatment. These productions are useless in themselves for purposes of ornament, and rather misleading should they be taken as the bases of conventional design in carved stone or other material.

The architectural drawings from measurement show this year a marked improvement in choice of subjects. Among the best may be named Walter Brand's, of Ipswich, who reproduces the font and cover in Bramford Church, and a screen in Drinkstone Church, all Perpendicular; as is also the chancel screen in the old parish church of St. Nicholas, Brighton, drawn by Frederick Sawyer, of that town. H. Rimmer, of Chester, exhibits some careful drawings of Compton Wynyate, Warwick, a fine old Tudor house, dating from 1527. Arthur Hind, of Leicester, contributes a set of spirited sketches made during a cycle ride from Leicester to King's Lynn, including on the route such picturesque places as Peterborough, Crowland, Stamford, and Terrington St. Clement.



Fig. 9.—Vase. By Miss F. E. Smith. Hanley.

Before concluding we wish to emphasise the importance of the Art classes in connection with South Kensington. Their position and sphere of operations is unique in its way, and their influence on the national taste and the national industries ought to be of immense service to the country at large. With the advantage of being under the central control of the best authorities in the kingdom, these classes, being established in the various local centres, enable the students who attend them on the spot to keep in touch with the wants of their own district, and to apply the principles learnt in the school to the requirements of the special manufactures of each place. Thus only can be brought about that which is so urgently needed, a complete collaboration between the artist and his brother the craftsman, or worker, as he is generally called. That such a distinction should exist at all is harmful, implying, as it does, the belief that the pursuit of Art is not serious enough to be reckoned as work; and, on the other hand, that the craftsman is necessarily a slave who has no concern with Art. But through the good work of the schools of Art we may look forward to the time when the relations between the two classes of designers and workers shall have become so intimate—or rather when the aims that inspire the one and the rules which govern the other shall have become so entirely common to both—that the present classification shall have died out and its very terms be forgotten, and every worker be himself, in the truest sense of the word, an artist.

AYMER VALLANCE.

VENICE FROM THE LAGOON.

ORIGINAL ETCHING BY WILFRID BALL.

VENICE has undergone such vicissitudes in Art as prove her the most infinitely various of cities. Canaletto found in her the pearly definiteness of detail, Guardi the profound harmonies of colour, Holland the generalising atmosphere which we know in the work of each. Mr. Van Haanen and Mr. Fildes see her peopled with ruddy-haired young workwomen. Mr. Howells is aware rather of the old women whispering their gelid prayers in the frosty churches. To Alfred de Musset she is "Venise la rouge," while the blue of her waters is almost the only colour conspicuous to the traveller who surprises her on a fresh day in autumn. Figure-painter and colourist and poet alike, however, fail to enjoy to the full the *finesse* of a black and white Venice, the sharpness and simplicity at once of the low-lying city seen against the sea-board skies by the low-seated artist. Venice, considered for her form and her lights and shadows merely—as the etcher considers her—gets a peculiar character from this lowness of horizon, and this invariable lifting-up of her "sky-line" against the sky. In all other cities some high buildings are now and then lowered by being seen from some hill or height; in a word, the relative loftiness is constantly shifted. But the familiar Venetian belfries, turrets, and towers, are always pricked into the blue or the cloud. For the same reason the artist, unless he should barbarously make his picture out of a high window, is compelled to a certain simplicity by the low standpoint that makes his horizon always low. He is compelled, too, to that most picturesque effectiveness of things coming and going, large in the foreground. There are no great distances in Venice or at sea, and all that passes looms conspicuous. Mr. Wilfrid Ball has made the happiest use of the shadow side of the dark Venetian sails. And to these happy accidents his beautiful work unites the delicate cloud-forms, of slower movement, and the motionless towers. His "Venice" is singularly successful in its arrangement of form, light, and local tone.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE LAST CENTURY.

By J. E. HODGSON, R.A., Librarian, and FRED. A. EATON, Secretary of the Royal Academy.

THE Presidency of Benjamin West lasted for twenty-eight years, from 1792 to 1820. During that time forty Academicians were elected, besides fifteen Associates who did not attain to the higher grade. In this series of articles, however, now approaching conclusion, we are only concerned with those who entered the body during the last century. They were twelve in number, all painters but one, ten R.A.'s—Robert Smirke the elder, Sir Francis Bourgeois, Thomas Stothard, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Richard Westall, John Hoppner, Sawrey Gilpin, Sir William Beechey, Henry Tresham, and Thomas Daniell; and two A.R.A.'s, John Downman, and Anker Smith, the engraver. Of these, with the exception of Lawrence, who succeeded West in the Presidency, we shall presently give some account, though only two, Stothard and Hoppner, can be considered as in the first rank.

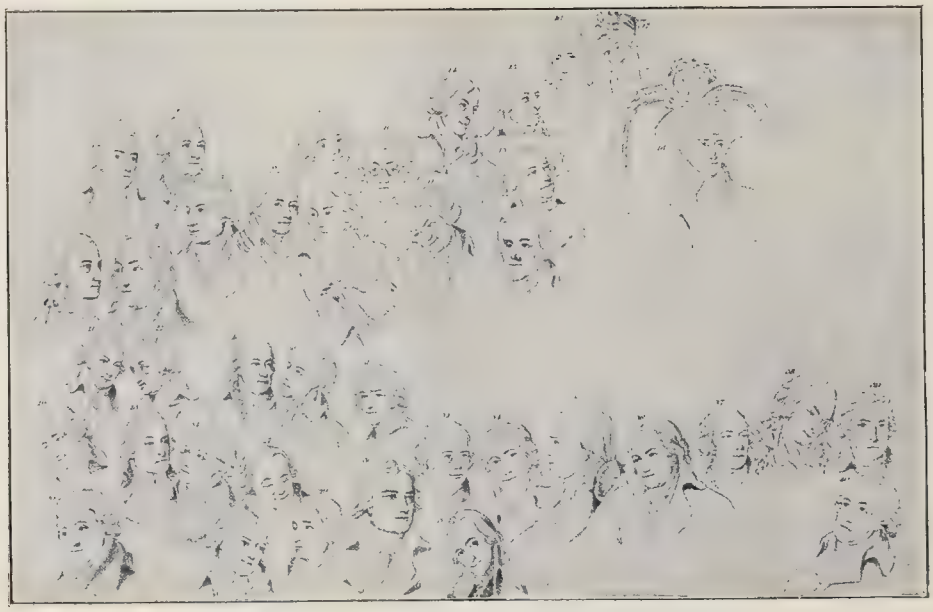


Charity. From the Picture by Thomas Stothard, R.A., in the Diploma Gallery.

No great events occurred in the history of the Academy during those concluding years of the last century with which we have to deal. The Academic ship was sailing in smooth waters when West took the helm, and nothing occurred to ruffle the calm till 1797, when began the unfortunate proceedings which ended in the expulsion of James Barry, the story of which was told in the last article. This was followed by another internal dispute, caused by Tresham representing to the king that the law in the Instrument of Institution, by which the seats on the council were to go by succession to all the members, had been systematically violated, the vacancies having been balloted for. This certainly appears from the minutes to have been the case, but no one seems to have objected to the law having been departed from, probably because the result of the ballot proved generally to be in accordance with the law. However, at the annual election of officers for the year 1800, on December 10th, 1799, Tresham, who had been elected an Academician in that year, was not chosen as one of the council, a position to which he considered himself entitled, and he accordingly appealed to the king. This action of his led to a long and acrimonious discussion in the General Assembly, and to a counter appeal to George III., who eventually, while exonerating the Academy from blame, gave it as his opinion that the meaning of the law was explicit, and that each member should serve on the Council in rotation, the names of the newly-elected members who had received their diplomas being always placed at the top of the annual list. Nor has any change ever been made in this admirable rule, which prevents the conduct of the affairs of the Academy ever falling into the hands of a clique, however able; gives each member in his turn an opportunity, at any rate, of endeavouring to carry out his own views on any point on which he may feel strongly; and enables newly-elected members to immediately become acquainted with the business and general working of the body to which they belong.

As has been already stated, the finances of the Academy,

thanks to the liberality of George III. in the first year of its existence, and to the careful management of Sir William Chambers, were, on the accession of West, in a very flourishing condition. On the death of Chambers in 1796, and the appointment of his successor, John Yenn, a consideration of the state of the exchequer showed that there had been an average saving for the last ten years of £400 a year, and that the interest derived from invested property, some £300 a year, was sufficient to guard against any probable deficiency in the annual income. It was accordingly resolved to devote all the future savings, after payment of necessary expenses, to increasing the charity fund, which already amounted to £6,000, and as soon as the fund reached £10,000, to give pensions out of the interest derived from it to Academicians, Associates, and their widows, who should produce satisfactory proofs of their circumstances being such as to make them require it; each claim to be investigated by the council, and proper discrimination made "between imprudent conduct and the unavoidable failure of professional employment" as regarded the members, and satisfactory evidence obtained "in respect to the moral conduct of the widows." The amount of each pension was very small: to an Academician, a sum not exceeding £50 a year, provided the annual sum given did not make his annual income exceed £100; to an



1. William Hodges, Esq., Late Landscape Painter to the Prince of Wales.
2. Thos. Lawrence, Esq., Principal Painter in Ordinary to his Majesty.
3. James Wyatt, Esq., Architect.
4. Willm Tyler, Esq., Do
5. George Dance, Esq., Professor in Architecture, and Auditor
6. Sir Willm. Beechey, Portrait Painter to her Majesty
7. Chas Catton, Esq., Pr
8. [illegible], Pr.
9. Thos. Sandby, Esq., late Professor in Architecture.
10. Josph. Wilton, Esq., Keeper, Sculptor
11. Edwd. Burch, Esq., Librarian, and Medallist to his Majesty.
12. John Richards, Esq., Secretary, Pr.
13. Orias Humphrey, Esq., Portrait Painter in Crayons to his Majesty.
14. Thos. Stothard, Esq., Pr.
15. Josph. Nollekens, Esq., Sr.
16. Angelica Kauffman, Pr.
17. Mary Lloyd, Pr.
18. Bn. West, Esq., President, and Historical Painter to his Majesty.
19. Sir Willm. Chambers, Architect, late Treasurer.
20. Francesco Bartolozzi, Esq., Engraver to his Majesty.
21. Paul Sandby, Esq., Pr
22. Johan Zoffany, Esq., Pr.
23. Phil. James De Loutherbourg, Esq., Pr
24. Richd. Cosway, Esq., Principal Pr. to the P. of Wales.
25. Edmund Garvey, Esq., Pr.
26. Henry Fuseli, Esq., Professor in Painting.
27. John Francis Rigaud, Esq., Pr
28. Jas. Barry, Esq., Late Professor in Painting.
29. Sir F. Bourgeois, Landscape Painter to his Majesty and the King of Poland
30. John Singleton Copley, Esq., Pr.
31. Richd. Westall, Esq., Pr.
32. Robert Smirke, Esq., Pr.
33. Jas. Northcote, Esq., Pr.
34. John Opie, Esq., Pr.
35. Josph. Farington, Esq., Pr.
36. Willm. Hamilton, Esq., Pr.
37. John Russell, Esq., Crayon Painter to his Majesty and Prince of Wales.
38. Thos. Banks, Esq., Sc.
39. John Hoppner, Esq., Portrait Painter to the Pr. of Wales.
40. John Bacon, Esq., Sr.

Key to an Engraving of The Royal Academicians in General Assembly, by C. Bestland, published in 1802, after the Picture by H. Singleton.

Associate, the maximum was £30, the total income not to exceed £80; the widow of an Academician received the same amount as an Associate, under the same conditions as to income, and the widow of an Associate £20, the annual income not to exceed £50. These amounts were to be increased when the fund reached £15,000, to £60, £36, £36, and £25 respectively, the total income remaining in each case the same as before; and when it reached £20,000 to £70, £50, £50, and £30 respectively, no change being still made in the total amount of each income. Any Academician or Associate who did not exhibit in the Royal Academy for two successive years was to have no claim on the pension fund. It may be added here that the £15,000 was reached in 1809, and the £20,000 in 1816, and that the average expenditure during the twenty years, 1796—1816 was £185 5s. 11d. on members and their widows. A further increase in the amount of the respective pensions took place in 1820; and again on two subsequent occasions, and they now stand, for an Academician, or the widow of an Academician, a sum not exceeding £200, provided the sum given does not make the total income exceed £400; for an Associate, or his widow, a sum not exceeding £150, provided the sum given does not make the total income exceed £300. The capital sum was never increased, and has been for many years merged in the general funds.

The charities of the Academy had been by no means limited to members of their own body. From the first, grants were made annually at the close of the exhibition to indigent artists, their widows, or children. £157 10s. was the amount given the first year, one of the recipients being Mrs. Hogarth, widow of William Hogarth. Subsequently the gifts were confined to those who had been exhibitors at the Royal Academy, their widows and children. Grants are now made twice a year, in February and August, and their average annual amount has been £1,200. The maximum sum that can be given to any one applicant, which for many years had been £50, has quite lately been increased to £100.

In connection with the finances of the Academy it may be mentioned that in 1799 the General Assembly voted £500 to the Government as a contribution towards the heavy calls made upon the public purse by the French war and other causes of expenditure. A similar grant of £500 in 1803 towards the subscription for the relief of the sufferers by the war was vetoed by the king, on the ground that the moneys of the Academy could not be given for such a purpose. It is difficult, however, to see why if the former grant was allowed this was forbidden. George III. continued to the last to exercise a more than nominal control over the Academy finances, and always considered himself, as indeed the



The Royal Academicians in General Assembly under the Presidentship of Benjamin West. From the Picture by H. Singleton, in the possession of the Royal Academy.

Sovereign still is nominally, responsible for any debts contracted by the Academy which it might not be able to pay. This is shown by the terms of the Royal warrant appointing Yenn treasurer, which have been quoted in a former article.

The Academy, however, was not quite so dependent on the king and his special officer, the treasurer, after Chambers's death. Up to that time all moneys received were paid to Chambers, and even the investments stood in his name until 1792, when the first trustees were appointed. On Yenn's nomination as treasurer, the Academy opened a banking account of its own, Messrs. Drummonds, of Charing Cross, being appointed bankers by the Council on May 7, 1796, and the same firm have continued to hold the post down to the present day.

It is significant of the estimation in which the Academy was held that in 1798 the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury requested its aid in the preparation of designs for a new coinage, and the General Assembly appointed a committee to prepare drawings and models, and to discuss the matter with the representatives of the Government.

We will now proceed to give some account of the members elected during the first eight years of West's presidency, the concluding years of the last century.

THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A.,

was the most eminent English painter of the last century in the department of historical painting; eminent, that is, not in the sense that he was the most widely celebrated or the most richly rewarded, but because he exhibited the most genuine inspiration and the widest knowledge of the resources of his art.

His life, written by Mrs. Bray, should be a very instructive book, though it is not presumably an entertaining one. There is something in the nature of the material which would have presented insuperable obstacles to writers more gifted and more sparkling than Mrs. Bray. The contemplation of undeviating regularity, of scrupulous probity, of thrift, industry, perseverance, and of talent triumphing over obstacles, is probably the highest gratification of the perfect mind; but it fails unfortunately to touch the heart-strings, to arouse to music the subtle chords of sympathy, in the hearts of ordinary mortals.

Stothard was born in London in 1765. His father kept an inn in Long Acre, under the sign of the "Black Horse," and continued to exercise that industry until his son had attained the age of fourteen, when he was called away, leaving his widow and young Stothard a sum of money barely sufficient for their maintenance. The boy's share, Mrs. Bray informs us, was £1,700, upon the interest of which he contrived for years to subsist. He was bound apprentice to a pattern drawer for brocade silks at Spitalfields, but that employment failed him after a year, and he tried his hand at drawing illustrations in the *Town and County Magazine*. Whether by luck or good guidance the round peg had fallen into the round hole, and from that date until that of his death, he never lacked employment as an illustrator. There are five large folio volumes in the library of the Royal Academy filled with engravings after his designs; they are mostly adapted to an octavo volume, and show great versatility. His contemporary Chodowiecky, in Germany, was filling every publication of his day with exquisitely dainty engravings, which are the delight of all students of costume, and though we are not informed of the fact that Stothard was acquainted with the productions of a German artist who was his senior by some years, the internal evidence points strongly to the fact. Admitting it to be the case, Stothard is still the better man; though he was far behind Chodowiecky in artistic accomplishment, in scholarly drawing, and in truth to nature generally, he possessed what the other had not, an elevation of sentiment, and a sense of beauty. To him had been given "Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camenæ," and that raised him far above his rival.

In 1787, at the age of twenty-two, some years after he had commenced work as an illustrator, Stothard became a student at the Royal Academy, and exhibited his first picture, 'Ajax defending the dead Body of Patroclus,' in the following year.

His pictures possess all the qualities of his designs, but our enjoyment of them is marred by a certain sense of luridness and over-lusciousness in colour. It would have been perhaps more judicious on his part had he introduced the greys of nature, as a touch of sordid earth, as a foothold to give stability and probability to his ideal figures; as it is they float in the regions of fancy, and of such abstract beauties as those of crimson and orange, and there is little doubt that in this age they are too far removed from realism to be popular. But his art is not cold and pedantic as is that of West, it is warmed by a genuine touch of inspiration, it is never commonplace or vulgar, and always graceful; we are tempted to say, if it is unreal, so much the worse for the state of things; that is the way they should be. Stothard's life was too good for the most of us, but he lived it, and we know that he followed a true ideal as far as that was concerned; may he not have been equally well inspired in his art?

The details of Stothard's life are soon summed up: like nations, he was happy in leaving no annals. Very early in his life he bought a house, No. 28, Newman Street, out of the profits of his earnings as an illustrator, and the interest on £1,700. There he lived until his death in 1834. Thither in a very calm and sedate manner he introduced his bride, Rebecca; there he laboured unceasingly in a room, which in these days of palatial studios would appear little better than a garret, and built up a reputation which we are inclined to think will never quite cease to be, however times and manners may change, or fashion shift her motley garb.

Stothard was elected an Associate in 1791, and a Royal Academician in 1794. In 1814 he succeeded Burch as librarian, and held that office until his death.

SIR FRANCIS BOURGEOIS, R.A.

Sir Francis Bourgeois, who was born in 1756, elected an Associate in 1787, and a Royal Academician in 1793, was not remarkable as a painter, and is chiefly noteworthy to us as the donor of the Dulwich collection. The visitors who frequent that gallery are probably little mindful of the storms which drifted those Art treasures into their present haven. To account for their presence there, they would have to search backwards into troublous times, to the days of the Great Frederick of Prussia and the partition of Poland. Their history is curious and mysterious. They were purchased for Stanislas Poniatowsky, the last King of Poland, by a certain picture-dealer, Noel Desenfans, with money supplied to him by the king. Stanislas abdicated after the partition of his kingdom, but why his property was not sent to him, king or no king, and whether he claimed it or not, are unknown to us; the pictures remained with Desenfans, were bequeathed by him to his friend Bourgeois, and he bequeathed them to Dulwich College.

In 1776 Bourgeois travelled on the Continent, and went to Poland, carrying letters of introduction from Desenfans to King Stanislas, who conferred on him the knighthood of the Order of Merit, and this honour was subsequently confirmed to him by King George III. He painted landscapes in the style of De Loutherbourg, whose pupil he had been, and we think our readers will ask no more of us, and be prepared to admit that when we have subtracted from the art of De Loutherbourg what invention and imagination he possessed, and all his technical dexterity, it leaves us but a poor residuum wherewithal to furbish forth an eulogium of that of Bourgeois. He died in 1811 of a fall from his horse.

JOHN HOPPNER, R.A.,

was born in London in 1759. He bore his mother's name, and in his childhood toddled about the passages and corridors of St. James's Palace, where he was looked upon as a little chance person. He became a student of the Royal Academy at the age of sixteen, and when he started on his career as portrait painter, he found timely little streams of

patronage flowing in from the direction of St. James's Palace, which made matters tolerably smooth for him. Eventually he became fashionable, and divided the town with Lawrence, as Romney had done with Reynolds. He was elected Associate in 1793, and R.A. in 1795, and lived for the greater part of his life in Charles Street, St. James's, where he died at the early age of forty-nine.

In this year of fashion, 1891, the name of John Hoppner is a cabala which unlocks the treasure-houses and dispels the attractions of the three per cents. To estimate his merits, fairly and judicially, might perhaps bring us at loggerheads with vested interests: this is not our purpose, as there is no great cause to serve, and we are, moreover, not confident of the justice of our own convictions. What we have said in a former article holds good here, the art of the English portrait painters of the latter half of the eighteenth century is peculiar and unlike any other, its features are very salient and easily recognisable. It is very dignified, demure and sober, and also rich and mellow. If we try to judge of it by the standard of Bronzino, Raffaelle, Titian, Rubens, and Van Dyck, we shall not estimate it fairly, and this process would be more particularly damaging to the art of Hoppner. He takes his place, justly, as we think, amongst the four great masters of the early English school. Reynolds is at the head of it, Gainsborough towers on another eminence, and as we have not had the leisure to test their relative altitudes by boiling a thermometer, or whatever the process is, we cannot determine their exact levels; after them, came Romney and Hoppner; we leave our readers to adjust the balance between them.



Horses in a Storm. From the Picture by Sawrey Gilpin, R.A., in the Diploma Gallery.

SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY, R.A.,

was born at Burford, in Oxfordshire, in 1753, and began life as articled clerk to a solicitor. While serving his time in London, he became acquainted with some Academy students, and, deserting the law, himself entered the schools in 1772. In 1791 he went to Norwich, and remained there four or five years, painting portraits chiefly. Returning to London, he soon obtained considerable patronage and celebrity as a fashionable portrait painter, and was much in favour at the Court.

He displayed qualities in his art, which, had public appreciation been guided more by prescriptive canons than by the fascinations of colour and rich tone, would have raised him to a much higher rank than he now holds. He was a deft, thoughtful and scholarly painter, but his work, compared with Reynolds and others, looks thin and meagre.

He was elected an Associate in 1793, and R.A. in 1798, in which year he was knighted by George III. He died in 1839, at the age of eighty-six.

ROBERT SMIRKE, R.A.,

was born at Wigton, near Carlisle, in 1752. He became a student of the Royal Academy in 1771, and four years afterwards commenced his long career as an exhibitor. It has been said that "all Smirke's pictures are of an imaginative character, and the subjects generally selected from the Scriptures, Shakespeare, Cervantes, the Arabian Nights, etc." These have frequently been the sources of works of an "imaginative character," even unto this day. We are not aware of any peculiarly imaginative quality with which Smirke succeeded in heightening the works he selected for illustration, and, indeed, we are bound to confess ourselves somewhat ignorant of his pictures. We know him by engravings after his works, and even there we find it difficult by an act of memory to

differentiate his contributious to periodical illustration from those of Westall, Liverseege, and others, all of which seem grouped together, forming a distinct category. They belong to a period prior to that when archæology became a handmaid of painting. The fundamental tenets by which they were guided in the matter of costume seem to have been, that all Europeans whatsoever, who lived before the eighteenth century, wore knee-breeches, padded round the loins, and that all Asiatics wore dressing-gowns and slippers. In an age which above all things craves for accuracy, we may be excused if we demur that this rule must have had exceptions.

Smirke was elected Associate in 1791, and Royal Academician in 1793. In 1804 he was elected Keeper in place of Wilton, but the king objected to the nomination, because of Smirke's ultra-radical principles in politics, and he was not installed. He lived to the age of ninety-three, and died in Osnaburgh Street, Regent's Park, in 1845.



The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. From the Picture by John Hoppner, R.A., in the Diploma Gallery.

RICHARD WESTALL, R.A.,

like many other artists, owes his name and place to the fact that he contrived to supply a demand which arose in the circumstances of his time. He, no doubt, often engrossed his mind with the conception of great works in painting, and occasionally essayed to give his dreams reality, but these things he found of no avail, and he became by the necessities of the times an illustrator of books. As we have said in the notice of Smirke, it is difficult to distinguish him from his contemporaries. Naturalism, in England at least, was not the spirit of his age, and it is difficult now to be judicial, to affirm that Westall had more grace of a conventional kind or more grandeur in certain prescribed conditions than others; to us they appear all alike in their artificiality. Their lines all flow in obedience to the same imperious demand for elegance; there is no contrast, no rest to the æsthetic faculty, it is surfeited and tired out.

Westall was born at Hertford in 1765, and after being apprenticed to an engraver on silver, entered, in 1785, the schools of the Royal Academy. He was elected Associate in 1792, and Royal Academician in 1794, the same year as his friend, Lawrence (Sir Thomas), with whom he lived for many years at a house in Soho Square. His memory to the most of us is all dim and formless, but there is one pre-eminent person in this land, namely, our sovereign, to whom the name of Richard Westall must present the semblance of reality, as it was from him that she received drawing lessons in her early youth. He died in 1836.

The record of the remaining Academicians need not detain us long.

Sawrey Gilpin, R.A., was born at Carlisle in 1733. He first studied under Scott, the marine painter, but his inclination led him to choose animals for his subjects, and especially horses. His diploma picture, of which we give an illustration, is a good example of his work. The scenery in which his horses are depicted is said to have been often the work of George Barrett, R.A., for whose landscapes he provided the animals. He was elected an Associate in 1795, at the ripe age of sixty-two, and an Academician in 1797, dying ten years afterwards, in 1807.

Henry Tresham, R.A., owed both his birth and his artistic education to Ireland. He came to England in 1775, and subsequently spent fourteen years abroad, chiefly at Rome, becoming, thanks to his studies of the antique and of the old masters, one of the most correct draughtsmen of his day, though his colouring left much to be desired. He also wrote poetry, but we do not know that his poetry has lived more than his painting. Soon after his return to England, he was elected an Associate in 1791, and was raised to the full rank of an Academician in 1799. In 1807, he was chosen Professor of Painting in succession to Opie, but, owing to failing health, only held the office for two years. His death took place in 1814.

Thomas Daniell, R.A., was born at Kingston-on-Thames in 1749, and became a student at the Royal Academy in 1773. His earliest efforts were as a painter of heraldry, and also of landscape scenery, but in 1784 he went to India with his nephew, William Daniell, then a boy of fourteen—who himself afterwards became a member of the Academy—and the two, for ten years, travelled over and sketched the country from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas. Soon after his return, in

1796, Thomas Daniell was elected an Associate, and in 1799 an Academician. The results of the uncle's and nephew's labours were published in 1807 in a work of six volumes, called "Oriental Scenery." Daniell, who, after his visit to India, seldom painted anything but Indian subjects, lived to the great age of ninety-one, dying on March 19th, 1840.

Of the two Associates, only JOHN DOWNMAN, A.R.A., need be mentioned. He was one of the first admitted students of the Royal Academy in 1769, and in 1795 was elected an Associate, but though a portrait painter of considerable repute, and a large and constant contributor to the Academy exhibitions, he never reached the higher grade. He died in 1824.

Here ends the roll of members of the Academy in the last century, Lawrence, in virtue of his Presidency, more properly belonging to the present one. How well the roll of the nineteenth century gave quick promise of an excellence, not inferior to its predecessor, may be gathered from the fact that two of the earliest names registered on it were those of John Flaxman and Joseph Mallord William Turner.

THE PILGRIMS' WAY.*

VII.—CHARING TO HARBLEDOWN.

THE Pilgrims' Way winds on through Charing past the noble church tower and the ancient palace wall, with its thick clusters of ivy and trailing wreaths of travellers' joy, through the avenue and beech woods of Pett Place, the home of Honywoods and Sayers for some hundreds of years. In the fourteenth century this old house of Pett had a chapel of its own, served by a priest whose name appears in the Lambeth Register as holding the living of Pette-juxta-Charing. A pleasant part of the track this is, dear to botanists for the wealth of ferns, flowers, and rare orchids which grow along the chalky path; pleasant alike in June, when the ripe red fruit of the wild strawberries peep out from under the moss and the hawthorns are in bloom, and in autumn, when the beeches are crimson and the maples in the hedges are one fire of gold. For the



Boughton Aluph Church.

next three miles the way lies through the lower part of the great woods of Long Beech, which stretch all over these hills, and from very early times belonged to the see of Canterbury. It brings us out at Westwell, close to another extremely interesting church, dating from the middle of the thirteenth century, and almost entirely of one period. The graceful steeple, nave, chancel, and aisles, are all Early English, but the most striking feature is the high, open colonnade which forms the rood screen. The effect of the chancel, with its side arcade, its groined roof, and beautiful lancet window filled with richly-coloured old glass, seen through these three lofty arches, is very imposing. There is another curious fragment of stained glass, bearing the arms of Queen

* Continued from page 318.

Anne of Bohemia and of Edward the Confessor and his wife, in the north aisle; and the chancel contains six stone stalls and a stone seat with a pointed arch, which were formerly used by the monks and prior of Christ Church, Canterbury. For the manor of Westwell, like so many others in this neighbourhood, belonged to the see of Canterbury before the Con-



Chilham Castle.

quest, and at the division of property effected by Lanfranc was retained by the Priory. Its revenues were allotted to the supply of the monks' refectory, *ad cibum eorum*, just as the tithes of Lenham were used to provide meals for St. Augustine's Abbey.

Half a mile above Westwell church the Pilgrims' Way reaches the gates of Eastwell. Here the track disappears for a time, but old maps show the line which it took across the southern slopes of the park, which extends for many miles, and is famous for the wild beauty of its scenery. The hills we have followed so long run through the upper part of the park, and magnificent are the views of the sea and Sussex downs which meet us in these forest glades, where stately avenues of beech and oak and chestnut throw long shadows over the grass and antlered deer start up from the bracken at our feet. But the lower slopes are fair too with their venerable yews and thorns and hornbeams dotted here and there over the hill-side, and the heights above clad with their wealth of mingled foliage, all reflected in the bright waters of the still, clear lake. The old ivy-grown church stands close to the water's edge, and contains many fine tombs of the Earls of Winchester and of their ancestors the Finches. But the traveller will look with more interest on the sepulchral arch which is said to cover the ashes of the last of the Plantagenets. The burial registers indeed record that Richard Plantagenet, the illegitimate son of Richard III., died at Eastwell on the 22nd of December, 1550, and a well, which goes by the name of Plantagenet's Well, marks the site of the cottage where he lived in obscurity after the defeat of his father on Bosworth Field. Eastwell House, for some years the residence of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, was originally built by Sir Thomas Moyle, Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Henry VIII., but has been completely altered and modernised since it passed into the Winchester family.

Leaving it on our left, we come out of the park at Boughton Lees, a group of houses on a three-cornered green, and follow in the steps of the old track to Boughton Aluph church, a large cruciform building with a spacious north aisle and massive central tower, standing in a very lonely situation.

Boughton, called Bocton or Boltune in former times, belonged to Earl Godwin and his son Harold, before the Conquest, after which it was given to Eustace, Earl of Boulogne, and formed part of Juliana de Leyborne's vast inheritance. It took the name of Aluph from a Norman knight, Aluphus de Bocton, who held the manor in the reign of King John, and became thus distinguished from the other parishes of Boughton in the neighbourhood. From the church a grassy path, shaded by trees, ascends the hill to Challock Woods, on the borders of Eastwell Park, and is probably the old track of the Pilgrims' Way, which passed between these woods and the park of Godmersham. This was formerly the property of Jane Austen's brother, who took the name of Knight on succeeding to the estate, but it has now passed into the hands of another family. Until the Dissolution the manor and church of Godmersham belonged to Christ Church, and here, in mediæval days, the priors of the convent had a fine manor-house, where they frequently resided during the summer months. The hall was pulled down in 1810, and nothing of the old house is now left excepting a fragment of thirteenth-century work, a gable and doorway, adorned with a figure of the prior wearing his mitre and holding his crozier in his hand, probably intended for Henry de Estria, the prior who rebuilt the manor-house in 1290. The church of Godmersham is remarkable for its early tower and curious semicircular apse with small Norman lights, evident remains of an older building; and in the churchyard are some very ancient yews, one of which is said to have been planted before the Conquest.

The Pilgrims' Way skirted the wooded slopes of Godmersham Park for about a mile, and then entered Chilham Park. The path is now closed, but the old track lay right across the park, and in front of Chilham Castle. The position of this fortress, overlooking the valley of the Stour, has made it memorable in English history. Chilham has been in turn a Roman camp, a Saxon castle, and a Norman keep, and has played an eventful part in some of the fiercest struggles of those days. According to a generally received tradition recorded by Camden, Chilham was the scene of the battle on the river in Cæsar's second expedition; and the British barrow near the Stour, popularly known as Julaber's Grave, was believed to be the tomb of the Roman tribune, Julius Laberius, although, as a matter of fact, it contains no sepulchral remains. In the second century Chilham is said to have been the home of that traditional personage, the Christian King Lucius, and in Saxon days of the chief Cilla. The castle was strongly fortified to resist the invasion of the Danes, by whom it was repeatedly attacked. After the Norman Conquest it belonged to Fulbert de Dover, whose last descendant, Isabel, Countess of Atholl, died here in 1292, and is buried in the Undercroft at Canterbury. Then it passed into the hands of the great Lord Badlesmere, of Leeds, who on one occasion gave Queen Isabel, the wife of Edward II., a splendid reception here, and afterwards astonished the peaceful citizens and monks of Canterbury by appearing at their gates, followed by nineteen armed knights, each with a drawn sword in his hand, to pay his devotions at the shrine of St. Thomas. As late as the sixteenth century Leland describes Chilham Castle as beautiful for pleasure, commodious for use, and strong for defence; but soon after he wrote these words, the greater part of the old house was pulled down by its owner, Sir Thomas Cheney, Warden of the Cinque Ports under Edward VI., to complete his new mansion in the Isle of Sheppey. The Norman keep, an octagonal fortress three stories high, is the only part of the mediæval structure that now remains, and can still be seen in the gardens of the new house built in 1616 by Sir Dudley Digges, Master of the Rolls under James I. This fine Jacobean manor-house stands well on the rising ground above the river, and both the garden-terraces and the top of the old keep afford beautiful views of the vale of Ashford and the downs beyond Wye. Still more picturesque is the market-place of Chilham itself. On one side we have the red brick walls and white stone doorway of the castle, seen at the end of its short avenue of tall lime-trees, on the other the quaint red roofs and timbered houses of the charming old square, with the grey church tower surrounded by the brilliant green of sycamore and beeches. On a bright spring morning, when the leaves are young and the meadows along the riverside are golden with buttercups, there can be no prettier picture than this of the old market-square of Cilla's home.

From the heights of Chilham the Pilgrims' Way descends into the Valley of the Stour, and after following the course of the river for a short time, climbs the opposite hill and strikes into Bigberry Wood. Then the path runs through the hop-gardens for awhile, and finally joins the London road to Canterbury at Harbledown. This is the little village on the edge of the forest of Blean, which has been immortalised by Chaucer's lines—

> "Wist ye not where standeth a little toun
> Which that ycleped is Bob-up-and-down,
> Under the Blee in Canterbury way."

And Bob-up-and-down is to this day a true and characteristic



The River Stour.

description of the rolling ground by which we approach Harbledown. Here the Pilgrims' Road along which we have journeyed over hill and dale fails to rise again. We climb the last hill, and on the summit of the rising ground we find ourselves close to the lazar-house founded at Harbledown by Lanfranc in 1084. The wooden houses built by

the Norman Archbishop for the reception of ten brothers and seven sisters have been replaced by a row of modern almshouses; but the chapel still preserves its old Norman doorway, and the round arches and pillars of an arcade to the north of the nave, which formed part of the hospital church dedicated by Lanfranc to St. Nicholas. The devout pilgrim to St. Thomas's shrine never failed to visit this ancient leper-house. Not only did the antiquity of the charitable foundation and its nearness to the road attract him, but in the common hall of the hospital a precious relic was preserved in the shape of a crystal which had once adorned the leather of St. Thomas's shoe. Many



The Black Prince's Well, Harbledown.

were the royal personages and distinguished strangers who paused before these old walls and dropped their alms into the poor leper's outstretched hands. Here, we read in contemporary records, Henry II. came on his first memorable pilgrimage to the tomb of the martyred Archbishop; and Richard Cœur de Lion after his release from his long captivity; and Edward I. with his brave Queen, Eleanor of Castille, on their return from the Holy Land; and the Black Prince, accompanied by his royal captive, King John of France, and that monarch's young son, Philip. And when the French king visited Canterbury for the second time, on his return to his own kingdom, he did not forget to stop at Lanfranc's old lazar-house and leave ten gold crowns "pour les nonnains de Harbledoun." But it is a later and more sceptical traveller, Erasmus, who has left us the most vivid description of Harbledown and of the feelings which the sight of the relic aroused in the heart of his companion, Dean Colet. "Not far from Canterbury, at the left-hand side of the road," he writes, in the record of his pilgrimage, "there is a small almshouse for old people, one of whom ran out, seeming to hear the steps of the horses. He first sprinkled us with holy water, and then offered us the upper leather of a shoe bound in a brass rim, with a crystal set in its centre like a jewel. Gratian (Dean Colet) rode on my left hand, nearer to the beggar man, and was duly sprinkled, bearing it with a tolerable amount of equanimity. But when the shoe was handed up, he asked the old man what he wanted. 'It is the shoe of St. Thomas,' was the answer. Upon this he fired up, and turning to me, exclaimed indignantly, 'What! do these cattle mean we should kiss the shoes of every good man?'"

Erasmus, sorry for the old man's feelings, dropped a small coin into his hand, which made him quite happy, and the two pilgrims rode on to London, discussing the question of the worship of relics as they went. To this day a maple bowl, bound with a brass rim, containing a piece of crystal, is preserved in the hospital at Harbledown, the self-same relic, it may be, which was shown to Erasmus and Colet, and which Lambarde, writing half a century later, describes as "faire set in copper and chrystall"; while an old wooden box, with a slit in the lid for money, and a chain attached to it, is said to be the one into which Erasmus dropped his coin.

Behind the ivy-mantled tower of Lanfranc's chapel is a clear spring, which was supposed to possess healing virtues, and is still believed by the country folk to be very beneficial to the eyes. This spring still goes by the name of the Black Prince's Well, from an old tradition that the warrior of Crecy and Poitiers drank of its waters when he visited the hospital at Harbledown in 1357. Many, we know, are the memorials of this popular hero at Canterbury. Only three days after he landed at Sandwich, he came, accompanied by his royal captive, to return thanks at St. Thomas's shrine for his victories, and six years afterwards he founded and decorated the beautiful chantry in the Cathedral crypt, which still bears his name, on the occasion of his marriage with his cousin Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent. The old legend of the Black Prince's Well goes on to tell how, when he lay dying of the wasting disease which carried him off in the flower of his life, he thought of the wonder-working spring near Canterbury, and sent to Harbledown for a draught of its pure waters. But even that could not save him, and on the 29th of September, 1376, a stately funeral procession wound its way down the hillside at Harbledown, bearing the Black Prince to the grave which he had chosen for himself in the Chapel of Our Lady, in the Undercroft at Canterbury.

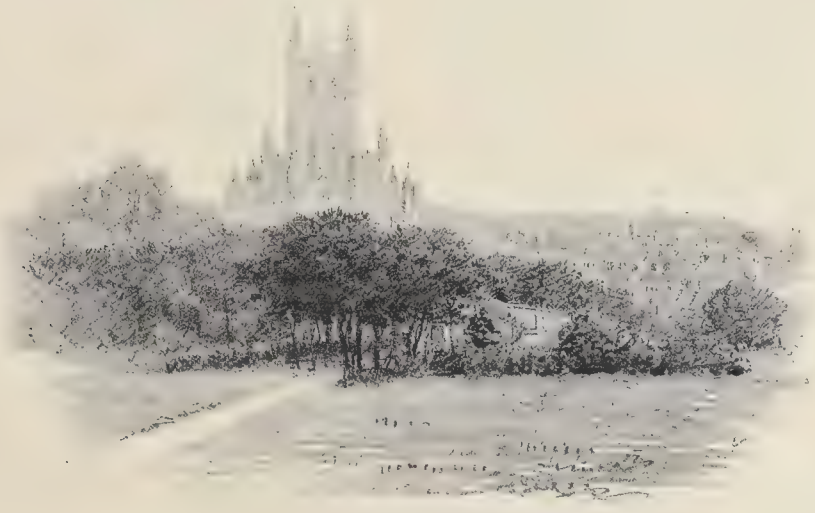
At Harbledown the pilgrims caught their first sight of the Cathedral; here they fell on their knees when they saw

the golden angel on the top of the central tower, and knew that the goal of their pilgrimage was almost reached. Here Chaucer's goodly company made their last halt, and for the moment the noise of singing and piping, and jingling of



St. Nicholas's Hospital, Harbledown.

bells gave place to a graver and more solemn mood as the motley group of pilgrims pressed around, to hear this time



Distant View of Canterbury.

not a Canterbury tale, but a sermon. Deep was the impression which that first sight of Canterbury made upon Erasmus. The cold, critical scholar becomes eloquent as he describes the great church of St. Thomas rearing itself up into the sky

with a majesty that strikes awe into every heart, and the clanging of bells which, thrilling through the air, salute the pilgrims from afar. To-day the great cross is gone from the Westgate, the shining archangel no longer blesses the kneeling pilgrim from the topmost steeple, but the same glorious vision of the great Cathedral rising with all its towers into the sky meets the eyes of the traveller who looks down on Canterbury from the hill of Harbledown.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

ART GOSSIP.

THREE new pictures have been added to the National Gallery through the fund bequeathed by the late Mr. Francis Clark. One by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo shows the Magdalen, face downwards upon the ground, with the head of the dead Christ resting upon her body. Another, from the brush of Pietro Longhi, represents an interior with figures, and the third, a 'Head of the Madonna,' is a work of the French School of the fifteenth century. These new acquisitions are numbered 1333, 1334, and 1335.

The Council of the Society of Arts hold a sum of money, the balance of the subscriptions to the Owen Jones Memorial Fund, presented to them by the Memorial Committee, on condition of their spending the interest thereof in prizes to "Students of the Schools of Art, who in annual competition produce the best designs for household furniture, carpets, wall-papers and hangings, damasks, chintzes, &c., regulated by the principles laid down by Owen Jones." The prizes will be awarded on the results of the Annual Competition of the Science and Art Department. The next award will be made in 1892, when six prizes are offered for competition.

The Worshipful Company of Carpenters, in conjunction with the council of King's College, have established at that college wood-carving classes, held both in the day-time and in the evening. Arrangements have been made by which ladies are permitted to attend, and prizes are offered by the Company. Particulars may be obtained from the Carpenters' Company, London Wall, or of the secretary at King's College.

The following letter addressed to the Mayor of Leeds by Sir James Kitson may be quoted as a pleasant incident in the formation of an important provincial exhibition.

"I have to-day sent to the Leeds Fine Art Gallery the painting, 'The Return of Persephone,' by Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A., which was exhibited this year in the Royal Academy. I have the pleasure to ask its acceptance for the Fine Art Gallery of my native town.

"This work was painted for me by Sir F. Leighton with the knowledge that it was my intention to present it to the Leeds Fine Art Gallery, and he has in consequence bestowed exceeding care to give a generous fulfilment of his engagement to me, and has produced a painting which is a very fine example of his genius and skill."

"In the island of Samothrace," says the *Athenæum*, "on the site where years ago was discovered the famous Victory now in the Louvre, has come to light a small fragment of inscription, which is important from its seeming to have borne the name of a sculptor of Rhodes, who is perhaps the author of that masterpiece. Unluckily the letters preserved give us only his country, his name being almost completely obliterated."

It is proposed to hold at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Paris, a representative collection of the works of Meissonier. English and American owners will be asked to lend any works by the late master in their possession. An endeavour will be made to induce the custom-house authorities to forego the duty on works by Meissonier returning to America after their exhibition in Paris.

OBITUARY.—We have to record the death of Mr. William Theed, a sculptor, who latterly had not been very much before the public. He had attained the age of eighty-seven, having been born in 1804, his father being William Theed, R.A. At the age of twenty-two he began a course of study at Rome under Thorwaldsen, John Gibson, Wyatt, and Tenerani. On the death of the Prince Consort Mr. Theed was asked by the Queen to execute a life-sized group of herself and his Royal Highness in Early English dress, 'The Parting,' which procured for him many commissions. One of his most known works is the group representing Africa on the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park. We also regret to record the deaths of Sir John Steell, R.S.A., who was responsible for many of the statues in Edinburgh; of Mr. Paul Jacob Naftel, member of the Old Society of Painters in Water Colours, at the age of seventy-six; of Mr. Samuel Haydon, sculptor, who began to exhibit at the Royal Academy in 1842; and of the French painter Théodule Augustin Ribot, at Colombes, in his sixty-ninth year.



OD AND THE KING.

A MODERN COUNTRY HOME.*

THE upper floors at Pownall offer many points of interest, for every room shows a variation in proportion and treatment. Where a house contains a large number of bedrooms,



The "Bolyn" Bedroom

it becomes advisable to give them distinctive names. In the house of a distinguished architect we found the rooms denominated "Honour," "Faith," "Humility," etc. At Pownall they are named after local families or rivers, as "Lyndow," "Wizard," "Lacy," "Styal," "Stamp-forde," "Morley," "Fytton," "Bolyn," "Dene," "Pownall," "Newton," and "Dovecote," the latter being a child's room. The name of the room is incised in Gothic characters over the architrave of each door. Two of our sketches indicate how quaintly the architects have treated the bedrooms. The "Fytton" room is divided into two portions, one opening into the other under the bracketed beams shown in the illustration. In the farther portion stand the bed and the lavatory, and in the nearer portion is a fire recess, on the lintel opening of which are carved shields bearing the arms of families formerly connected with Pownall. The end of the room terminates in a dais, within the bay window which comes over the library bay. The view of the room, looked at from this point, is particularly quaint and pleasing. Another cosy chamber is the "Bolyn." Here the bed-head stands within a panelled recess, the lintel opening of which contains a carved owl and the legend--

> "Sleepe that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
> The death of each day's life, sore Labour's bath,
> Balme of hurt mindes, graet Nature's second course,
> Chief nourisher in life's feast."

The glazing in all the upper rooms is excellent, and a good example of the sort of treatment chiefly to be found is that in the child's room called the "Newton" (see illustration on this page), where the Newton arms are done in colour above the transome and clear glass in geometrical pattern below. A nicely designed corner fireplace is also a feature in this room. A very comfortable appearance is produced in the "Pownall" bedroom by the continuous range of "fitments" which surrounds it (p. 354). The Moorish detail works in very effectively with the light posts, pierced ornament, and foiled arches which front the windows and bed. This room and the boudoir *en suite* have been erected by Liberty & Co. A gracefully designed range of figures occupies the upper part of the windows. Some of the other rooms, though treated more simply, are equally, and even in some cases more, picturesque. But the best feature on the first-floor level at Pownall is decidedly the suite of nurseries, the equal of which it would be hard to find. The principal apartment is quite a large hall, with an open-timbered roof. Across one end is a sort of gallery apse, which is used as a music-room, and under this is a school-room. Opening off are nursery bedrooms, kitchen, bath, etc. A bay window, with



The "Newton" Bedroom

* Continued from page 335.

fixed window-seat having carved ends and a quaint table with spreading legs, forms a good feature at the fireplace end



The Sun Dial

of the hall. The window glazing is very dainty, having lines of a nursery-rhyme music written across the lower part, and a row of nodding flowers, containing cherubs' heads; tall fruit-trees grow up the window into the upper part, wherein are painted fleecy clouds, blue sky, and flying swallows.

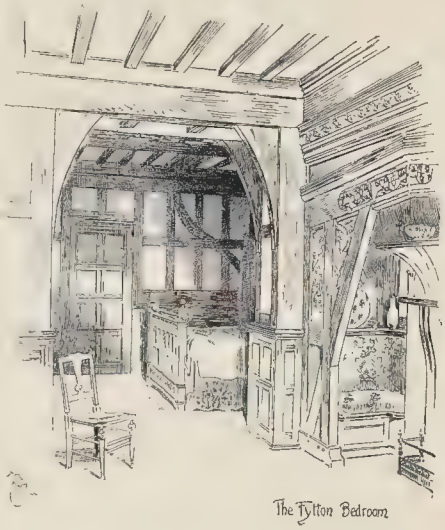
I regret there is not space to indicate more of this charming suite of rooms than is afforded in the small sketch of the schoolroom. In this latter the character of Messrs. Shrigley and Hunt's glazing is indicated. The farther window has a tall oak growing up to the top, and fungi along the bottom. In the other is a mounted figure of St. Michael and a fruit-tree, whose head, filled with luxuriant fruit, forms a piece of rich colouring in the traceried head of the window.

Leaving now the house proper through the garden doorway, we note that the stone bay window which lights the library



The Pownall Bedroom

below and the Fytton bedroom over is the only extension of the house beyond the original ground area. At a distance of some hundred yards from the Hall we come to the stable court, on one side of which is a picturesque range of picture galleries (p. 357), on another the bailiff's cottage, and on a third the stable and coach-houses. Our sketch (p. 356) shows the principal elevation of the picture galleries, with its open, arched piazza, and in the foreground the corner



The Fytton Bedroom

gable of the stables. The picture galleries are entered through a low vestibule or hall space lighted by a beautiful stained-glass window in three divisions. From this we ascend by stairs to a central gallery, looking down left and right into the main galleries. Our drawing of this shows the design of the stair railing, and the open timber roof, looking towards the end, where are two charming windows in opalescent glass, from the Gateshead Glass Company, designed by A. H. Marsh. One of these represents Ophelia, and the other Lady Macbeth. In this balcony and in the hall below, are placed one of the best private collections in the country of spinets, pianos, harpsichords, and other curious old musical instruments, to the number of nearly fifty. The north gallery contains some two hundred water-colour drawings by J. D. Watson, and one of the south galleries some thirty-three works by Ford Madox Brown, and several by Lhermitte and other painters. One of the galleries is designed so as to form an excellent stage for the performance of private theatricals; and delightful entertainments have been given in it, such as go to prove what a great acquisition such a building is to the establishment of a country home.

We have left to the last one of the most original features at Pownall, and that is a small chapel which stands detached in the park, at some little distance down



The Chapel.

the drive, in a green enclosure near the surrounding belt of wood. This chapel has been largely built out of the old stone which came from the Wilmslow church-tower after restoration. Exteriorly the interest lies largely in the curious carvings by which the sculptor, Mr. J. J. Millson, has adorned it. The chapel is dedicated to St. Olaf, the first Christian king of Norway, whose life affords scope for much pictorial treatment. In the frieze surrounding the chapel we have in low relief a record of his battles and death. A sun-dial, with the signs of the zodiac carved round about it, is placed on the south wall of the chancel. At various points on the walls where the stones have been built with rough projecting lumps, these have been carved into various quaint figures and devices. Inside the chapel is fitted with teak seating and dado, pulpit, organ, altar-table, and choir seats, all in miniature, and the ceiling is made of deep carved beams and rafters. The arches on either wall and across the chancel contain elaborately carved detail, and on the soffits of the chancel arches are carved in vesicas scenes from St. Olaf's life. Over the chancel arch is carved a procession of many kinds of beasts and birds, with medallion heads of cherubim, and the inscription "Te deum laudamus."



The Chantry



Door to Conservatory from Picture Gallery

The whole interior presents a strikingly rich effect. Both inside and outside the sculptured work is full of character, and is good evidence of Mr. Millson's ability.

Our illustrations of Pownall Hall have indicated what may be accomplished in the way of alterations to a dull, uninteresting house. By a liberal use and display of woodwork an aspect of comfort and picturesqueness has been obtained peculiarly appropriate to a country house. Compared with effects of paper and paint, the generous display of solid oak gives a quality and dignity which the architectural mind especially appreciates. Tynecastle tapestry, anaglypta, lincrusta, tectorium, leather paper, and the like, provide us in these later days with much admirable and useful decorative material, and in conjunction with wood and plaster help us to many excellent results; but the appearance of constructive woodwork in the way of panelling, beams and rafters, posts and arches, provides an architectural effect the lack of which none of the veneering materials of modern enterprise can make up for. In the adoption of black-and-white work in the hall and staircase at Pownall, the architects, Messrs. Ball and Elce, have scored a signal success in the artistic constructional effect, for it is always theoretically gratifying to the professional observer to find the wall and ceiling construction *en évidence* in an interior design.

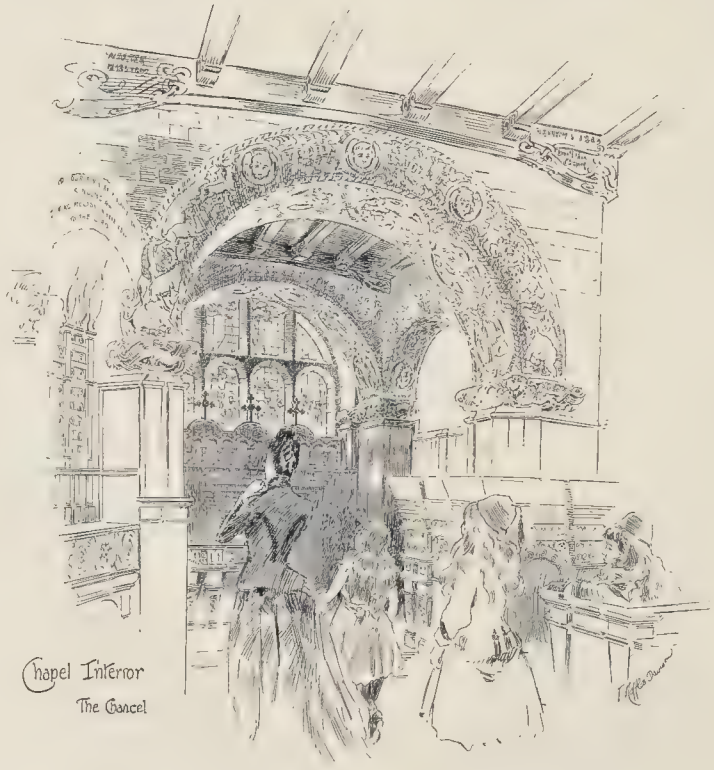
That an old red-brick house, such as Pownall was, has undergone such a transformation says something for the skill of the architects; but our readers have doubtless observed that the alteration of an existing plan often leads to happier results than the creation of one entirely new, and that the difficulties which under those circumstances have to be encountered and overcome, produce sometimes the most pleas-

ing results. It is difficult perhaps for those who have had the *entrée* to many of the artistic houses of the present day to



Stables & Picture Gallery

realise how large a reformation there is yet possible in the great mass of English homes. In this direction there is



Chapel Interior
The Chancel

enough to fill up the time of many an almost idle architect, who now laments the absence of commissions. Unfortu-



The Picture Gallery Balcony

nately the public, in spite of all the books and articles that have been written, and the lectures that have been given for their benefit, are only half educated, and imagine that paper and paint, cushions and curtains, ribbons and rugs, in sufficient cost and quantity, and with a modicum of advice from the upholsterer's young man, will convert a Philistine home into an artistic one. They fail to realise how that a screen added here, a door altered there, an extra window in another place, a new fireplace or a partition, may, in the architect's hand, effect such a transformation as will turn an old house into a new one, with all sorts of added comforts and artistic effects. It needs a special education, and a special experience also, to know how this sort of thing can be wisely and economically done. For the doing of it there is a wealth of material, and skilled workmanship available almost bewildering in variety and extent. For the design of it there are a number amongst the younger members of the architectural profession peculiarly qualified, and it would be greatly in the interests of artistic homes if a larger proportion of the guineas paid over to the upholsterer and cabinet-maker found their way into professional pockets, for much of modern fashionable decoration is superficial and meaningless.

T. RAFFLES DAVISON.



Library Window Bay

THE NEW FROCK.

FROM THE PICTURE BY A. LAUSSHEIMER.

MODERN Germany has nothing more barbarous to show than the devotional decoration of her village churches, even in those regions of Prussia and the north from which some severity of taste might have been expected. You get all the frippery of popular Italian ornament, and more, without that grace—banal and silly and ready-made, but still grace of a kind—which is the commonest and cheapest thing in all Italy. Rhenish Prussia is set with some of the noblest churches in Europe, and it is not in these solemn Romanesque buildings that the strangest pranks are played by popular taste. What that can achieve may be gauged in the villages, where images of singular ugliness originally, are so trimmed with tinsel and garlanded with paper as to make a show too grotesque for the most resolute lover of the quaint. Such as it is, the image is dear to the villager, and much dearer to the nun and the lay sister, who spend their feminine instincts on the doll of their later simplicity. "Can a maid forget her ornaments?" The "sister-sacristan's" ornaments are those of the Lady-altar, where she can have her fill of the futile decoration that makes so much of the lumber of the world. No "new frock" of her own ever makes a smiling image of herself in a mirror; she does not own the habit she wears, nor the coif, nor the shoes; for fear she should conceive some sort of attachment to even such austere garments as these, she is made to own them in common with the whole sisterhood, to exchange them as convenience may serve, and to wear contentedly to-day the darn which repairs the rent made by her sister yesterday. Obviously, therefore, the pleasing words "new frock" have no personal associations in the convent; the new frock is for the Madonna and Child. Their ornaments the pious maid never forgets. Over them she spends such infinite ingenuities, as would hardly visit the dreams of a young *mondaine* obliged to array herself on a scanty allowance. Odds and ends are begged of great ladies who pay rustling visits to the convent chapel, and their gifts of silk are never bright enough to please the nuns. Many a court train has been adapted by those unwearied fingers to make a mantle for the crowned image. And with regard to these crowns, a custom prevails in Italy, and doubtless in other countries, of affixing them only upon pictures or statues which are believed to have been the means of working some miracle. They are decreed with great deliberation, and set up with considerable ceremony, but with small regard to the character of the image they are to honour. Every visitor to Italian churches has noticed the extraordinary effect of a crown, or the half of a crown, cut to look as though it were drawn in foreshortening, nailed on to the painted canvas. It would be impossible to imagine a worse anomaly than the positive gilded metal in combination with the conventional representations proper to oil paint. It is a little worse than the trick of the photographer who gilds the bracelet on his sitter's arm or the edges of a book, for that gilding, absolutely incongruous as it is, and illegitimate, is at least flat; whereas the crowns of the church pictures are a solid relief of metal. Fortunately no good pictures, as far as we remember, have undergone this operation; the popular devotion has attached itself to inferior works, and with the popular devotion have gone the jewels and the gold and silver, and—in the case of statues—the brocaded court mantle and the lace.

Robert Browning knew modern Italy and the characteristics of her taste and devotion, and he was aware of the strange freaks of the cheerful Tuscan, who will not follow a Madonna of the Dolours in procession unless with the seven swords the image must also wear a smile. We have admired a little local Madonna of this kind near Signa, who held a lace-bordered handkerchief by the exact middle. The good ecclesiastic who was with us had his doubts about the propriety of the representation, because, he said, the Blessed Virgin did not give way to her sorrows, and so would not need a handkerchief. But his peasants thought the sign of weeping very touching, and he liked to please them.

If the nun has not been a splendid patron of Fine Art in painting—at least since the days when she gave to Filippo Lippi a commission for the altar-piece of a conventual chapel—she is unconsciously enough a good subject for Art. For Art, that is, which will take her just as she is, and find what humour and what sentiment there is to find by observation, and not by preconception; for Art that has quite done with unverified romances of the cloister, and has touch of familiar things in strange conditions—a combination that gives a salt to life, and is to be had among nuns. They fulfil the first necessity by their pictorial dress. Almost all the orders are so clad that they might bear a part without disgrace in any composition. This may be said even of orders of recent foundation, and the older ones had an unfailing instinct of ascetic beauty. It seems hardly possible for them to produce anything vulgar, however stringently they may rule that material shall be common and shape unshapely, and colour absolutely banished. Their secret is not to be explained by attributing to them a simple following of nature's outlines, for nothing could be more arbitrary or less suggested by any form in nature than the head-dress of a Sister of Charity. The mind of woman has never conceived a bonnet, even, that was apparently less justified. Yet, monstrous as it is, the sister's flapping cap makes a picture *quand même*. It has been painted an infinite number of times. Its violent forms are felicitous, its dead white makes broad effects; there is a great deal of delightful drawing about it, because its lines contradict each other in a manner interesting to the pencil; it has perspectives and foreshortenings that come in well. The nun painted by M. Laussheimer is not so happily clad, but in her dress too there is no lack of charm; veil and *guimpe* have their involuntary but incontestable dignity, even in the commonplace person who is so busy with the frivolities of her perverted ingenuity.



The New Frock. From the Picture by A. Lausscheimer

NEW FIELDS FOR THE ART METAL-WORKER.

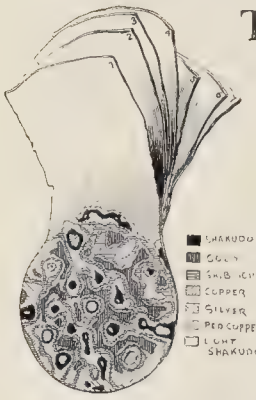


Fig. 1.—Illustration of method of blending alloys.

THE standard fineness of gold and silver wares is, as is well known, rigorously guarded by law, and articles of gold may only vary between the limits of 9 carats, or 37·5 per cent., and 22 carats, 91·66 per cent. of the precious metal, while silver work always contains 92·5 per cent. of silver. In the latter case our adherence to the "old standard of England," while securing integrity in the productions of the silversmith, has, it is to be feared, exerted a prejudicial influence on the development of Art metal-work. As regards appearance, and apart from composition, we are so accustomed to see wares of the precious metals with resplendent surfaces, that we barely tolerate, and certainly do not appreciate, the effect produced by the film of tarnish which silver acquires when exposed to atmospheric influences. We seem to have entirely shut ourselves out from the use of the large series of alloys, the beauty of which depends on the tarnish they gain either by time and exposure or by the far more rapid action of chemical agents. The singular merit of such alloys has more than once been proclaimed in the pages of this Journal, and reference has been repeatedly directed to those alloys the secret of the preparation and treatment of which has long been held by the Japanese, who employ the precious metals in such a manner as to deliberately sacrifice their metallic lustre, and, in the case of gold colour, for the sake of producing other definite effects. The brilliancy of gold and silver in their natural state is employed by this artistic nation merely to heighten the general effect of a design, and the general result of centuries of labour is that the Japanese Art metal-worker possesses a series of alloys which rival the palette of the painter in range of tint. Our knowledge of the causes which underlie the production of colour in metals and alloys is very limited, but some facts bearing on the question may be briefly and easily stated. In early days the belief prevailed that the colours of the seven principal planets were reflected in the metals whose names they originally bore—thus gold resembled the sun, silver the moon, while copper, though associated with Venus, was, by an earlier attribution, thought to have borrowed its red tint from the ruddy planet Mars; the hue of "pale, dull lead" was the reflection of the planet Saturn. These planet-born metals could be united so as to produce mixed tints, and gradually a knowledge of coloured alloys was built up. When a coloured metal like copper is "alloyed" or united by fusion with another metal, its characteristic tint may be lessened, increased, or entirely destroyed, and sometimes a new tint altogether may be acquired. For instance, red copper united to grey zinc gives golden-yellow brass. Many instances might be given, the really striking cases being presented by the most highly coloured metal of all—gold. The addition of a little silver to it will lower its colour in a remarkable way, while, on the other hand, the presence of copper will heighten it; but the effects so produced are nothing when compared with those which result from uniting by fusion gold and aluminium, and this has been well shown by a recent investigation which has been made by the author of this paper, the general result of which may be stated as follows. If gold be fused with about ten per cent. of aluminium an alloy will be produced, the fractured surface of which shows mirror-like planes of a brilliant silver-white, the gold tint having absolutely vanished; add to the gold some twenty-one per cent. of aluminium, the gold tint is not restored, although in its place a deep purple heliotrope colour is obtained, and we are in possession of the most brilliantly coloured alloy yet known. At present these alloys are too brittle to enable them to be worked, though this defect will doubtless yield to careful treatment, or it may be that some added substance will be found for changing them into malleable and ductile masses, to the great gain of Art. Their polished surfaces are, moreover, at present less brilliant in colour than their fractured ones, and this fact leads naturally to the consideration of the effect of surface treatment on the colours of metals and alloys. In the first place, the result obtained by frosting the surface of metal is well known; it is not so generally recognised that by ruling fine lines, so that about 2,000 would lie in the space of an inch, a beautiful iridescent effect is produced, the tints, which are quite independent of the

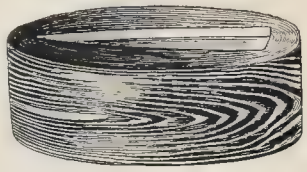


Fig. 2.—A "fuchi," or sword-socket.



Fig. 3.—Bead. Actual diameter ⅜ inch.

metal itself, being due to a physical effect of the lines on



Fig. 4.—Coffee-pot.

ordinary white light. Such effects are, however, of limited application in metal work, far more telling results being obtainable by changing the surface of the metal, by doing, in fact, in a brief period of time what nature does but slowly, in forming superficial chemical compounds of elements with the metal, and producing a series of gorgeously coloured *patina*. Here again the Japanese are the masters, their knowledge as craftsmen being very great, and their skill truly astonishing.

A very few prefatory remarks will make this portion of the subject clear. It is well known that in the compound of a metal with another element no trace of the original tint of either constituent of the compound need remain. Thus sulphide of silver and antimony is a brilliant ruby-red, oxide of copper may be either black or red, carbonate of copper is either green or blue, according to circumstances, and the acetate of copper is green. Copper is usually the main constituent, and is always an important one of Japanese alloys; hence it is that the *patina* of the alloys owe their colour to copper compounds, profoundly modified though the tint may be by the presence of other metals, even when they are present in very minute quantity; but before dealing with this portion of the subject it is necessary to describe the method by which the coloured films are produced. These may be obtained by heating the metal, or alloy, in air until a thin coat forms on its surface; usually, however, the use of solutions are resorted to, and the metal to be coloured is boiled in them. A full description of the nature of the solutions or pickling agents employed would be too technical for the pages of this Journal, and it will be sufficient to say that the main constituents are verdigris, sulphate of copper, nitre, common salt, sulphur, vinegar and water. It should nevertheless be observed that the peculiar vinegar obtained from plum-juice by the Japanese yields chemical compounds of a superior tint to the ordinary vinegar of Western commerce; much use is also made of the leaves of certain plants, the action of which is not at present explained, and in this direction there is an abundant field for research. The solutions are used boiling. Unfortunately at present but little is known as to the composition of the film or patina produced in the respective cases, such films being very thin, and it is difficult for a skilful analyst to obtain exact information respecting them, though in many cases it is certain that they are extremely complicated mixtures of the red and black oxides of copper with acetate and carbonate of copper.

We can now turn to the alloys themselves, of which the more important ones are the following. There is an alloy of silver and copper, sometimes with equal proportions of precious and base metal, called *shibu-ichi;* there are endless varieties of copper of varying degrees of purity, and there are several kinds of brass, but in reality the main alloys, with the exception of the impure copper and the brasses, are *shibu-ichi*, the alloy above mentioned, and *shakudo*, which is essentially copper containing small but variable quantities of gold, seldom more than four per cent., and sometimes a small proportion of silver. The effect of the presence of the precious metal is, however, very remarkable, as even a small proportion is sufficient to entirely change the character of the copper when it is treated with the pickling solution, for instead of affording a red or red-brown film as ordinary copper (*su-aka*) would, the patina becomes a fine purple with, in the best cases, a bluish



Fig. 5.—Coffee-pot.

plum-like bloom which is very lovely. It should further be pointed out that copper containing a small quantity of



Fig. 6.—Vase.

antimony gives a shade very different from that resulting from the pickling of pure copper; but the copper produced in Japan is often the result of smelting complex ores, and the result is that the so-called "antimony," or *shiro-me* of the Japanese Art metal-workers, is really a complex mixture containing copper, lead, arsenic and antimony, so that the artist has an infinite series of materials at command, with which to secure any particular shade. Whenever he wishes to obtain a grey mass he employs *shibu-ichi* in one or other of its numerous forms, that is copper alloyed with one-third to one-half of silver. There are, as might be anticipated, endless combinations of the main alloys, for instance, *kin-shibu-ichi*, the composition of which would correspond to one part of *shakudo* rich in gold and two parts of *shibu-ichi* rich in silver. Space will not permit further details to be given as to this portion of the subject, and the admirable papers which have been contributed by the Editor render it unnecessary to describe examples of ordinary, though still rare, specimens of Japanese metal-work. The present object is rather to direct attention to complicated phases of Art, which are as yet little known in the West, and the study of which appeared to have been dying out in Japan, but has been recently revived, in no small measure, the author is assured, as a result of the prominence he has given to the subject in some papers written during the last few years. He is encouraged, therefore, to state briefly the sum of his knowledge of the art, and to record the progress which has recently been made.

First, it must be pointed out that the Japanese are not content with using their beautiful alloys as inlays on a metallic base, in which form we know them best, but they take their sheets of metals and alloys, sometimes only in pairs, *shakudo* and silver for instance, and solder them together in alternating series arranged like the leaves of a book, then they drill conical holes to a greater or less depth, or cut complicated trenches, V-shaped in section, as a bookbinder might produce intricate raised or sunk patterns through the binding covers of the book leaves, and then the metallic book is rolled or hammered out thin, until the holes, patterns, or trenches are obliterated, when it will be obvious that the innermost leaves will have come to the surface, the amount exposed varying with the depth to which the device was cut. Beautifully banded effects are thus produced, the distinctive colours of the various metals and alloys being developed by the use of pickles. Sometimes, instead of cutting trenches, patterns are beaten up from the back of the plate, and the prominences are then filed flat, the result being, as in the previous case, that the underlying layers are brought to the surface in apparently arbitrary proportions, though their ultimate position could really be predicted by calculation. Fig. 1 shows very clearly the method of work, the pattern being produced by beating up a seven-layered plate from behind and filing the surface flat.

The author has for many years produced such specimens mainly with a view of studying the "flow" of metals considered as viscous solids; he has, in fact, done quite enough to satisfy himself of the extreme beauty of the effects which might be produced in the hands of skilful workers who have but few claims on their time, for the operations are tedious. The names of *mokume* (wood grain) and *mizu-nagashi* (marbled) are given to the more important varieties of these combinations of alloys. Fig. 2 shows a *fuchi* or sword-socket of *mokume*, in which the effect of wood grain is admirably imitated, while Fig. 3 is a bead of wonderful workmanship. It is only three-quarters of an inch in diameter; half the sphere is of grey *shibu-ichi*, and the rest is composed of very fine soldered plates, showing how perfectly the complex soldered alloys may be worked even into a rounded surface. A solder employed consists of fifty-six parts of silver, twenty-six of zinc, and eighteen of copper, and this is the particular detail of the manipulation of which we as yet know next to



Fig. 7.—Mustard-pot.

nothing, for the Japanese appear in some cases to reduce the solder to a minimum, and in others to trust to welding the

layers of metal together. For instance, the writer possesses a comparatively modern example of blended layers of *shakudo*



Fig. 8.—Vase.

and copper of native workmanship, in which the presence of solder cannot be detected. So far as the author is aware no British manufacturer has attempted to produce Art works in these beautiful alloys, and doubtless, as has already been suggested, the restrictions of the Acts of Parliament which govern the sale of gold and silver wares are the cause of the apparent indifference to the use of these interesting materials.

For the credit of Western Art metal-work it is fortunate that Messrs. Tiffany of New York and London have produced, mainly under the influence of the late Mr. Edward C. Moore, secretary to the firm, examples of Art-work which give evidence of more perfect mastery of the materials and manipulation than is shown in much excellent Japanese work. The firm exhibited some admirable examples of their craft at the Paris Exhibition of 1889. The most noteworthy object in their series was a vase some twenty-nine inches high, for which the modest sum of £1,000 was asked. It contained, however, a considerable quantity of gold blended with about five alloys doubled on themselves so as to produce twenty-five layers, but with regard to the process of manufacture adopted by this eminent American firm, the writer would limit himself to the statement they published in a little description of the vase above mentioned which was given to visitors to the Paris Exhibition.

"The difficult process of folding, hammering and rolling can only be accomplished by the greatest care, it being necessary that each metal should stretch and flow alike. The sheet of metal having been prepared, the slow and laborious process follows of hammering it into form, during which the metals must be kept compact and connected in one piece. The base and neck of silver are added last. This piece of various coloured metals is believed to be the largest ever made."

At a recent soirée of the Royal Society some further examples of their skill were shown, and these the author gladly describes. To take the simplest case first, Fig. 4 represents a coffee-pot about 7½ inches high, made either of standard silver or of *shibu-ichi*, containing much silver. It is lightly "oxidized," and the conventionalized cuttle-fish adopted in its ornamentations are relieved by yellow enamel, which is also freely used in the beaded treatment at the top. An excellent effect is produced by the use of pieces of stained ivory at the top and bottom of the handle to keep it cool.

A very imperfect idea of the coffee-pot represented in Fig. 5 can only be given without colour. Its form leaves much to be desired; in fact, although the detail is generally excellent, the form and outline of the works of Messrs. Tiffany appear to the writer to be of very unequal merit; but the colour of this example is most beautiful, and is a delicate violet, produced superficially on silver by a process which is kept secret. The effect is heightened by giving the flowers a deep red tint, relieved by gold foliage; and in the true spirit of Japanese work, a touch of deep green is added by the jade knob at the top of the lid.

Fig. 6 is of silver, perforated, and in it the free use of white, pink, and yellow enamel on the orchids with which it is decorated is very effective. Japanese alloys are not actually introduced, but it is nevertheless given here as a very suggestive example of a type that lends itself to treatment with coloured alloys on a silver base, and relieved by enamel. In Fig. 7 an example of much interest is presented. It consists of irregular-shaped plates of the "lobster red" copper which Messrs. Tiffany have succeeded in producing, blended with very dark *shakudo* set in silver and relieved by gold. As simple a case of the treatment of *mokume* as could well be desired is represented in Fig. 8, which is a bottle-shaped vase grained in black *shakudo* and grey silver. Fig. 9 is a work of much beauty. It is a jug about 9 inches high, the



Fig. 9.—Jug.

lower part of which is of the *mizu-nagashi* or marbled alloy of alternate layers of silver, brilliant red-copper and purple

shakudo; over this the upper portion is joined to the lower by a silver apron, the upper part of which contains leaf-shaped plaques, which are alternately composed of red copper and grey *shibu-ichi,* and of *shibu-ichi,* gold, black *shakudo,* and silver, the effect being very rich. A fern-like treatment is adopted in the handle, which is of silver, with beaten-in layers of pure gold down its length.

Fig. 10, probably the most interesting example as yet produced, is a vase only some seven inches high. The base and the three horizontal bands are of silver; below the uppermost band comes a fillet of black *shakudo* combined with excellent effect either with grey solder or *shibu-ichi;* but in this particular strip no attempt has been made to rival the delicacy of some native work, and it is in this combination of black and white alloys that the Japanese execute their finest work. It is difficult to describe the beauty of the vase without a coloured sketch, but it will be seen that the second and third elements of the design consist of a metallic patchwork, the members of the pattern being more or less diamond-shaped. Taking the upper segment the reader will see the whole of a central diamond-shaped plate, but owing to the curvature of the vase only portions can be seen of the two other diamond-shaped elements of the design which could be cut by a horizontal plane passing through the centre of this upper part of the vase. They are all of copper and *shibu-ichi,* and their prevailing hue is light red. Of the remaining four plaques, which are wholly visible, two are of black *shakudo* and grey *shibu-ichi,* while the other two are of the finest and most beautiful workmanship the writer has as yet seen, and consist of dark grey *shibu-ichi* blended with black *shakudo,* and relieved by very fine marbled lines of pure gold tint, the general tone being a delicate olive green. A similar alternation and arrangement of plaques is adopted on the lower portion of the vase.



Fig. 10.—Vase.

It will thus be evident that the metallurgist is placing at the service of the Art metal-worker a really remarkable series of alloys. It may be thought that the use of a material resembling the markings of "wood grain" or the veinings of marble is somewhat incongruous in association with the precious metals. It must be remembered, however, that gold and silver were, in the older works, frequently and effectively employed in combination with various natural substances, among which mother-of-pearl, nuts, and the shells of the eggs of birds may be mentioned. A good instance of the use of cocoa-nuts is presented in the inventory of the Maison-Dieu of Dover, 1535:—"A littell olde nut with a bonde of sylver and gilt . . . . ij nutts with ij covers of sylver and gylt, and the said nuts garnyshed with silver and gilt, xxxiii uns."

There are no doubt grave artistic objections to imitating one material in another, but banded alloys of the nature of *mokume* and *mizu-nagashi* may be produced without copying either the graining of wood or the staining of marble, and the object of this article is not to advocate the use of servile imitation in metal of any organic or mineral substance, but to suggest to the Art metal-worker that he has a new and wide series of effects within his reach. By devoting his attention to the compression, beating, and welding of metals, he will justify the inscription on an old cup formerly belonging to the Ironmongers' Company, which claims, as regards metal work, that—

"By hammer and hand
All arts doe stand."

W. ROBERTS-AUSTEN.

THE PILGRIMS' WAY.*

VIII.—HARBLEDOWN TO CANTERBURY.

FROM Harbledown it is all downhill to Canterbury, and a short mile brings us to the massive round tower of Simon of Sudbury's noble Westgate, the only one remaining of the seven fortified gateways which once guarded the ancient city. Many are the pilgrims who have entered Canterbury by this gate: kings and queens of all ages, foreign emperors and princes, armed knights and humble scholars, good Queen Philippa and Edward Plantagenet, Henry of Agincourt, Margaret of Anjou, Chaucer and Erasmus. Many, too, the long processions which have wound down this hillside: newly created archbishops followed by a brilliant train of bishops and courtiers on their way to be enthroned in the chair of St. Augustine; solemn funerals, attended with all the pomp and circumstance, the funeral plumes and sable trappings with which men honour the mighty dead. Through the Westgate went forth that gay company of monks and friars, of merchants and citizens crowned with garlands of flowers, and making joyous minstrelsy as they rode out to welcome Archbishop Winchelsea, who, once a poor student in the school at Canterbury, now came to be enthroned in state in the presence of King Edward I. and all his court. And this way, too, they bore him with much state and pomp, eighteen years later, from the manor-house at Otford, where he died, to sleep in his own cathedral after all the labours and struggles, the storms and changes of his troublous reign.



The Chequers of the Hope, Mercery Lane, Canterbury.

Since these mediæval days, Canterbury has seen many changes. The splendours of which Camden and Leland wrote have passed away, the countless number of its churches has been reduced, and their magnificence no longer strikes the eye of the stranger. The lofty walls and their twenty-one watch-towers, which encircled the city in a complete ring when Chaucer's Knight, after paying his devotion at the shrine of Thomas, went out to see their strength, and "pointed to his son both the perill and the doubt," are all gone, and the Conqueror's mighty castle is turned into a coal-pit. But the old city is still full of quaint bits and picturesque corners, timbered houses with carved corbels and oriel windows, hostelries with overhanging eaves and fantastic sign boards of wrought iron work, hospitals whose charters date from Norman times, and whose records give us many a curious peep into the byways of mediæval life. As we draw near the Martyr's shrine, memories of St. Thomas crowd upon us. The hill outside the Westgate, now occupied by the Clergy Orphan School, is still called St. Thomas's Hill, and was formerly the site of a chapel founded by Becket himself. A little way up the High Street we reach a

* Concluded from page 352.

bridge over the Stour, which winds its way through the heart of the city, and a low pointed doorway on our right leads into St. Thomas's Hospital. This ancient Spittle of East Bridge was founded, as a fourteenth-century charter records, by the "glorious St. Thomas the Martyr, to receive poor wayfaring men." Archbishop Hubert Walter increased its endowments in the twelfth century, and Stratford repaired the walls in the fourteenth, and drew up statutes for its government. From that time it was especially devoted to the use of poor pilgrims, for whom twelve beds were provided, and whose wants were supplied at the rate of four pence a day. During those days, when the enthusiasm for St. Thomas was at its height, alms and legacies were lavished upon Eastbridge Hospital, and Edward III. bequeathed money to support a chaplain, whose duty it was to say daily masses for the founders of the hospital. After the days of pilgrimages were over, this hospital was applied to various uses until Archbishop Whitgift recovered its property and drew up fresh statutes for its management. Ten poor brothers and sisters still enjoy the fruit of St. Thomas-à-Becket's benevolence, and dwell in the old house built on arches across the bed of the river. The low level of the floor, which has sunk far below that of the street, and the vaulted roof and time-worn pillars, bear witness to its great antiquity. There can be little doubt that the round arches of the Norman crypt belong to St. Thomas's original foundation, while the pointed windows of the chapel and Early English arches of the refectory form part of Archbishop Stratford's improvements. In this hall some portions of frescoes, representing on one hand the Last Supper, on the other the Martyrdom of the Saint, the penance of Henry II. at his tomb, with the central figure of Christ in Glory, have been lately recovered from under the coat of whitewash which had concealed them for more than two centuries.

Twice a year, at the summer festival of the Translation of St. Thomas, on the 7th of July, and at the winter festival of the Martyrdom on the 29th of December, Canterbury was crowded with pilgrims, and a notice was placed in the King Street ordering the due provision of beds and entertainment for strangers. The concourse was still greater on the jubilees of the Translation, when indulgences were showered freely on all who visited the shrine, and the festival lasted for a whole fortnight. At the jubilee of the year 1420, just after the victory of Agincourt, no less than a hundred thousand pilgrims are said to have been present. On such occasions every available corner was occupied; the inns, which were exceedingly numerous, the hospitals, and above all, the religious houses, were thronged with strangers. The most favourite, the most renowned, of all the hostelries was the Chequers of the Hope, the inn where Chaucer's twenty-nine pilgrims took up their quarters.

"At Chekers of the Hope that every man doth know."

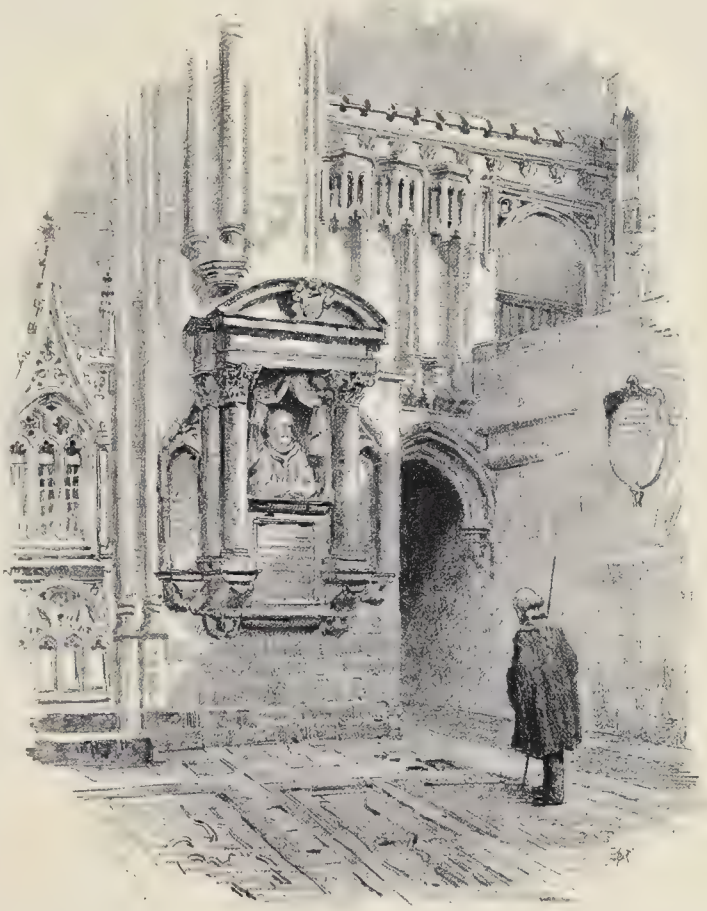
This ancient inn, which Prior Chillenden rebuilt about 1400, stood at the corner of High Street and Mercery Lane, the old Merceria, which was formerly lined with rows of booths and stalls for the sale of pilgrimage tokens, such as are to be found in the neighbourhood of all famous shrines. Both ampullas, small leaden bottles containing a drop of the martyr's blood, which flowed perennially from a well in the precincts, and Caput Thomæ, or brooches bearing the saint's mitred head, were eagerly sought after by all Canterbury pilgrims, and we read that the French king, John, stopped at the Mercery stalls to buy a knife for the Count of Auxerre. The position of the inn close to the great gate of Christ Church naturally attracted many visitors, and the spacious cellars with vaulted roofs, which once belonged to the inn, may still be seen, although the inner courtyard and the great chamber up-stairs occupied by the pilgrims, and known as the Dormitory of Hundred Beds, were burnt down fifteen years ago. But the old street front, with its broad eaves overhanging the narrow lane leading up to the great gateway at the other end, still remains, and renders Mercery Lane the most picturesque and interesting corner of the old cathedral city.

The religious houses were open to all comers, and while royal visitors were lodged in St. Augustine's Abbey, the convents of the Mendicant orders were largely frequented by the poorer classes. There was also the house of the Whitefriars or Augustinians in the eastern part of the town, close to St. George's Gate, and the hospital of St. John in the populous Northgate, "that faire and large house of stone," built and endowed by Lanfranc in the eleventh century; besides that of Eastbridge, which we have already mentioned, and many other smaller foundations.

But it was in the great Priory of Christ Church that by far the largest number of pilgrims found hospitable welcome. A considerable part of the convent buildings was set aside for their reception. The Prior himself entertained distinguished strangers, and lodged them in the splendid suite of rooms overlooking the convent garden, and known as the Omers or Homers—Les Ormeaux—from a grove of elms which stood near. All the range of buildings, including the banqueting-hall, generally known as Meister Omers, was broken up into prebendal houses after the Dissolution, and supplied three separate residences for members of the new Chapter, which gives us some idea of the size of these lodgings. For ordinary strangers there was the Guest Hall, near the kitchen, on the west side of the Prior's Court, which was under the especial charge of a cellarer appointed to provide for the needs of the guests. Prior Chillenden, whom Leland describes as the greatest builder of a prior that ever was in Christ Church, repaired and enlarged this Strangers' Hall early in the fifteenth century, and added a new chamber for hospitality, which bore the name of Chillenden's Guest Chambers, and now forms part of the Bishop of Dover's house. Finally, without the convent precincts, close to the court gateway, where the beautiful Norman stairway leads up to the Great Hall, or Aula Nova, was the Almonry. Here the statutes of Archbishop Winchelsea—he who had known what it was to hunger and thirst in his boyhood, and who remained all through the days of his greatness the friend of the poor—provided that poor pilgrims and beggars should be fed daily with the fragments of bread and meat, "which were many and great," left on the monks' tables, and brought here by the wooden pentise or covered passage leading from the kitchen. This Almonry became richly endowed by wealthy pilgrims in course of years, and early in the fourteenth century Prior Henry of Estria built a chapel close by, which was dedicated to St. Thomas the Martyr, and much frequented by pilgrims. The Almonry was turned into a mint-yard at the Dissolution, and the chapel and priests' lodgings attached to it now belong to the King's School. Another privilege freely conceded by the prior and monks of this great community to pilgrims of all ranks and nationality, who might die at Canterbury, was that of burial within the precincts of Christ Church, close to the blessed martyr's shrine, and under the shadow of the cathedral walls.

Erasmus has described the imposing effect of the great church on the stranger who entered its doors for the first time, and saw the nave "in all its spacious majesty." The vision which broke upon the eyes of those pilgrims who, like Dean Colet and Erasmus, visited Canterbury in the first years of the sixteenth century, may well have filled all hearts with joy and wonder. For then the work was well-nigh perfected. The long roll of master builders, from Prior Wibert and De Estria to Chillenden and Sellyng, had faithfully accomplished their task. Prior Goldstone, the last but one who reigned before the Dissolution, had just completed the central tower, the great labour of his predecessor Prior Sellyng's life, and was in the act of building the noble Perpendicular gateway which forms a fitting entrance to the precincts.

And now the great church stood complete. Without, "a very goodly, strong, and beautiful structure," the traceries and mouldings of the windows, the stone canopies and sculptured images of the portal all perfect, the glorious towers in their might, Bell Harry Steeple, as we see it to-day, matchless in its strength and beauty; and beside it, rivalling its grace and majesty, the ancient Norman tower which bore the name of Ethelbert, crowned with the Arundel spire. Within, a richness and splendour to which our eyes are wholly unaccustomed. Chapels and chantries lining the great nave, fresh from Prior Chillenden's work; altars glittering with lighted tapers and gold and silver ornaments; roof and walls bright with painting and gilding, or decked with silken tapestry hangings; carved images covered with pearls and gems; stained windows throwing their hues of ruby and sapphire across the floor, and lighting up the clouds of incense as they rose heavenward. All this, and much more, met the pilgrims' wondering gaze. No wonder they stood "half amazed," as the Supplementary Tale to Chaucer's Pilgrimage describes "the gardener and the miller and the other lewd sets," gazing up at the painted windows, and forgetting to move on with the crowd. Then the show began. First of all the pilgrims were led up a vaulted passage and "many steps" to the Transept of the Martyrdom, where the wooden altar at the foot of which the saint fell remained to show the actual place of the murder, and its guardian priest—the *custos martyrum*—displayed the rusty sword of Richard Le Breton. Next, descending the flight of steps on the right, they were led into the dark crypt, where more priests received them, and presented the saint's skull, encased in silver, to be kissed, and other relics, including the famous girdle and hair shirt.



The Martyrdom, Canterbury Cathedral.

This *Caput Thomæ* was one of the chief stations at which offerings were made, and the altar on which it lay, mentioned in the Black Prince's will as "the altar where the head is," marked the site of the original grave where the saint was buried by the frightened monks on the day after the murder. This tomb stood in the eastern chapel of Ernulf's crypt, under the beautiful Pointed arches afterwards raised by that great architect, William the Englishman, whom Gervase describes

as small in body, but in workmanship skilled and honest. Soon it acquired a miraculous virtue, and the fame of the cures and wonders wrought there rang throughout the world. It was the scene of Henry II.'s penance, and during the next fifty years it remained the central object of interest to the crowds of pilgrims who came from all parts of Christendom. Cœur de Lion, accompanied by William, King of Scotland, knelt here on his way to the Crusades, to implore the martyr's blessing on his arms. Many were the Crusaders from all parts of France and England who came thither on the same errand. King John and his wife Isabella, who were crowned at Canterbury Cathedral by Archbishop Hubert Walter, at Easter, 1201, offered their coronation canopies at this tomb, and vast sums of money were yearly offered here until 1220, when the body of St. Thomas was translated, in the presence of the young King Henry III., to the new shrine in Trinity Chapel, immediately above the tomb in the crypt. That year the offerings at the tomb, at the Altar of the Sword's Point, and at the new shrine, reached the enormous sum of £1,071, equal to more than £20,000 of money at the present time. After that the offerings at the original tomb in the crypt diminished in number and value, but the altar and precious relics of the *Caput Thomæ* remained an object of deep reverence until the Reformation.



Site of Becket's Tomb in the Crypt, Canterbury Cathedral.

From the dark vaults of the subterranean church the pilgrims were led up the steps to the north aisle of the choir. Here the great mass of relics, including St. George's arm and no less than four hundred skulls, jaws, teeth, hands, and other bones, were displayed in gold, silver, or ivory caskets, and pilgrims were allowed a glimpse of the magnificent vessels and ornaments stored up under the high altar. "All the gold of Midas and Crœsus," exclaims Erasmus, "would have been nothing by the side of these treasures!" and he confesses that he sighed to think he kept no such relics at home, and had to beg the saint's pardon for this very unholy emotion. The golden candlesticks and silken vestments of the sacristy in St. Andrew's tower, and the saint's pallium, which no ordinary pilgrims might see, were also shown to Erasmus and Colet, who brought with them a letter of introduction from Archbishop Warham.

After these sights they mounted the long flight of steps behind the high altar leading into Trinity Chapel; a continual ascent, "church, as it were, piled upon church," which seems to have greatly heightened the impression produced upon the pilgrims within. Now at last they stood within the holiest of holies. There, before their eyes, was the goal of all their journeyings, the object of their deepest devotion, the shrine which held the body of the blessed martyr.

The shrine itself, covered by a painted canopy of wood, rested on stone arches in the centre of the floor, exactly under the gilded crescent which is still to be seen in the Cathedral roof. On the right was the richly carved and canopied monument of Henry IV. and his Queen, Joan of Navarre, with its elaborate effigies of the royal pair wearing their crowns and robes of state; on the left the tomb of Edward the Black Prince. He had willed to sleep before the altar of the chapel of our Lady in the Undercroft, which he himself had beautified; but the people who had loved him so well would not allow their hero to remain buried out of sight in the dark crypt. So they brought him there to rest by the great saint's shrine, where all men could see his effigy of gilded bronze as he lay there clad in armour, his sword by his side, his hands clasped in prayer, and at his feet the pathetic lines which tell of his departed glories, and bid the passing stranger pray for his soul:—

"Pur Dieu, priez au Celestien Roy,
Que mercy ait de l'âme de moy."

His was the first tomb that was ever raised in the sacred precincts devoted to the martyr's shrine, and to this day it remains there, unhurt by the hand of time or the more cruel violence of man.

Up the worn stone steps which still bear the marks left by thousands of feet and knees, the pilgrims climbed, murmur-

ing words of prayer or chaunting the popular Latin hymns to St. Thomas—

"Tu, per Thomæ sanguinem,
Quem pro te impendit,
Fac nos, Christe, scandere
Quò Thomas ascendit."

Here the Prior himself received them, and showed them first the corona or crown of Becket's head, preserved in a golden likeness of St. Thomas's face, ornamented with pearls and precious gems, which had been presented by Henry V. Then, at a given sign, the wooden canopy was drawn up by ropes, and the shrine itself, embossed with gold and glittering with countless jewels, that flashed and sparkled with light, was revealed to the eyes of the pilgrims. They all fell upon their knees and worshipped, while the Prior with his white wand pointed out the priceless gems which adorned the shrine, and told the names of the royal persons by whom these gifts had been presented. There were rings and brooches and chains without end, golden and silver statues offered by kings and queens, the crown of Scotland, brought back by Edward I. after his victory over John Baliol, and the *regale* of France, that superb ruby presented at the tomb in the crypt by Louis VII., which shone like fire, and was as costly as a king's ransom. Full of awe and wonder, the spectators gazed with admiring eyes on these treasures, which for beauty and splendour were beyond all they had ever dreamt,



Site of Becket's Shrine, before the Black Prince's Tomb, Canterbury.

until the canopy slowly descended, and the shrine was once more hidden from their sight.

Then they went their way, some to visit the convent buildings, the noble chapter-house with its gabled roof and stained windows, and the glazed walk of the cloisters, glowing with bright colours and ornamented with heraldic devices of benefactors to Christ Church lately painted on the bosses of the vaulting. Others made themselves fresh and gay, and went out to see the city; the knight and his son to look at the walls, the Prioress and the wife of Bath to walk in the herbary of the inn. But for Erasmus and his rather inconvenient companion there was still a sight in store, only reserved for very exalted personages, or such as had friends at court. Prior Goldstone, a gentle and well-bred man, not altogether ignorant, as Erasmus found, of the Scotian theology, himself took them back into the crypt, and lanterns were brought to illumine the dark vaults, and by their light the Prior led the way into the church of Our Lady in the Undercroft, which was divided from the rest of the crypt by strong iron railings. There the two friends saw what Erasmus might well call "a display of more than royal splendour." For there, surrounded by exquisitely carved stonework screens and a beautiful reredos with delicate traceries and mouldings, richly coloured and gilt, was the altar of Our Lady, adorned with precious ornaments and twinkling with hundreds of silver lamps. There in the central niche, under

a crocketed and pinnacled canopy, stood the famous silver image of the Blessed Virgin herself. And there was the jewelled tabernacle and frontal, with its picture of the Assumption worked in gold, and the chalice and cruets in the form of angels, and the great silver candelabra with which the Black Prince had enriched his favourite shrine. There too were the costly gifts and jewels presented by his son, Richard II.; the gold brooches offered yearly by Edward I.; the white silk vestments, diapered with a vine pattern of blue, bequeathed by the Black Prince, and countless other rare and precious things which filled Erasmus with envy and wonder. But then, as ill luck would have it, the Prior conducted his guests into the sacristy, where on bended knees he opened a black leathern chest, out of which he produced a parcel of ragged handkerchiefs with which St. Thomas used to wipe his face. This was too much for Dean Colet's patience, already sorely tried as it had been by what he had seen and heard. When the gentle Prior offered him one of the filthy rags as a present, he shrank back in evident disgust, and turned up his nose with an expression of contempt which filled Erasmus with shame and terror. Fortunately the Prior was a man of sense and courtesy, so he appeared to take no notice, and after giving his guests a cup of wine, politely bade them farewell. Before this Colet had alarmed his more timid friend by the bold way in which he had dared to question the priest who guarded the gilded head. He had even gone so far as to remark aloud that the saint, who was so charitable in his lifetime, would surely be better pleased if some trifling part of these riches were spent in relieving the poor and destitute. Upon which the monk had glared at him with Gorgon eyes, and, Erasmus felt sure, would have turned them out of the church forthwith, had it not been for Archbishop Warham's letter. But in these words of the honest Dean we see a foreboding of the new and critical spirit that was fast undermining the old beliefs. Already the days of pilgrimages were numbered, and the glories of St. Thomas were on the wane. A few more years and the monks who guarded his treasures were to be rudely disturbed. Those glittering gems and priceless rubies were soon to be scattered to the winds, the glorious shrine was to be destroyed, and only the broken pavement and the marks of the pilgrims' knees in the stone floor would be left to show future generations this spot hallowed by the prayers and the worship of past ages.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.



THE LESSON OF A PERSIAN CARPET.

THE origin of the great and important school of Moslem Art is one of the problems of Art history nowadays in process of solution. Wherever Islam reigns we find a certain well-marked style of architecture and decorative design generally described as Saracenic or Arab. It was customary to trace the origin of this style to the tribes of Arabia, amongst whom Mohammedanism arose. It was explained as originally the Art of a people dwelling in tents; and its conventions were believed to have been laid down in the first instance by craftsmen of the loom and the needle. The conquering Arabs were held to have carried the germs of this style with them to Damascus and Bagdad, to Persia and Egypt, to Tunis, Morocco, and Spain. As the power, the wealth, and the luxury of victorious Islam increased, so it was believed did the Art conventions born in Arabia develop into a great and splendid style.

Modern investigation has, however, destroyed the fair imaginings upon which this theory was constructed. It has proved that the Arabs of the Hejaz and Nejd, in and before Mohammed's day, possessed no independent Art traditions. They were an inartistic race, and what little ornament they employed was borrowed without intelligence from Egypt, Mesopotamia, or Byzantium. We now know that the earliest Saracenic Art was merely the Art of the cities of the Byzantine and Persian empires, which the Arabs conquered. The craftsmen were not Arabs, but Christians or renegados, and this continued to be the case down to the latest times. The Saracenic architecture of Egypt was only a development of Coptic or Byzantine. The palace at Mashita in Moab, built between A.D. 614 and A.D. 627 by the Persian king (that is to say, about the year of the flight of Mohammed), already presents arabesque decoration, though it was built under influences wholly Byzantine. We have now, therefore, learnt to regard the luxurious cities of the Byzantine and Persian empires, and not Arabia, as the source of the artistic traditions out of which arose the style called Saracenic.

If there were need to make any exception to this rule, it would surely be in the case of carpets, *par excellence* the artistic furniture of tents. It might be speciously argued that a native style of carpet decoration must have been developed during the long thousands of years throughout which the deserts and fair uplands of Arabia were inhabited by the Semitic tribes who own them to-day. Whether in fact some of the rude geometric patterns of the commoner sorts of carpet may not, perhaps, have been of Arab origin must be left undecided, but certainly it is to Asia Minor (that is to say, to the heart of the Byzantine Empire) that most even of these must be traced. Central Asia may likewise have yielded a few of its own.

But the geometrical patterns are not the most important. The finest flower of the splendid carpet industry of the whole Moslem world is one group or kind of carpets which we know only as Persian. We are acquainted with no existing example of the kind I refer to earlier in date than about the sixteenth century of our era. These carpets are usually made of silk, and sometimes gold threads are woven into them. They have a short velvet-like pile. In design they usually represent hunting scenes or wild animals dotted about amongst trees. Sometimes there are decoratively twisted dragons in the Chinese fashion, and one carpet at any rate is adorned along the borders with great winged angels. Birds, flowers, animals, trees, dragons, huntsmen, and arabesques are usually mingled together with perfect decorative effect, but without forming in any sense a pictorial composition. Such carpets appear to have been made in one or another of the royal factories of Persia. They were not, like the ordinary Oriental carpet, the product of domestic industry. They were not made for sale. They were made for the monarch, and by him were presented to mosques, or to his favourites, or employed to furnish the royal palaces. Their rarity thus needs no explanation. A fine, though much injured, example was recently exhibited on loan at the India Museum, and attracted attention in a conspicuous law-suit. Another splendid specimen is the glory of the Poldi Museum at Milan. A third is in the Hof-Burg at Vienna. I propose to show that the type of these carpets descends by unbroken sequence from pre-Moslem days.

For Chosroës I., Sassanian King of Persia (A.D. 531—579), there was made a wonderful carpet, 450 feet long by 90 feet broad. It was called "Chosroës' Spring," and was employed to decorate a hall in the palace of Ctesiphon. Like all other works of Persian or Mesopotamian art of the period, the design of this carpet must have been of Byzantine type. In the year 637 Ctesiphon was captured by the Arabs. "Its palaces and its gardens, its opulent houses and its pleasant fields, its fountains and its flowers, are celebrated by the Arabian writers, who never weary of rehearsing the beauty of its site, the elegance of the buildings, the magnificence and luxury of their furniture, or the amount of the treasures which were contained in them." The inartistic Arabs now for the first time came in contact with the luxury of Art. Nothing astonished them more than "Chosroës' Spring." Several descriptions of this carpet have been preserved in the writings of Tabari and other Arab authors.*

From them we learn that the design of the carpet was the plan of a royal pleasure-garden or paradise. It consisted of beds of spring flowers and blossoming trees, divided by gravel paths and flowing streams. There was a broad border all around, and here again were beds of bright-coloured flowers. The yellow ground was rendered, in this wonderful piece, by gold threads. The leaves of trees and flowers were of silk. Fruits were inlaid with polished stones; crystals represented the waters, and all manner of most precious stones were inwoven for the blossoms.

This working of gems and other polished stones into a textile fabric finds a distant echo in the custom still followed in Persia and India of introducing bits of glittering talc into the patterns of embroideries. It no doubt resulted from the fact that in

* See Rawlinson's "Seventh Monarchy," p. 565, from which I have quoted above, and authorities cited by him. See also J. Karabacek's "Die persische Nadelmalerei Susandchird" (Leipzig, 1881), p. 190, and A. Riegl's "Altorientalische Teppiche" (Leipzig, 1891), p. 169. To the last mentioned essay I am specially indebted.

the first instance fine carpets were made in imitation of those mosaic pavements, which Roman prestige had caused to be the fashion in all the ancient civilised world. The mosaic tradition must have been even more visibly present in that carpet upon which the Khalif Motawakkel was murdered in the year 861, for its border was adorned with circular medallions containing portraits, clearly in the Greco-Roman style.

Between the design of "Chosroës' Spring" and that of the group of sixteenth and seventeenth-century carpets I have described there is clearly a great difference. The former was obviously divided into rectangular spaces by its streams and paths. It contained beds of flowers as well as trees. But all the carpets of the modern group are of very free design. A wooded park is no doubt the idea they are intended to convey, but there is no topographical scheme or dividing of the parts. The type of these carpets may descend by unbroken sequence from ancient times, but obviously it has undergone certain changes and developments.



Carpet in the possession of Mr. Sidney Colvin.

Fortunately one carpet, or rather a portion of one, does exist which seems to preserve for us the earlier type. It is in the possession of Mr. Sidney Colvin, who by rescuing it from oblivion has been the means of enabling us to fill up an important gap in the history of a charming art. An illustration of this carpet accompanies the present article.

Originally it was certainly larger than it now is. The length of at least one of the squares has been cut off from one end, and a length of half a square and the border from the other. A strip has likewise been cut out near the middle. Moreover, the carpet may have been, though probably was not, wider than it now is. The border has been adapted to the diminished area that survives. My own impression is that the carpet within the border was never more than two squares wide, and that it was six squares long. It is impossible to be certain about this without seeing the back, which is now necessarily hidden by a lining.

The interesting fact about Mr. Colvin's carpet is that its design corresponds remarkably closely to that of "Chosroës' Spring." In the midst is apparently a pavilion or tree seen from above. Four streams, with fish swimming in the waters, flow from beneath its shade. There are paths along the banks of the streams, and dividing the squares that flank them. In each angle between the streams grows a tree, which is depicted as if lying on its side. The leaves and branches of each tree fill one of the squares. The four squares next to these are occupied by beds of brightly blossoming flowers. Each of the remaining squares, one in every corner, was likewise filled with a tree, whose trunk doubtless started from the corner, and whose branches and foliage filled the square as the middle squares are filled. Portions only of two of these squares have been preserved. Birds and flowers are placed along the paths, the flowers being thought of as growing along the sides, but actually depicted flat upon the path. There are also many birds among the branches of the big trees and on the borders of the flower beds. The wide and beautiful border around the whole carpet is very elaborate. In it are shown cypress-trees at approximately equal distances, with shrubs between them and many little birds, besides a number of pairs of large birds, beak to beak, just as Quintus Curtius records them to have been embroidered upon the robes of Persian satraps—*aurei accipitres veluti rostri in se irruerent pallam adornabant.*[*]

[*] See S. L. Poole's "Saracenic Art," p. 288; Yule's "Marco Polo," i. 67.

Outside is a band of rosettes, then a row of Saracenic battlements to indicate the garden wall, and finally another small band of rosettes.

The carpet, in its existing state, measures $14\frac{1}{2}$ feet by 11 feet. Its colours are singularly beautiful and perfectly harmonious. Blue predominates in the border and paths; the water is represented by zigzags of alternate red and green. Elsewhere there are large spaces of white and green and some yellow. The pile is throughout of wool. The workmanship is not that of the royal factories of Persia. The carpet was probably made in Khorassan, but neither the locality nor the material, nor yet the date, need concern us now. It is, at any rate, clear that the design embodies the ancient Persian tradition. It helps us in imagination to construct some faint vision of the beautiful floor coverings wherewith the wondrous palaces of Persia and the great cities of the Eastern Empire were decorated, in what was probably the greatest age of decorative Art that the world has seen.

Nor are we without some further materials to assist us in this imaginary re-creation of the past. The ruins of the palace of Chosroës II., now called Takht-i-Bostan, present us with some interesting bas-reliefs which have been excellently reproduced by Flandrin in his "Voyage en Perse." Two of them represent hunting incidents within the walls of a royal park, treated in the conventional manner which must have been that adopted by the carpet weavers of the same period. In the fine group of carpets above referred to the same traditions are maintained a thousand years later. A certain element of Chinese influence appears in them, and the outlines of decorative divisions are formed of curvilinear forms developed in the service of a mediæval style of architecture, but in all else there is no change.

The important element in the finest carpet designs of Persia is thus proved to have been derived in no sense from the Arabs, nor to have been created by any Moslem race, but to have been directly derived from Persia in Sassanian times, and all Sassanian art, as we already know, was merely a branch of that important Greco-Roman school whose decorative element was developed to so remarkable an extent under the fosterance of the magnificent court of the Emperors of the East.

W. M. Conway.

FRITZ AUGUST VON KAULBACH.

THE name of Kaulbach is associated, for those who know modern German painting as the mere tourist knows it, with the elderly Art of the Munich that was so resolutely, and in such cold blood, bent upon becoming an Art-capital at least as illustrious as any city of the past. But the Kaulbach whose work is here reproduced is not the Kaulbach of the Munich revival; he is his son, a Kaulbach of a less solemn day, born in 1850, and therefore a bearded leader among the men of the closing century. The famous father, though he began with the 'Finding of the dead Abel by his Parents,' settled down to court-portraits in later life: and his son is more distinctively a portrait painter than a genre painter. So far he has followed in his father's steps, but his Munich takes life more lightly—takes it quickly, takes it freshly—takes it, in fact, in pastel. Fritz August von Kaulbach is a most graceful designer, full of feeling for the gayer charms of landscape and the figure. He has never derogated into commonplace, which says much for his natural taste and distinction, inasmuch as he began—and has in some degree continued—as a most determined costume painter. Subjects in fancy dress are of course not necessarily vulgar; nevertheless vulgarity takes easily to fancy dress, and the worst period of English Art—from the thirties to the seventies—was achieved in studios crammed with properties. When Herr von Kaulbach was an observant boy, the life of Europe was hardly rousing from its resignation to a prevailing ugliness and commonness. Most people born about that time, who recall the feelings with which they made their very earliest criticisms of life, must remember how scornful and discontented were their ten-year old eyes at the decoration of the world. Why were things beautiful and dignified in pictures, and shapeless in the streets and ungainly in the drawing-room? The galleries were filled with costume pictures. Thackeray, for instance, always seems to take it for granted that velvet or armour was the only wear among the models for the dreadfully banal pictures of his young students.



Study of Girl reading.

Herr von Kaulbach chose for his best-beloved period the middle Renascence, held on to it as a time that for him

should never die, set his models in its decorations, and clad them in its attire. It was in the seventies that his study and



The Sporting Artist. 1.—*Complaisance.*

taste first bore fruit in the exhibitions. He was under the charm of an amiable Romanticism; he loved the past with a general love, but the German past with a particular and enthusiastic passion. The native city of Albrecht Dürer was the home of his fancy, and he set its inhabitants back to the habits of the fifteenth century—or the sixteenth—he would go so far, he was not intolerant. At first it inspired him with little pictures of romantic interest, and certainly of undeniable charm. He painted women, children, little girls, each and every one in fancy dress. And behind them he set the unchanging country landscape, that is not ambitious of distinctiveness or special character, but is of unfailing interest when touched with the painter's true hand. The prettiness



3.—*Punishment.*

of his subjects—little maidens in rustic Renascence garments keeping sheep in the home meadows, and the graceful citizenesses, equally of the Renascence, walking the old German streets—made his work extremely popular even in its earlier days; but his technique had a better than popular quality. It proved that the young dreamer was also a persistent student, bent on deriving something from masters worthy of a following. Kaulbach's handling soon gained the ability that gave it liberty and delicacy; in composition and attitude he did not fear to reveal the origin of his inspirations. He had sufficient confidence in his own distinct personality to confess his obligations to the painters of the past in whose art he had put himself to school.

In 1876 Munich kept a general costume-festival. The whole city dressed up and became as old German as it could be. With the fraternization possible in a handy little German capital, the artists got the whole festival ready, and prominent among them was the young Kaulbach. He had not only all the necessary learning, but a finished and fastidious taste in beauty and in attire. His advice and work were invaluable, and much of the success of the celebration was due to him. So lordly looked the men, so noble the



2.—*Disobedience.*

ladies, that some portrait-records better than the common photograph were desired as a remembrance; and there again was Kaulbach. Not the least charm of the festival was the fact that children were among these players at the game of old Germany.

To this same decade of the artist's years belong a multitude of little pictures—arrangements and single figures, all picturesquely pranked. Among these is a composition of a little pair of lovers at a spinet; a lovely and emotional subject, 'Mutterfreude,' a 'Mandoline-Player,' a 'Rêverie,' which delighted the Parisians at their International Exhibition of 1878; a Burgher's daughter holding a loving-cup, and a fine bust portrait of a lady in most elegant early Renascence attire. In his women a universal sweetness, in his landscapes an impressionary charm—this refinement seemed to be the young painter's *qualité maîtresse*.

The painter was twenty-nine when he produced the 'May Day,' which has been one of his most popular pictures. The

Dresden Gallery has possession of it. Several sketches were made of this charming composition and afterwards etched, but the variants are in mere matters of detail. A little table stands set with fruit and wine, at which a jolly burgher drinks to a demure wife; in the centre of the picture circles a ring of children in long frocks, and cuffs, and caps, to whom a young blooming girl hands tastes of wine from a salver. A little girl and a tiny, merry child, twirl each other round by the hands. There is the obvious enough inspiration of the family festivals of Rubens and of the less insistantly family festivals of Watteau; nevertheless, the little garden is Kaulbach's own—Rubens never drew such tender trees; and so indeed are the people—Watteau never conceived such childlike little ones.

In such gentle compositions as 'The Spring Walk,' the



The Spring Walk.

mother and her two children are as vernal as the flat stretch of meadow, in which you "cannot see the grass for flowers," or the exquisitely drawn trees, still articulate through their sprinkled foliage, or the bloom of sky and river. Soon after the 'Förster,' appeared the 'Lute-Player,' which became the possession, in 1882, of the Emperor Francis Joseph. The picture has been reproduced in black and white, and is a darling of the public. Its beauty and success determined the painter's career as a portraitist. To appear as sweetly, as brilliantly, and with as fresh a charm as Kaulbach's 'Lute-Player,' to be posed like her, and so dressed and so interpreted, became a very intelligible ambition among the ladies of South Germany. A whole little gallery of portraits resulted, many of which are in the collection of Baroness Todesco, in Vienna. A sojourn in Paris affected the charm of these pictures, for to the painter's own most graceful ideal was added

a touch of the famous Parisian finish of personal dress and manner; but he never derogated to *chic* designing, and his admirers rejoice that the tendency towards it soon disappeared, leaving his South-German distinction unimpaired. Chief among his best achievements in female portraiture, are the portraits of Princess Gisela of Bavaria, of the Baroness von Heyl (his sister-in-law), of the wife of Herr Karl Fröschl, and of his own wife with a mastiff, a picture that has been excellently etched by Madame Raab. He shows himself, in these works, a master of circumstance. The light, the dress, a lock of hair, or a curve of ribbon, all the incidents of his arrangements are felicitous.

Not less happy are Kaulbach's portraits of children. One charming pair of little sisters in one big chair he has rendered in full length, another pair in bust portraits. One of his best groups is 'The Quartette'; four blooming girls are gathered under the trees of a pleasaunce, singing a part song, with the very melody in their faces; a little girl, with the very act of listening in hers, presses closer as if to draw near to the notes; every head has its own gentle character and individuality. The landscape background here is particularly delicate. Nor does he neglect the boy, in his admiration for the little girl. Little boys dressed as Pierrots and drawn up at attention, their innocent faces and figures full of humour and sweetness. In 'Mutterfreude,' the mother who strains her child to her breast is the heroine, but the child itself is beautifully conceived.

As a draughtsman in the many varieties of black and white, Kaulbach has filled the shop windows, and his own portfolios and several popular picture-books. The artist life of Munich has given him various subjects for his caricatures. There is hardly such a thing as international humour, and thus English readers may possibly not be moved to much laughter by these frolics of good-comradeship. But one subject for humour is certainly international, and this is the amateur sport of the unpractised citizen. Herr von Kaulbach has made merry over his artist friends out on a day's inexpert shooting, and his own Carlo Quinto face and figure (as it has been called at Munich) in conflict with a *chien de chasse* has given the subject for the outline sketches here reproduced. He has caricatured his comrades at bowls, at the round table of the *Lenbachiade*, and especially upon a certain journey to the Netherlands, which Kaulbach took with his famous friends Lenbach, Makart, Gedon and Hecht, when Antwerp was keeping a Rubens festival in 1877.

FOR GOD AND THE KING.

FROM THE PICTURE BY STANLEY BERKELEY.

THE Cavalry Charge may be taken as the crowning achievement of a battle painter. All he has of power and knowledge, of goodwill and energy, all the anatomy, all the drawing—the drawing he has acquired and that which lives in the capacity of the hand he was born with—every result of every hour of his training must be cast into the work. It is obvious, for one thing, that he must so know the horse as to do with him what nature does, to play with his movements and muscles, and as it were construct the action which is so difficult to observe in the instantaneous life. Mr. Stanley Berkeley's flying skirmish of Cavalier and Parliamentarian cavalry has all the qualities of its subject. He has combined a close realism as regards the action of the gallop with the fulness of movement of which realistic attitude was supposed to be so destructive. There is no languid line, no fault, no impotence of impulse throughout his picture—no pause except the hard, abrupt, and final stoppage of the figures newly dead.

The central incident is dramatic. The cavalier who is run through the throat at the instant that he flings up both arms to save his colours from the hand that has his life, goes by us in the very act of death. The doubts expressed by so many painters as to the fitness of violent movement for rendering in Art are quite proper doubts for those who are incapable of expressing violent movement with power; but Mr. Stanley Berkeley has refuted them by his capacity.

VERONESE'S 'VISION OF ST. HELENA.'

THE SOURCE OF HIS INSPIRATION.

SOME few years ago—in the volume for 1884, at page 260, we gave an etching of the picture of the 'Vision of St. Helena,' by Paul Veronese, in the National Gallery. On the opposite page will be found a reproduction of a rare etching by Marc Antonio, from the collection of the King of Saxony. It suggests many curious reflections, which may be prefaced here by a few words, reminding our readers of some of the leading facts of Marc Antonio's life.

Before Marc Antonio's time, engraving was looked on as a German art. Not only were the Germans, with Dürer at their head, the only recognised engravers, but it was not supposed that an artist who had not, at any rate, been trained in Germany, could possibly practise the art. Marc Antonio Raimondi was trained in Francia's studio. He was born about 1480 and spent the first thirty years of his life at Bologna. His inspiration as an engraver was derived almost entirely from Dürer, whose engravings were hung on all the walls of his studio. Under Francia he also learnt to engrave medallions and buckles; an art in which Francia himself was an adept. In 1510 he came to Rome, made the acquaintance of Raphael, and at once brought all his technical skill to bear on the interpretation of Raphael's work. In a few weeks he created the art of

engraving in Italy—"Ne stupi tutta Roma," says Vasari. For ten years he continued the work, with results too familiar to need recital here. His work after Raphael's death is less remarkable. The loss of his great model seemed to deprive him of some of his own power. He continued to live at Rome till 1527, when the city was taken and sacked by the Constable of Bourbon. Marc Antonio was wounded in the assault and taken prisoner. He only regained his liberty by payment of a ransom, which left him nearly penniless, and he died at Bologna, either in 1528 or at the latest in 1534.

Paul Veronese was born in 1528, and his youth was thus passed during the years when Marc Antonio was a name of might in Italy. His own genius had a very distinct and special province. Without attempting to define it too closely, we may say that scenes of worldly splendour attracted him most—feasts, receptions, and great historic scenes. There is no better example of his work than the picture of the 'Reception of the Family of Darius by Alexander' in the National Gallery. If he painted a sacred subject, it was some scene like the 'Finding of Moses' or the 'Adoration of the Magi.' Here he could introduce gorgeous dresses resplendent with jewels and brocades, glittering crowns, superb caskets, and glowing skies. When he painted a portrait, it was of some ruler of men, some dignified and wealthy man of authority. He loved to express, under the stately repose of the Venetian type, all the mobile energy and fierce acumen that lay in the Italian character, and was at the root of the power of Venice. Nothing was more remote from his ideal than anything ethereal. The portrayal of devout contemplation or absorption lay quite beyond his reach, and hence the extraordinary interest of the 'Vision of St. Helena.' Here Veronese has not only given us a brilliant canvas—which indeed he could hardly help—but an ideal composition; a mystic subject treated with all the simplicity of genius at work in its happiest province. This wonderful picture is at once a delight and a puzzle. If Veronese was capable of efforts like the 'Vision of St. Helena,' why have we not more such, seeing how many treasures of his art have survived to us?



The Vision of St. Helena. From an Etching by Marc Antonio.

The engraving we present to-day offers an explanation, curiously exact, of this difficulty. It is almost certain that the picture is derived from the engraving. Whatever in the 'Vision' is Veronese's own—the drapery and colour—is not more remarkable than in many other pictures of his; on the other hand, whatever is not distinctively of Veronese is Marc Antonio's. Where Veronese has varied the earlier master, he has done so for the worse. The exquisite angel-figure bearing the cross in Marc Antonio's engraving is but ill replaced by the chubby cherubs in Veronese's picture, as we think any one will admit who puts the two side by side.

Of course nothing is more unsafe than to say that one picture is a copy of another. Among the *cinquecentisti* a subject, when once treated, became common property; plagiarism was an unheard-of charge. But the 'Vision of St. Helena,' for reasons we have endeavoured to make clear, is a particularly interesting and instructive example of a habit which looks very strange to us now.

The patriotic bias of German criticism sometimes discovers in some work of Barthel Beham's the origin of Marc Antonio's design. Certainly Beham treated the subject of a woman at a window, and treated it very beautifully. But in the engraving which most nearly resembles Marc Antonio's work there are notable differences. The window space is divided by pillars into three, there is a good deal of furniture in the room, the sleeping dog is wanting, and last, but not least, the subject is not St. Helena at all, but the Madonna suckling the Infant Christ. The juster view appears to be that Beham,

and the other successors of Dürer crossed the Alps, and during their studies in Italy lost the habit of crowding their plates with detail. They gained in grace and clearness, and produced much good work, which might have been Italian. But it was under Marc Antonio's influence, direct or indirect, that they achieved these results. Marc Antonio himself must have been too much absorbed in Raphael to copy anybody else. In his early days he worked after Dürer, in his later after Raphael; and what was not after these masters was mostly original. Dürer and Raphael, and between them Marc Antonio—a great trinity. What more natural than that Veronese should essay to clothe in the glory of his own colouring some creation of the great Italian who learnt from Dürer how to interpret the art of Raphael to Italy?

F. L.

SOME ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

OURS is an age of jubilees and centenaries, and such occasions are fruitful in supplying histories, relics and other memorials of the events or persons commemorated. We are reminded of the approach of Shelley's centenary by the appearance of a set of selections of his poems with illustrations drawn by Ella Dell, and engraved by James D. Cooper (Macmillan & Co.). The volume, got up in handsome style, in a white buckram cover, is printed on a good toned paper with ample margins. The pictures of Ella Dell may be



"Reflecting every herb and drooping bud
That overhung its quietness."
From "Pictures from Shelley."

accorded a high meed of praise as graceful and imaginative studies, very worthily rendered by wood engravings. The selection comprises passages from "Queen Mab," "The Revolt of Islam," "Julian and Maddalo," "Arethusa," "Alastor," and concludes with "The Cloud," which is illustrated by twelve drawings. Of this series we are able to present to our readers one which illustrates the stanza beginning—

"That orbed maiden, with white fire laden"—

Shelley's powerful description of the stars peeping from behind the moon through the scattered clouds, while the river below is paved with her light. No less admirable is the vigorous illustration of the lines—

"The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,"

in which the waters seethe with the violence of the whirlwind, and the mountains and the heavens are confounded together in the stormy background. Some pictures are obviously Turneresque reminiscences. Such, for instance, is the one facing a passage from "The Revolt of Islam"—

"A fane . . . girt by green isles which lay
On the blue sunny deep, respondent far away."

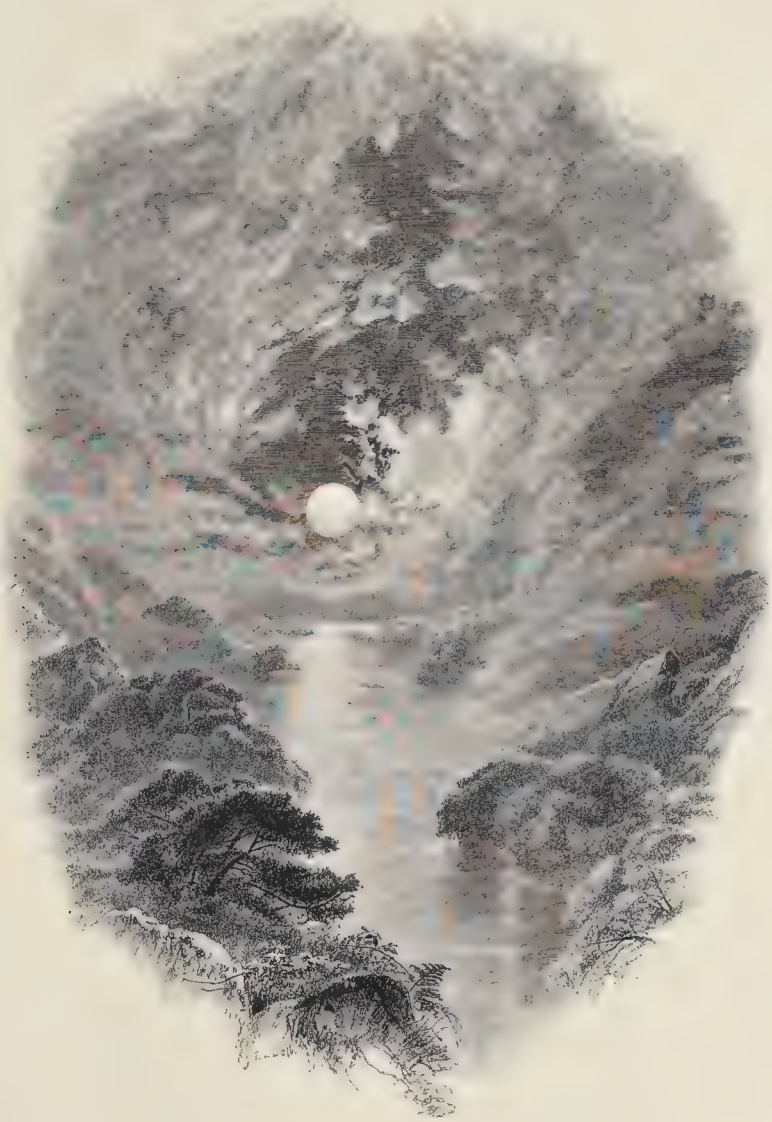
And another suggested by the following lines—

"Oh, how beautiful is sunset, when the glow
Of heaven descends upon a land like thee,
Thou paradise of exiles, Italy!"

If this, as the gondolas in the foreground seem to suggest, is meant for a view of Venice, it may be observed that the representation is an entirely fancy one, both in respect of the buildings and of the mountains which are made to rise immediately behind the city. One little vignette is here reproduced, in which the soft gradations of tone in the reeds and underwood overhanging the pool, and the honeysuckle spray falling across them, makes it the daintiest picture in the whole volume.

In "THE WOMEN OF THE FRENCH SALONS" (T. Fisher Unwin) we find a collection of the articles on this subject that have appeared in an American magazine. Of such familiar names as Madame de Pompadour and Madame de Staël it is scarcely necessary to speak here. But there are other women scarcely less famous in their time, whose Salons are described in turn: Madame de Rambouillet, who did not permit gambling in her company; Mademoiselle de Scudéry, Sappho and the tenth Muse as she loved to be called, the first woman to write a romance of any note; Madame de Lambert, who, at the age of sixty, was at the height of her power, and was employing Watteau to decorate her rooms, she whose Salon became the election chamber to fill the vacancies in the French Academy; Madame de Deffand, who, at the age of seventy and nearly blind, met and formed an extravagant attachment for Horace Walpole, who must have shuddered at her rococo surroundings; and Madame de Roland, whose Salon was a harbour for the Girondists, and who ended her life on the scaffold. Finally, there was the vain attempt under the Empire and the Restoration to resuscitate the Salons—vain, because the old order had

passed away for ever. Madame de Maintenon is merely alluded to in passing, on the ground that she is so important a personage as to require, for anything like adequate treatment, a book to herself. Nevertheless the omission spoils the completeness of the present work. We cannot agree with the writer that Madame Roland erred in taste or judgment in recording her own sorrows. A feature of the book are the excellent portraits, all from the works of contemporaries. The



"That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon."
From "Pictures from Shelley."

pronounced American spelling will be found distracting to the average English readers. The cover is a graceful adaptation of Renaissance ornament, introducing the lily of France and the bee of the Bonapartes. Or is it rather the badge of the Hymethian order, of which the Duchesse du Maine was the presiding genius?

The first volume of the "CAMDEN LIBRARY" (Elliot Stock),

a series of works on antiquarian subjects, promises well. If the succeeding volumes are as carefully prepared, and as interest-



Bob and his Companions surprise the Burglars. By Gordon Browne. From "Held Fast for England."

ing as the present issue, they ought to gain a large circulation,



The Ancient Mariner. By L. Speed. From "The Blue Poetry Book."

not only among the more cultivated, but among general readers; and the editors will have finished a valuable addition to our standard literature. The writer of each is a specialist, and most of them, as in the case of Mr. Hubert Hall, of the Public Record Office, have access to sources of information not generally within reach of the public. The historical importance of the Exchequer, not merely from the point of view of finance, but because the man who possessed the treasure was master of the situation in former times, is duly indicated. The old system of tallies is explained, and facsimiles of ciphers employed to designate the contents of the various chests are given. The frontispiece is a drawing of what is traditionally known as the Old Domesday Chest, now preserved at the Record Office.

As is only natural, a life written by a friend and ardent admirer is less valuable as a study in criticism than for its personal reminiscences, and so in this book, GUSTAVE DORÉ (W. H. Allen & Co.), we find no lack of the incidents of the painter's career. Few men have attempted, few have accomplished, as much as Doré. Among the more important works he illustrated are the Bible, Dante, Milton, and the "Idylls of the King." He began to illustrate Shakespeare and, had he lived to complete that work, he proposed to illustrate, among other books, Thomas-à-Kempis and Homer. Whether he would next have dealt with the "Earthly Paradise," taking up his labours at the point beyond which even Burne Jones did not proceed, is a matter that, interesting though it be as a speculation, will probably never be determined. His illustrations to Rabelais were the occasion of an action against Mr. Camden Holten, the publisher, by Mr. Ruskin, an incident of which Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has omitted all record, only mentioning casually in a

footnote that Mr. Ruskin had never made his apologies to Doré. His genius was of a fantastic order. Gruesome scenes of torture and bloodshed, for instance, a squadron being driven headlong over a precipice, skeletons and monsters were congenial to him. His biographer himself tells us that Doré seldom drew a beautiful woman's face. His angels were not spiritual beings, but women, Frenchwomen, with wings to their backs. In short he was a bourgeois Blake, with this important difference, however, that Doré did know how to *draw* what he conceived, and William Blake unfortunately did not. His treatment of sacred subjects, as has been frequently remarked, was theatrical and wanting in dignity. The architecture, etc., of what he considered his own masterpiece, is in direct violation of all the ascertained topography of Jerusalem, having been, in fact, partly suggested by the exterior of St. George's, Hanover Square. His candid biographer admits—and the fact is worth considering—that it is largely due to our having taken upon ourselves the responsibility of setting an *imprimatur* upon Doré's paintings that English opinion in points of taste has become of so little account on the Continent. Nor is it rash to predict that posterity will still take delight in his illustrations to "Don Quixote," when it has consigned his 'Christ leaving the Prætorium' to the lumber-room. The "Life" contains a quantity of fac-similes of studies and finished drawings, and concludes with a chronological list of his works, which, however, is far from complete. For example, one of his cleverest illustrated works, "Baron Munchausen," though mentioned in the text, is omitted from its place in the appendix.

"TOILERS IN ART" (Isbister) is an illustrated collection of papers on miscellaneous modern artists, foreign as well as English, still living for the most part, some, like Bewick and



The Two Catherines. By Fred. Walker. From "Toilers in Art."

Flaxman, long since dead. The order of these separate studies is not determined upon any sort of system. The chapter on Flaxman is placed last in the book, while that upon Tenniel is the first. In the opening section is a statement to the effect that the comic draughtsman of the day, the illustrator of *Punch*, for example, is the lineal representative of the mediæval sculptor whose fancy fashioned the weird gargoyle, or the carved misericord, or enriched the missal with fantastic illuminations. But surely this is a confusion between the grotesque and the comic—two very distinct things. The function of the grotesque is still always decoration, while the comic is in the first place more pictorial, and, in the second, has as a rule some ulterior purpose, to raise a laugh or to put people in a good temper, and so to induce them to espouse a cause or to show them the weak points in another. The true grotesque does not lend itself to such service. There are also notices, among others, of Bewick and of Flaxman, whose uneventful career included a stay of some years in Rome, and whose outline illustrations to Homer, wonderful as they would have been under any circumstances, for grace of form and purity of line, are little short of marvellous when we consider the times in which they were wrought. Of the late Frederick Walker there is a sympathetic notice. On the subject of the illustration of 'The Two Catherines,' here reproduced, there is extant a letter of his to the engraver, in which he points out in the face of the principal figure, the governess, certain minute defects and other details which he required to be altered. Indeed, the scrupulous care with which all his work was executed is a pattern worthy to be followed by all, whether in Art or in whatever branch their work lies.

Miss Phillips has collected a number of her brother's comic sketches (Cassell & Co.), made originally without a thought of publication, for the embellishment of his private correspondence, and has scattered them at random among the pages of

her memoir of the deceased playwright, in the assurance, as she tells us in the preface, that they cannot fail to prove one of the greatest attractions of the volume. Watts Phillips was a pupil of George Cruikshank and afterwards studied caricature drawing both in Paris and Brussels. But it must be owned that, with the possible exception of one representing a friend's dog, 'Tartar and the Coals,' the specimens in the book before us appear singularly devoid of humour. Two sketches, one of the Prince Imperial's Baptism of Fire, and another of a Uhlan on horseback, are in questionable taste. It is to his talent as a dramatist that the friends of Watts Phillips should trust to keep his memory green. Nor, indeed, is there any fear that *The Dead Heart* will be forgotten for many a long day, after the late brilliant revival at the Lyceum Theatre. We have an insight, from the book, into the different conditions under which a playwright worked during the greater part of Watts Phillips's career. There was little opportunity for the æsthetic development of the drama in the days when it was usual for play to follow play in quick succession at the same theatre. It was not worth while for a manager to incur any great cost on the mounting of a piece that might not last longer than a few weeks. It is owing largely to the example of Mr. Henry Irving that so great an improvement in this respect has taken place. If Watts Phillips could have secured a Sarah Bernhart to play it, his *Theodora*, produced in 1866, with all the scenery and dresses designed by himself, might have become famous. As it happened the version of Sardou eclipsed all others. But the Frenchman, in composing his own play, did not fail to acknowledge his obligations to the English playwright and the foreigners who had preceded him in the treatment of the same subject.



The Little Russian. By A. Harlamoff. From "Toilers in Art."

It is evident that the German author, or the English compiler, of "OLYMPOS" (H. Grevel & Co.) means to be correct in his rendering of Greek names, though he has not the courage of his convictions. The title of the book itself is a proof of this. The only choice rests between Olympus and Olumpos, but Olympos is neither Latin nor Greek. In the same way he spells Apollon, for which name, when coupled with Phoibos, there can be no alternative spelling, Apollo, and Dionusos Dionysos. Inaccuracies like these are all the more to be regretted when we find—and note the fact with pleasure—that such names as Hephaistos, vulgarly corrupted into Hephœstus, and Oidipous, are correctly given. In spite of at least one unscientific attempt, founded upon a now exploded hypothesis, to resolve ancient legends into variants of one common sun-myth, or cycle of sun-myths, Mr. Talfourd Ely has brought out a learned and valuable work, full of information conveyed in an interesting manner throughout. He traces the classic myths in turn through their several stages of development from their remotest origin. Take, for example, the God Hermes, who, in the primitive and pastoral age, was worshipped as the king of the gods. With the rise of the nobility and the increase of the military life of the Greek states, he sank to the position of messenger to the more martial deities, to whom he yielded precedence. He still retained, however, the attribute, among all the gods, of the greatest sympathiser with frail humanity. It is to the cult of the god in this his kindly aspect, and to the belief in his fostering care for the young, that we owe the most beautiful work of the greatest of sculptors, the statue unearthed at Olympia, of Hermes with the infant Dionusos, by Praxiteles. As regards the numerous illustrations, most of the cuts in outline after the antique are good, with the exception of those on pages 55 and 88, which, for the credit of ancient Art, we prefer to treat as misrepresentations. The six phototype plates of busts of gods and goddesses are excellent. We should not omit to mention that the book is furnished with a capital index.

In these days of hurry and scurry, whilst there are plenty of opportunities for young artists to show their ability and rapidity in work, there are increasingly few where a chance is presented of sufficient leisure to produce satisfactory results and of good material which will call forth

all the power of draughtsmanship, composition, and invention. When such a task does come to hand, whilst it must



To the Cuckoo. By L. Speed. From "The Blue Poetry Book."

be entered upon with diffidence, yet it must be also with a sense of satisfaction, as affording a hope of distinction. Especially must this be the case in these days, when the artist knows that the reproductive processes will convey to the public an almost identical translation of his work. In publishing volumes of poetry which only profess to be compilations of pieces which have been again and again before the public, there is a great temptation to rely on illustrations by well-known artists which have done duty before; not only because of the expense, but because of the difficulty which is experienced in getting any artist who will give new renderings of hackneyed subjects. It was therefore a considerable enterprise of Messrs. Longmans in projecting "THE BLUE POETRY BOOK," the volume under review, when they not only ventured to put the illustration into the hands of two young and almost unknown draughtsmen, but did so at a cost of many hundred pounds. We are glad to understand that the result has been as satisfactory from a business as from an artistic point of view. The illustrations that we give of Mr. Lancelot Speed's and Mr. Ford's work are not selected because they are better than others of the ninety odd plates which adorn the book, but as a specimen of the thought, care, and good taste with which they have been designed.

The increased interest in the Paris Salon which is taken by the English and American public is evidenced this year by Messrs. Boussod Valadon having found it desirable to print an edition with English text of the quarto volume which they have issued for some time upon the subject. The firm is so well known for its admirable productions in photogravure, that it is needless to say that it is the most complete illustration extant of any of the annual exhibitions. We understand that the English edition is limited to two hundred copies.

BOOKS FOR BOYS.—That veteran writer of stories for boys, Mr. G. A. Henty, possesses an inexhaustible fund of invention, as his three latest books now before us, all calculated to interest youth, testify. "Held Fast for England" (Blackie and Son) is a story of the siege of Gibraltar and the events that took place between the years 1779—1783. The illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne are excellent, one of which, 'Bob and his Companions surprise the Burglars,' we reproduce. Mr. Henty's second story is still more actual than "Held Fast for England," being a tale of the Nile Expedition, under the title "The Dash for Khartoum;" the third is a story of the Western plains called "Redskin and Cowboy." From the same firm (Blackie and Son) we have also received another tale of adventure, by Mr. R. Leighton, "The Pilots of Pomona." All are well illustrated.

A GIFT BOOK.—The difficulties that beset the path of the modern artist who sits down to illustrate a classic are so great as to deter many men from attempting the task. Not only has he to please himself, but he must also, if he desires to please the public, picture to some degree the generally accepted idea of the characters. We all have in our minds the appearance of them that strut the stage of *The School for Scandal;* and in the book under notice, *The School for Scandal*, illustrated by Lucius Rossi (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.), we have that artist's idea of the way the characters sat and looked in the well-known scenes. The drawings are reproduced in colour; many of them are excellent, play and pictures forming a very seasonable book.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—Messrs. Hildesheimer and Falkner's budget of cards, books, and booklets, show no falling off either



The Twa Corbies. By H. J. Ford. From "The Blue Poetry Book."

in quality or invention. Such a multitude of designs have they prepared, that hardly an eye or pocket need complain of difficulty in being suited. Among the novelties are a series of new parlour games.

ART GOSSIP.

MR. C. PURDON CLARKE has been appointed to succeed Mr. George Wallis, whose death we announce below, as senior keeper of the Art collections at South Kensington. He will retain his special post as curator of the India Museum.

Mrs. Cecil Lawson has presented to the Chelsea Free Library the statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds modelled by her father, the late J. Birnie Philip. The statue is heroic size, and was reserved from the sale of the sculptor's effects by Cecil Lawson, who proposed casting it in bronze for presentation to Sir Joshua's native place, Plympton. The painter died, however, before carrying out his intention.

The Society for the Preservation of the Monuments of Ancient Egypt, in the report of their second annual meeting, announce that two new posts of Inspectors of Ancient Monuments in Egypt have been created. At the meeting Lieut.-Colonel Plunkett called attention to the destruction of monuments, paintings, sculptures, and ornaments of all kinds taking place in hundreds of places on the Nile. The "guardian" who had been sent up to take charge of Philæ lived in a chamber of the temple, and lit his fire in the middle of it, which cracked the stones and brought down the roof. The leader of a party of tourists lit Bengal lights in the tombs of the kings, which did irreparable damage. Prof. Bryce mentioned the case of a wealthy Russian youth who journeyed to Luxor a few months ago, with guides using lighted candles, "whose amusement was to deface the cartouches and the figures of the kings." The Society is doing an excellent work, if only by making public these acts of wanton mischief and vandalism.

OBITUARY.—The recent retirement and death of Mr. George Wallis, F.S.A., keeper of the Art Collections, South Kensington Museum, after long and varied services under Government of over forty-two years, takes us back to the genesis of Art education in England. Mr. Wallis was engaged in its promotion as far back as 1843 (when he first entered the Civil Service); in fact, as early as 1837 Mr. Wallis delivered his first lecture on the application of Art to manufactures. Thus he was one of the pioneers of that movement which has brought Art not only to the homes of people even of limited means, but has by its result given employment to thousands, and caused actual increase of revenue to the State.

When English Art was scoffed at and only foreign pictures and *objets d'Art* were purchased in England, Mr. Wallis believed in his countrymen, and insisted with pen and tongue that what foreigners could do Englishmen could also accomplish. Mr. Wallis joined the Government School of Design in 1841, was appointed head-master of Spitalfields School in 1843, and the same year was promoted to Manchester, which he left in 1843, as he could not agree with certain changes in the plan of instruction originated at Somerset House.

In forming the Exhibition of 1851, Mr. Wallis was appointed Deputy Commissioner for the Eastern Division of London, the northern counties of England, and the whole of Ireland, and subsequently Superintendent of the British Textile Division and Deputy Commissioner of Juries for the Textile Group. At the close of the Exhibition the head-mastership of the Birmingham School of Design was given to Mr. Wallis, and it was during his work there in 1853 that he was asked to serve as one of the commissioners appointed by the Foreign Office to report upon the Art industry and manufactures of the United States of America. This he did together with Sir Charles Lyall, Bart., Sir Wentworth Dilke, Bart., Sir Joseph Whitworth, Bart., and Professor John Wilson.

Mr. Wallis was actively engaged in the British sections of the Paris Universal Exhibitions of 1855 and 1867.

In 1859, he left Birmingham and joined the South Kensington Museum, being appointed senior keeper of the Art collections in 1863, an appointment he relinquished just prior to his death.



The late George Wallis, F.S.A.

The present complete system of circulation of works of Art to provincial museums now carried on by the Department, owes much to the late keeper of the Art division.

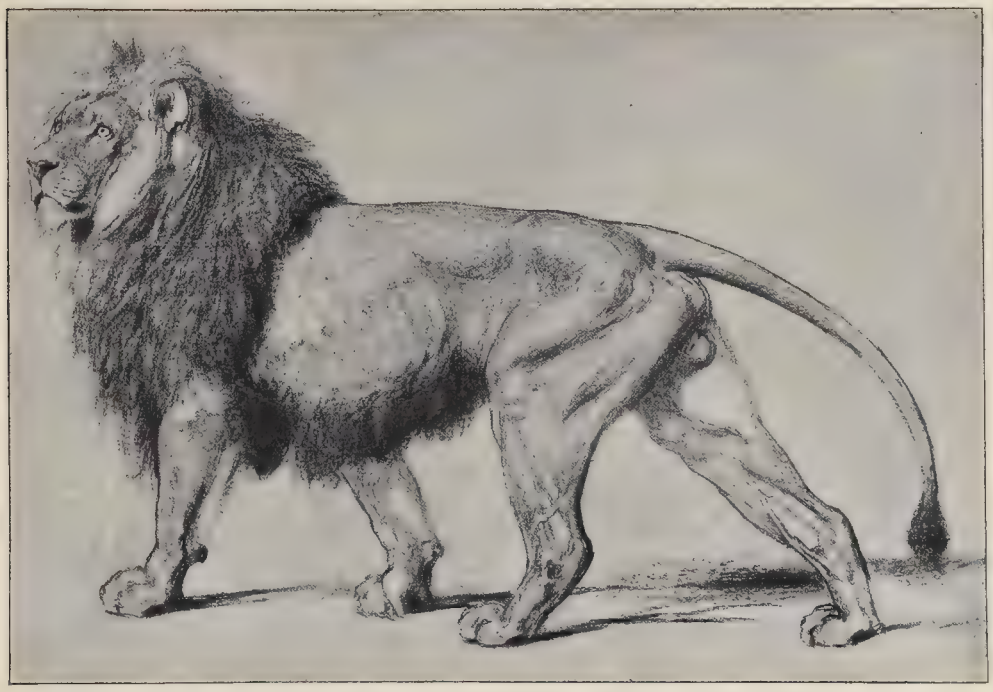
Mr. Wallis was by profession an artist, though his public work did not permit him to exhibit of late years. He was also an able writer, and was one of the earliest contributors to the *Art Journal*.

We also have to announce the death of Johannes Bosboom, the Dutch painter, at the age of seventy-four. He painted views of towns and interiors, especially churches, whose architecture, mysterious in the half-light, had considerable attraction for him. Not his least interesting work was the interior of Alkmaar Church, in North Holland.

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Study of a Lion.

BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.

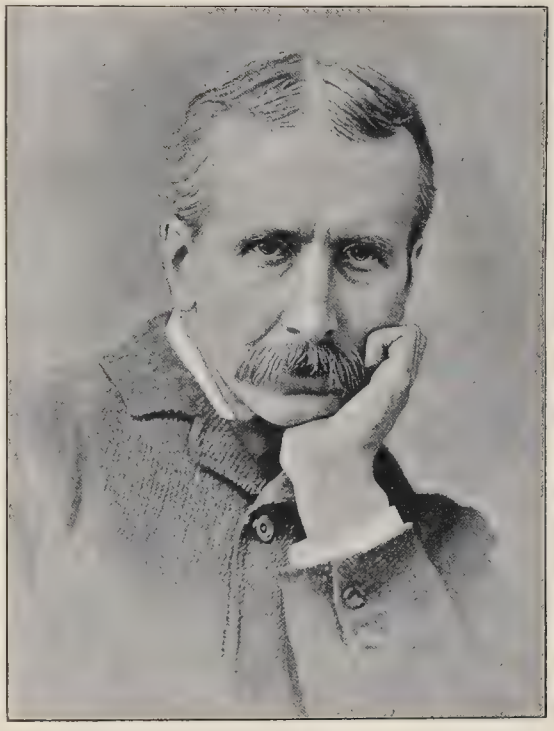
MR. RIVIERE'S FORERUNNERS.

ANIMAL painting in England ought, it would seem, to have flourished exceedingly. Ever since we have had painters of our own, we have taken more interest in animals than any other people. Fox-hunting dates from at least as far back as the reign of Charles I. We are told that a pack of hounds in full cry, with their fox before them and a selection from the Squire Westerns of the day at their sterns, crossed one of the battle-fields of the Civil War during the height of the combat. And fox-hunting implies an interest in horses and hounds, as well as foxes. Racing began not much later, and with racing that connoisseurship of the horse which has increased in closeness ever since. Another animal introduced to Art through the same channel was the deer of the English deer park, to be followed by its lordly cousin, the red deer of Exmoor and the Highlands.

English animal-painting was long confined to these five animals, and as Art had its attention called to them by the sportsman, it was by the sportsman's ideas that its practice was governed. The artist was the sportsman's servant. He had to make, not pictures, but records of sport and its machinery. Such art as he chose to introduce he indulged in at his own risk. If it interfered with the complete, the naïve, display of what appealed to his patron, he was likely to lose his employment. As time went on, a few more pictorial quadrupeds were added to the list. Morland painted donkeys, and those old horses with which sport had nothing to do, and so produced our first animal pictures that could be seriously taken as works of Art. George Stubbs—a genius in his way—occasionally broke loose from his sporting patrons and painted a lion or tiger for his own enjoyment; and in our own century the influence of the Dutch School has led to the painting of cattle pieces, in which Art has been the sole object. Broadly speaking, it was not until the eighteenth century was near its end that English painters began to look upon animals in the spirit of artists. Before then they had been merely recorders. Interest in their subjects had been too exclusively objective—and too well informed—to be compatible with the sincere expression of artistic personalities. A painter could not open his shoulders and hit out. He had to keep one eye, if not both, on the demands of a public which cared next to nothing for Art.

At the first glance it may seem a paradox to say that

any intense interest in an object for its own sake, combined with a minute knowledge of its constitution, unfits it for the secondary treatment of the artist. Art is personal expression through and to the senses, and anything of which the forms and capacities have been closely studied and determined for practical ends can only with difficulty be made the vehicle of such expression. Take the example of an historical event, an occurrence of which we know every detail, where it happened, how it happened, who were present and what they wore; an occurrence like a royal wedding, with its every circumstance fixed by etiquette: such a thing is unfitted for artistic treatment because it accepts but unkindly the impress of the painter's personality. The conditions are fixed and too narrow. Broadly speaking, a pictorial object is one which admits of infinite variation in obedience to individual taste. A thing perfect in itself is not pictorial. Perfection implies balance, unity, completeness of definition, and completeness of sympathy between appearance and use. A Greek temple, a statue, a race-horse, all these can be *put into* a picture, and by proper subordination made in a sense pictorial. But by themselves they are not so, and it would puzzle the finest painter to make a satisfactory work of Art out of any one of the three. There is, of course, one apparently striking exception to all this, and that is woman. But even she affords an apparent rather than real exception. So far as man is concerned, woman's use is not absolute, it is relative to himself. In an ideal society, each woman would be the helpmate for some particular man. Like the very idea of beauty, woman's beauty is not absolute, but relative. Each person has an ideal determined by his own constitution; what he perceives in his ideal are those qualities which, plus his own, will come nearest to the ideal pair, which is the human unit Every one has an instinctive desire about, as well as an acquired knowledge of, the human figure, and this enables an artist to make it expressive without being compelled to have recourse to broad modifications. The modulations of line are so infinite, of colour so subtle, that a painter may spend a lifetime on what a French critic calls "the only subject" without repeating himself, to say nothing of exhausting his theme. With the lower animals it is not so. In the first place, the only people who have sufficient knowledge to appreciate subtle distinctions are comparatively few in number, and they, for the most part, require that pictures should lay stress on the points from which their favourites derive their commercial value. Secondly, the standards by which horses, cows, and dogs are judged are objective and utilitarian. They do not depend on those necessary and instinctive preferences which spring from variations in the human constitution, and so they lack that intimate alliance with the roots of our nature which gives artistic value to our likes in the case of woman.



Briton Riviere, R.A. From a Photograph by Barraud.

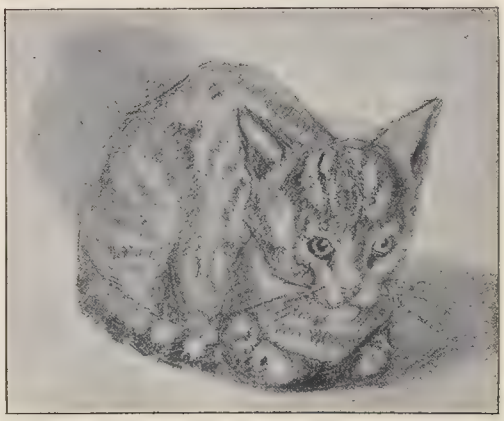
The English cult of certain animals has led, then, to less good art than might have been expected, simply because it has been too thorough. It has resulted in too sound a comprehension of them as machines, to allow of much room for their consideration as the raw material of Art. To the average Briton, a painted horse should be a good horse first and a good picture afterwards, and these two ideas are not always easy to reconcile.

Down to the end of the eighteenth century animal painting was almost entirely confined to those who met the demands of sportsmen and breeders. Portraits, or rather coloured maps of race-horses, were made by the hundred. Such employment did not, of course, attract real artists, or stimulate their production; its effect was rather to discredit animal painting as an artistic career. Races and scenes in the hunting-field afforded rather more scope for the display of ability, and accordingly we find a certain number of clever men devoting themselves to their manufacture. The Van Dyck of English animal-painting was Jan Wijck, called here JOHN WYKE, whose cavalry skirmishes teem in English country-houses. He was born at Haarlem about 1640, and died at Mortlake in 1702. In the last years of his life he had for pupil one JOHN WOOTTON, an English lad born about 1685, who succeeded to his master's popularity. Wootton painted race-horses, dogs, and fox hunts. Seven of his hunts were engraved by Canot. Later in life he painted landscapes in the style of Claude, which are respectable. A few of his pictures were exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery



The Herd of Swine. *From the picture in the possession of Henry Tate, Esq.*

in the winter of 1889-90, but they are not often seen in London; and yet Wootton had talent, and might have done much under better conditions. He died in 1765.



A Cat. Drawn by Briton Riviere when a child.

JAMES SEYMOUR was Wootton's contemporary, though considerably younger. He was born in 1702. His father, a banker, was a friend of Lely's, whose collections may have prompted the young man into acquiring the only power for which he need be remembered. He was an excellent draughtsman. Redgrave tells a good story of him ("Century of Painters," vol. i. p. 346). He was employed by the Duke of Somerset to paint the stud at his place in Sussex. The Duke admitted the artist to his table and drank to him as "Cousin Seymour," but took offence when the painter expressed his belief that he really was of the same race. The Duke left the table and ordered his steward to pay and dismiss his too assertive cousin. Finding afterwards the impossibility of getting an artist to complete the work, he sent again for Seymour, who retorted: "My Lord, I will now prove that I am of your grace's family, for I won't come." Seymour died in 1752.

A very different person was GEORGE STUBBS, R.A. Stubbs was born in 1724, and not many years after Wootton's death had already become the favourite horse painter of the time. He, however, was not satisfied with a dry profile. He felt no call to paint the noblest of quadrupeds as a quiescent beast, standing at the stable door with a groom at his head, and exhibiting his points like a conscious beauty. Whenever he could so contrive it, he painted the horse in action, and among picturesque surroundings. At Bryanston Park Lord Portman has a tiger by him, almost life-size, which is Rubenslike in its vigour and grip. As a rule, however, Stubbs lacked breadth. His horses are painted rather tightly, with an insistence upon their silky coats which does not go well with the landscapes in which they caper. He was lucky in his engraver, and Woollett's plates have done more for his fame than his own pictures. Stubbs was probably the first English painter who seriously studied the anatomy of the lower animals. An absurd story is told of his having once carried a dead horse up into the attic in which he was accustomed to dissect. Perhaps he did, but not all in one piece. He was a very strong man, however, and lived to a hale old age, dying in 1806 in his eighty-third year.

SAWREY GILPIN was far inferior to Stubbs, but his pictures are by no means without merit. Born at Carlisle in 1733, he became, according to the Redgraves, the pupil of Samuel Scott, the English Canaletto. He was afterwards much employed by the Duke of Cumberland as a horse painter, but made attempts in the "grand style" which are not entirely despicable. The animals in the elder Barret's pictures are by Gilpin. He was elected a R.A. in 1797, and died ten years later.

A more illustrious painter of animals than either Stubbs or Gilpin was THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, whose dog painting has never been beaten, even by that most consummate of the Flemish *animaliers*, Jan Fyt. Gainsborough's cows and horses are not painted for their own sakes; they are the *étoffage* of landscapes: but his Pomeranian dogs are. They are set before us with a vividness and freedom which make them almost more important as well as more attractive than human sitters. Between Gainsborough's dogs and those of Mr. Briton Riviere there are not a few points in common, as it may be well to point out when the time comes. Here it would be useless to linger over a career so well known as that of Sir Joshua's great rival.



Studies of Lions.



Natural Enemies. From a Charcoal Drawing.

The next animal painter of the eighteenth century we must glance at is GEORGE MORLAND, the completest master of *handling* the English school has seen. Morland was born in 1763, just in time to take full advantage of that tide in favour of actuality, in the modern sense, of which Hogarth had been the moving cause. Morland's artistic progenitor was Brouwer, through Hogarth and those forgotten Hogarthians whose pictures are occasionally to be seen in a dealer's window. In such a Brouwer as the 'Falschpieler' (the 'Cheat'), in the Munich Gallery, still more perhaps in the 'Room of the Village Barber,' in the same collection, we find a wealth of mellow colour, a variety of method, from rich, fat passages to the thinnest and most dexterous glazes, an instinctive sense of chiaroscuro, and a general pulsing vitality, all of which have their echoes in the pictures of George Morland. As an executant, Brouwer was the greatest of the Flemings. His spontaneity is stupendous, his power to combine freedom with balance, variety with unity, control with *abandon*, almost unrivalled in



Hope Deferred. From the picture in the possession of H. J. Turner, Esq.

Art. Beside such pictures as those at Munich to which I have referred, a Jan Steen seems loose and watery, a Teniers petty, even a Rubens misunderstood and a Rembrandt heavy in hand. Whether Morland ever actually saw a Brouwer or not matters little, but if he did, he saw the highest expression of the technical ideas under which he himself was working. Anyway he perfected his command of material by steady copying from such Dutchmen and Flemings as he could meet, and his methods were to afford in turn the best example we can point to of what we now call the old English tradition. In pictures like those of the 'Letitia' series and in some of the marvellous farm-house interiors painted between 1790 and 1796, the Netherlandish influence is most clearly seen. When he turned to animals he had a manner more distinctively English. The large 'Stable' in the National Gallery may be considered the chief of its class. It sets an example which has been more or less consciously followed ever since. Here pictorial qualities have governed the selection of the models. Before Morland's time it was a fine horse that an artist chose to paint; Morland put such a beast aside and sent for the



Daniel. From the picture in the possession of T. H. Ismay, Esq. By permission of Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons, the proprietors of the copyright.

animal which gave freest play to his own hand. He may, for what I know, have been a good judge of a horse from the rider's or the coachman's standpoint, but with palette on thumb, it was on the evidence of a long life of labour, it was on the accidents of texture and colour, that he fixed his eyes.

Side by side with Morland worked, for a time, a smaller artist, but a man whose example has had a more direct influence on Mr. Riviere than any one else; I mean "old JAMES WARD," painter, engraver, and, in the extremity of his age, devotee to all sorts of "isms." Ward was Morland's brother-in-law, which makes it all the more curious that there should be so little in common between their methods of work. Morland's painting was fat, broad, tending at every point to unity. Ward's was brilliant, sparkling, disunited, and anecdotic. If we took a square inch from a Morland and another from a Ward, we should find more "quality," as painters call it, more infinity of colour and a completer suppression of pigment, in the Ward, but it was only now and then that the younger man contrived to endow his conceptions with any fine coherence. Mr. Riviere has a sketch for the huge 'Gordale Scar' of the National Gallery. It has unity; but unity won almost in spite of the artist by the mere rapidity with which he worked. Nothing could be less digested than the picture which sprang from this very sketch. You may see in Nottingham Castle a work which embodies, to a remarkable degree, the particular qualities which attracted Riviere. I mean the 'Council of Horses,' which used to hang with the rest of the Vernon gifts in Trafalgar Square. Here the conception has just the touch of humanity which commends itself to the painter of 'Sympathy,' 'Cave Canem,' or 'Compulsory Education.' There is no attempt to make horses masquerade as men, in gesture and expression, like Landseer's dogs. They are grouped significantly—more significantly, perhaps, than any one ever saw real horses group themselves, but that is the only flout at the probable. The conception is rather scattered, the colour inclined to be a little hot and over-yellow, the handling woven and stringy rather than mosaiced. We shall find echoes of these faults in the work of Mr. Riviere himself, and in many other ways shall recognise that, among English artists of an earlier generation, it is by old Ward that he has been most strongly influenced. The late Mr. Cavendish Bentinck had a 'Hunting Scene' by Ward which might have been painted by Riviere. Ward was born in 1769, and it was not until 1859 that he died, so that he linked the old English to the modern school, much as "Giambellino" linked the Venetian quattrocentists to the freer artists of a later age.



Head of a Lion.

Excluding Ward, the animal painters of the last fifty years have had curiously little influence over Riviere's practice. It is only now and then, and, for the most part, in unimportant details, that even the popularity of Landseer has left its trace. Here and there we come upon passages which remind us of the now forgotten Abraham Cooper, with whose work, however, Mr. Riviere is quite unfamiliar; but with such men as T. S. Cooper, Richard Ansdell, H. W. B. Davis, Andrew Gow, and others, there is practically nothing in common beyond the materials in which they work. Mr. Riviere's modern affinities are with the Scottish landscape painters. He came under their influence, as we shall see presently, when he was about twenty-five years old, and he has been more or less faithful to their methods ever since.

HIS BIRTH AND CAREER.

THE Rivieres are one of those families of French descent which England owes to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Since 1685 they have been English, and since 1800 artists. Four generations have succeeded each other on the books of the Royal Academy. Briton Riviere's grandfather was a student and medallist, his father a student, his own eldest son a student and medallist, while he himself, the only one of the four who received no part of his training within the Academy, has been for eight years one of its members. Mr. D. V. Riviere, the grandfather, followed up his early



success by exhibiting now and then with the society to which he owed his education, but he has left no mark. His son, Mr. W. Riviere, quitted London in 1848 to become drawing master to Cheltenham College. There he worked hard to win a recognition for Art which the pedagogues of the day were unwilling to accord. He contrived, however, to give such importance to the drawing school that even Sir Henry Cole (then Mr. Cole), who was not easy to please, was obliged to except it from his general denunciation of English machinery for Art teaching. Mr. Riviere's ideas, however, were too advanced for Cheltenham. He carried on a ceaseless bombardment of the directors with suggestions and demands for the improvement of his school, and a time arrived when his relations with them became so strained that he determined to migrate to Oxford. This was in 1858. At Oxford he took a house in Park Crescent, and turned some stable-like buildings near it into a drawing school. He afterwards moved to Beaumont Street, to the house adjoining that of Mr. Frederick Symonds, so well known to many generations of Oxonians. Mr. Riviere laboured at Oxford as he had at Cheltenham, to get some knowledge of the Fine Arts recognised as an essential part of a liberal education. He championed his theory with the dons, and put it into practice with his son. Meanwhile he painted pictures on his own account. Some of these were domestic in subject, but others were of a more imaginative kind. Among his more intimate friends he counted Mr. George Butler, then Vice-Principal of Cheltenham, and his wife, the lady who has since become known as Mrs. Josephine Butler. One day a terrible calamity overtook the Butlers. Their only daughter, a little girl about seven years old, fell over the banisters of a well staircase, and was killed on the spot. Mr. Riviere gave the heartbroken mother such consolation as



Dogs. From a Charcoal Drawing.

an artist could in a picture of the meeting between mother and child in another world. Such a theme appealed to him. Art was his criticism of life. He looked at everything through a veil of Art. In his mind Art so thoroughly took the place of those arbitrary symbols, in sound and form, on which most of us are trained, that he could see a thought, if I may put it so, more easily than speak one. One of the subjects he painted was that on which so different a man as Sir Frederick Leighton has lately been busy, 'The sea shall give up its dead.' Mr. Riviere was married, in 1830, to Ann Jarvis, the daughter of Mr. Joseph Jarvis, of Atherston, Leicestershire, a gentleman farmer, whose estate was afterwards sold to the Sir George Chetwynd of that day. Mrs. Riviere is still living at the age of eighty-two. She has been a fine musician, and has also shown some capacity for painting. Her husband died in 1876. His brother, Mr. H. P Riviere, the well-known painter of Italian subjects in water colours, lived much in Rome. He was in turn a member of both the water colour societies, and died in St. John's Wood in 1888.

BRITON RIVIERE was born in London, on the 14th August, 1840. At the age of eight he was taken by his father to Cheltenham, and his youth was mainly spent in the west of England. Cheltenham College was his nurse and Oxford his "alma mater." While he was still a schoolboy he drew and painted animals with considerable power. I have here in front of me a drawing of a wolf's head, which he made in the Zoo when he was seven years old. It is in pencil, and displays extraordinary dexterity for so young a child. It shows, too, a faculty for grasping the distinctive character of an animal which has persisted through life. A child of seven might be forgiven for not seeing much difference between a wolf's face and a dog's, between the truculent indifference of the one, with its latent

devilry, and the almost soulful solicitude of the other. But little Riviere saw it and brought it out, so that the most careless eye could not mistake his wolf for even a "Spitz."

It is not easy to write connectedly of Mr. Riviere's childhood and youth. His training in Art and his general education were interwoven like the strands of a rope. We have seen him drawing in the Zoo at the age of seven, we shall find him exhibiting at the British Institution before he was twelve, working away at syntax at Cheltenham when he was fourteen, exhibiting at the Academy between the ages of sixteen and nineteen, painting like a pre-Raphaelite Brother from eighteen to twenty-two, cutting lectures as an undergraduate at three-and-twenty; "putting on his gown" four years later, and, at the last, combining with Greek and Latin the beginning of that special line of activity which was to lead him to fame.

Not a little could be said for Mr. Riviere, senior's, theory of education from a strictly scientific standpoint. Nature existed for some little time before grammar was invented. A keen eye and a dexterous hand were necessary to man before he felt the need of syntax and prosody. Logically, the training of the eye to see and of the hand to obey should come before the filling of the mind with knowledge of what other eyes have seen and other hands have done; and who shall say that the practical results of acting upon the logical theory would not be better than those we attain at present?

Briton Riviere's youthful years were passed, then, in a mixed atmosphere of paint and book learning. The time his father could spare from work on his own account and from teaching, was given up to his Art propaganda. It may be said that he was the first to put a stone to the cairn which at last became a respectable heap by the acceptance of Felix Slade's benefaction. Driven by his father, Briton Riviere painted pictures on the one hand while dons stuffed him with Greek and Latin on the other. Both while he was at Cheltenham and after he matriculated at St. Mary Hall—the now doomed "Skimmery"—it was so arranged that his studies were carried on without too much interference with his Art training. His general education was embroidered as it were on this particular preparation. It was the more common process reversed. We shall see presently how the authorities of his university lent themselves to ideas with which they are not likely to have greatly sympathized.

Mr. Riviere, senior, was a great friend of John Pye, the engraver of so many exquisite plates after Turner. Pye was an enthusiast—perhaps I should say a faddist—in the matter of Art teaching. He invented what he believed to be a scientific method of teaching chiaroscuro—a vagary which was perhaps excusable in an engraver. To oblige his friend Riviere, he set his pupil, a clever young woman called Dear, to draw a series of apples, the light and shadow on which were carefully worked out in mathematical formulæ. These were to be utilised as supports to a theory that every picture should obey a certain rigidly mathematical scheme of values and quantities in black and white. According to Pye, the various degrees of shadow should be looked upon as no less immutable than the pawns and pieces on a chess-board. The chief dark and the chief light were kings, next to them came queens, and then bishops, rooks, and knights in their degree, each with his pawn. The painter might combine these with as much freedom as the chess-player, but, as I understand his notion, he might not remove a piece or even a pawn from the table. Pye did not recognise problems. Victory with a knight and a bishop, against a bishop and a rook, did not enter into his creed. All the pieces had to be kept on the board, and success won by their skilful marshalling. For a long time Riviere tried to make use of this fantastic theory, but his experiments were so far from being satisfactory that in after years he painted them over when he got the chance. He never came into personal contact with Pye after he left London at the age of eight. But about 1860, his uncle asked Pye to come and see some of his performances. But the engraver was not to be seduced into any show of interest in one who had forsaken his hobby, and merely replied that "the boy will never do any good." Before this, however, there had been a tiff between Pye and Riviere, senior. The sequel was pleasant, and I may be excused for telling it. In 1871 'Circe' was sent to Burlington House, Pye saw it, was charmed, and being, possibly, one of those rare disciplinarians who understand that discipline must efface itself before a touch of genius, he wrote a charming letter of thanks to the young painter for the pleasure his work had given. Pye died in 1874, in his eighty-third year. His life would be almost as



Studies of Puppies.

well worth writing as was that of Strange. Among Riviere's friends at Oxford were Professor Nicoll, late of Glasgow, whose portrait by Orchardson has been this year hanging at the New Gallery; Professor Edward Caird and Goldwin Smith. From the last he received a commission which has an interest of its own. When the Prince of Wales left Oxford in 1860, he sent a cheque for fifty guineas to Goldwin Smith as one of the Regius Professors whose lectures he had attended. This fee the Professor determined to spend on a picture by his young friend Riviere. The subject was to be poetic, and was anxiously considered between them. Smith used to carry books of poetry to Riviere's studio and read likely passages aloud. At one time a passage in Wordsworth's "Laodamia" was almost fixed upon. It was read out, discussed, and approved, but after all rejected in favour of the "Death of Marmion,"—a subject, I fancy, which had been painted before. The picture finished and sent home, the Professor took his official chief, the present Dean of Christ Church, to see it. A few months ago when Riviere was dining in the "house," after receiving his honorary D.C.L., Dean Liddell referred to this visit, and confessed that the picture had not impressed him. It went to America with Goldwin Smith, who there gave it to some charitable organization.



Væ Victis. By permission of Messrs. T. Agnew and Sons, the proprietors of the copyright.

The late George Waring, whom men who knew have called the most learned man in Europe, was in a sense Riviere's tutor. With Waring he wrote Latin prose, and from his conversation absorbed all sorts of knowledge which has been of use in his later life. For Greek—which he only began a year or two before he went in for "Smalls"—he had to thank the Rev. R. P. G. Tiddeman, Rector of Hincksey, near Oxford. And here perhaps is the right place to revert again for a moment to the peculiarities of Mr. Riviere's education. His *chasse au degré* had to be combined with the practical study of Art, and Dr. Chase, falling in with the idea, permitted the young man to live in his father's house, where he could unite the routine of an Art student with as much discipline as was necessary for an undergraduate of four-and-twenty. Riviere went to no lectures, what he learnt he learnt with Waring and Tiddeman, and with a man, happily still alive, who is remembered with love and gratitude by a large number of Oxonians, I mean the Rev. Octavius Ogle. In 1867 this proved sufficient to win him his degree. Six years later he proceeded to his M.A., and as his name is on the books, he is now a constituent of Sir John Mowbray and Mr. W. Talbot.

Mr. Riviere's career as an exhibitor began betimes. In 1851, when he was no more than eleven years old, he sent two

pictures to the British Institution, and they were hung. One was a 'Kitten and Tomtit;' the other—strange theme it sounds for a little boy—was 'Love at First Sight,' but the subject was a kitten being introduced to its first mouse. Six years later, being then no more than seventeen, he had three pictures at the Academy: 'Sheep on the Cotswolds,' 'Tired Out,' and 'Monkey and Grapes.' In 1859 he exhibited 'Cattle going to Gloucester Fair.'* He then for a time abandoned the early style and walked in the footsteps of the pre-Raphaelites, losing for four successive years his place on the walls of the Academy.

Riviere was twenty-seven when he became a "baccalaureus artium," but long before then he had passed through all his important vicissitudes as an artist. From 1864 to the present day his art has been all development. Its lines have been fixed, and no signs have been given of any wish to experiment. His life at Cheltenham and Oxford coincided with the birth and bloom of the pre-Raphaelite idea. He was a boy of nine when the doings of the P.R.B.'s first caught the world's eye, and he grew to manhood before the controversies they excited had cooled down. In 1851 his father brought him up to London, took him to the Academy, and leading the way to Millais' 'Woodman's Daughter,' pointed it out as a dreadful example of depravity, if not of imbecility, in Art. For a time the father's words and the queerness of the picture prevailed, but a time arrived when they were forgotten before the fascinations of the new practice. Riviere was sick of Pye's mathematics, sick of black and white and of the neutrality in colour to which a method based upon them led. In the nick of time he fell under the influence of Clarence Dobell, the brother of Sydney Dobell, the poet, and of the lady, then in frills, who was afterwards to be his wife. Dobell was a student at the Royal Academy, where he had Poynter, Freddy Walker, and others who have since become well known, for his friends. He was bitten with the new watchwords. Being a boy he could not appreciate their incoherence, but he could admire the practice of those who bore them on their shields. Anyway, his eloquence, added to the fascination of Millais' colour, was too much for young Riviere, who set to to paint pre-Raphaelite pictures in spite of his father and his own traditions. I have before me two studies of submarine landscape, dated 1862, in which the details of shell and zoophite, of seaweed and seaweed's bed, are reproduced with a care that would delight Mr. Ruskin. They are the only surviving parts of a large picture of a girl under the sea, from Moore's "Lallah Rookh," the rest of which was cut up and destroyed by its author. Two years before this he had, to be in the fashion, painted an 'Elaine in the Barge,' which was bought by a brother of Mr. Wyatt, the well-known Oxford printseller. A 'Hamlet and Ophelia' followed, but that, said Mr. Riviere, senior, came out "exactly like a Maclise," and was afterwards burnt. A portrait group of four horses was painted on the same principles, and like all the rest of Riviere's pre-Raphaelite experiments, was refused by the Royal Academy.* His successive failures with the jury turned the young painter on to another track. His devotion to the P.R.B.'s had lasted from his seventeenth to his twenty-third birthday. In 1863 he painted a 'Drake and the British Admirals at Bowls before going out to meet the Armada'; in 1864 a 'Romeo and Juliet,' the parting on the balcony, and 'Prison Bars,' the face of a girl at a barred window, both of which were at the Academy; and then, in 1865 he exhibited a 'Sleeping Deerhound,' with which he may be said to have broken ground in the field he has cultivated ever since.



Study for Adonis.

Before going on to notice Riviere's pictures, it may be as well to say what has to be said of the minor things with which, at one time, he swelled his income. Among his more intimate friends he had the good fortune to number the late Mrs. George Craik, better known to the world as Miss Muloch, and her husband, the well-known partner in the publishing firm of Macmillan. Mr. Craik gave him valuable introductions, while his wife was of use in a still more personal fashion. Her kindness and her interest in his career were great. At the height of her popularity she used at one time to stipulate that his pencil should be employed in the illustration of her stories. In this way he was engaged to make drawings for American editions of several of her novels, as well as for various short poems contributed to *Good Words* and other

* The 'Cattle going to Gloucester Fair' was sold to a Captain Talbot, for whom, some time before, Mr. Riviere, senior, had painted a family portrait on a scale not much less than that of the great Vandyck at Milton House.

* This picture was painted for a Mr. Blackiston, an undergraduate of a sort which has now died, or rather been crushed, out. Blackiston was well off, lived in a house of his own at Summertown, and as we see, patronized another remarkable undergraduate in his friend Riviere.

periodicals. One of the best of the latter is 'At the Window,' in *Good Words* for October, 1868. His wife sat for this, and it was an excellent likeness at the time. Riviere drew his illustrations on the wood, with a brush, working mostly by lamplight, while his wife read aloud. As a rule he had no models. Sometimes he was lucky in his engraver, sometimes not. In style his drawings remind us of those which Sir John Millais was making at the same time for *Once a Week* and for Trollope's novels. Whether it were wise to supplement a hard day's painting with this trying work by artificial light, I may take leave to doubt. To the practice most likely may be traced a weakness of the eyes which now compels Mr. Riviere to great self-denial in the studio.

Riviere also worked for *Punch*. Between 1868 and 1871 he contributed several of those elaborate initials which used to be a greater feature in the *London Charivari* than they are now. One has an interest of its own as foreshadowing a picture painted only the other day, 'Of a Fool and his Folly there is no end.' In this small *cul-de-lampe* we see the first edition of the merry little canvas which was at the Academy last year. A jester on his donkey has come up unheard behind a clattering party of steel-clad knights. He has suddenly laid about him with his bladder, frightening the ponderous *destriers* out of their dignity, and their riders almost out of their saddles. I don't know a more spontaneous bit of painted comedy.

About 1865 a great change came over Riviere's idea of how a picture should look. He had been distressed by the colourless appearance of things conceived and carried out on the simple basis of chiaroscuro, and being about this



Rizpah. From the picture in the possession of John Aird, Esq.

time introduced to Pettie, and through him to Orchardson and other members of the Scottish school, he was not slow in adopting their methods. These young men had been trained by Robert Scott Lauder, and their principle, speaking broadly, was to carry colour, as colour, into every part of their work. The system by which they arrive at this result is analogous to that of the tapestry weaver. They weave tints together, making great use of optical harmonies and contrasts, and imitating—so far as they can—the infinity of nature. Their pictures are often streaky and restless, but seldom degenerate into the timid flatness to which ideas like those of John Pye lead up. The chief danger of the Scottish practice lies in its antagonism to unity and breadth, but another lurks in the strong individuality which springs naturally from it. Like the French square painting, it is apt to be taken as an end rather than as a means, and therefore to be used as a substitute for art. Interest in his subjects has saved Mr. Riviere from the second of these dangers, but he has not altogether escaped the first. His animals are seldom ill-seen; they are always happily combined with humanity, and they live. But we sometimes miss the concentration a broader method would give.

The first picture in which the subjects and treatment now associated with Mr. Riviere's name were to be recognised, was, as I have, I think, already hinted, the 'Sleeping Deerhound' of 1865. A year later he sent to the Academy a picture called 'The Poacher's Nurse,' in which a dog was shown licking the hand of his unseen master, the rest of whose person was hidden by curtains and bedclothes. It is only twenty-five years since 'The Poacher's Nurse' was

painted, but Mr. Riviere failed to sell it on account of its painful subject. A year later he had the same difficulty with 'Strayed from the Flock,' a lamb lying dead in the snow; and I am not sure that the complaint did not make itself heard even in regard to 'Going to be Whipped,' a dog which had torn up a slipper, and was now to receive its payment! We have progressed since then. In 1868 his pictures were 'Spilt Milk,' which was etched not very long ago for the *Art Journal* by Mr. Macbeth Raeburn; 'The Long Sleep,' etched also within the last few years by Mr. Steele; and 'A Saint,' an old raven sitting on some books in a window of the ancient library at Merton College. Mr. Riviere has often gone to this old room for his backgrounds. Few spots in Europe can be fuller of monastical suggestion; the low-browed entrance and the stooping stairs, the oak-tunnelled roof, the desiccated presses with their load of vellum books, the chained manuscripts, and the dim scholars' light which creeps through the long row of lancet windows, combine to produce an effect on the visitor which is none the less fascinating for its want of truth. Before some hoary specimen of antique architecture one is apt to forget that when the shadows of cowled monks were cast upon its walls, those walls were new and garish; that the oak now so rich in pearly greys, was dully yellow, and that the whole affair appealed to its creators by qualities opposed to those by which we conscious moderns are charmed. The real ancient spirit survived in a don, of whom a terrible story was current when I was at Oxford. When Merton first proposed to re-open its building account, one of the sites suggested for new rooms was that of the library. "What! pull down the library?" called out a horrified tutor. "Oh! d—— the library," was the unholy reply. Happily another site was found for the graceful erection with which Mr. Butterfield has so skilfully modified the antique lines of Oxford.

In 1869, Mr. Riviere sent a picture called 'Prisoners' to



Union is Strength. From the picture in the possession of H. J. Turner, Esq.

the Academy. The subject was an unlucky poacher and his four-footed accomplice in a J. P.'s upper room. To the Dudley he sent the 'Game of Fox and Geese' now in the South Kensington Museum, which has also been etched for the *Art Journal;* the 'Empty Chair,' a fine specimen of Sydney Dobell's breed of deerhounds * leaning against a chair with a cloak thrown over it; and 'A Train-Bearer,' one of the few things painted from an incident actually seen. A cottage child stalks along with a shawl put on trainwise, which a little broken-haired terrier "bears" with the dignity of a court-page. To this year, too, belong various experiments with the subject afterwards painted as 'The Last of the Garrison,' a deerhound at the top of the Merton Library staircase, then a bloodhound in the same situation, then a bloodhound at a cave, baying at the unseen wielder of a spear, the head of which alone comes into the picture. The 'Last of the Garrison' version is a wounded bloodhound left in a house with the signs of recent fighting all about it.

In 1870 he sent 'Fly-Catching'—a dog so occupied in the sunlight—'Suspicion,' 'For Sale,' 'Orphans'—a girl feeding lambs with a bottle—and 'Conscience,' to the Dudley; 'Charity' and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' to Burlington House. 'Charity' (p. 20), a beggar girl sharing her crust with a pair of hungry curs, was the first of his pictures to be engraved. To the Dudley, in 1871, he sent a water-colour rendering of a subject which afterwards became very popular in oil. The subject of 'His only Friend' was a juvenile tramp—a sort of Oliver Twist—asleep under a hedge, with a terrier cuddling into his side. It, too, was engraved. The same year saw the exhibition of the first of his pictures to

* These were the children, to a third and fourth generation, of a superb deerhound bitch, called Maida after Sir Walter's friend. This second Maida was the lineal descendant of a deerhound belonging to Flora Macdonald.

attract universal interest. This was the 'Circe,' of which an etching is given with this memoir.

"Circe, daughter of Helios by Perse, and sister of Æætes, distinguished for her magic arts. She dwelt in the island of Ææa, upon which Ulysses was cast. His companions, whom he sent to explore the land, tasted of the magic cup which Circe offered them, and were forthwith changed into swine (as you see) with the exception of Eurylochus, who brought the sad news to Ulysses. The latter having received from Hermes the root *moly*, which fortified him against enchantment, drank the magic cup without injury, and then compelled Circe to restore his companions to their former shape. After this he tarried a whole year with her, and she became by him the mother of Telegonus, the reputed founder of Tusculum." Thus the decorous Smith, and Riviere is more decorous still. His Circe is a modestly robed young woman, counting her pigs and calculating, apparently, how they will turn into pork. A more Homeric treatment might have been in closer accord with modern fashions, perhaps, but it must be remembered that in 1871 fashions were still old. Dramatically, the enchantress should have been naked and the pigs black. But with black swine the power to suggest bewitched humanity would have been to some extent lost. A herd of black pigs is a mass of black, rather than a collection of individualities. For this the white face is needed. Again, the mass of white, or rather of flesh-coloured swine, wanted a really white drapery for the witch who faced them; and so the picture as it is was developed with true pictorial logic, from the desire to show the men inside the pigs.

The success of 'Circe' counted for something, no doubt,



Treasure-Trove. From the picture in the possession of H. Hargreaves Bolton, Esq.

in Riviere's determination to paint his 'Daniel' (p. 7). There, again, we have humanity confronted by a ring of beasts in whom it excites conflicting passions. Both conceptions are picturesque to the core. Both lead legitimately and without effort to unity. In 'Daniel,' the prophet stands up straight and calm, a centre to the passions which seethe about him, while these, in their opposition of appetite and superstitious fear, bring about that moment of balance, of suspense, which is so unspeakably precious in Art. 'Daniel,' perhaps, is Mr. Riviere's masterpiece. From the purely technical standpoint alone he has done better things. In 'The Magician's Doorway' there is better colour and a finer tone; in 'Persepolis' (of which we give a photogravure reproduction) a higher poetry; in 'Rizpah' (p. 13) a completer sense of design. But from 'Daniel' none of these virtues are absent, while its conception has a rare directness and sufficiency.

The year after 'Daniel' Mr. Riviere exhibited 'All that was left of the Homeward Bound'—which I venture to call a mistake—and 'Argus,' one of his great successes from the point of view of subject. Both have been engraved. The relic of the 'Homeward Bound' is a small girl tied to a floating mast with a starved dog crouching upon her body. A compromise has been made with probability. For a painter determined not to blink the facts the subject would be good, though inexpressibly painful. To treat it in gentle melodramatic fashion, making the girl as comfortable on her mast as if she were in her nursery rocking-chair, and as little terrified by her situation, was to be a little blind to the logic of his own idea.

The chief pictures for 1874 were a full-length portrait of Mr. Mansel Lewis standing by the sea with his horse and dog, and 'Apollo with the Herds of Admetus,' which was engraved in the *Art Journal* for 1878, p. 5. The motive for the latter comes from a chorus in the *Alcestis*, thus done into English for the painter by his old tutor, Octavius Ogle:—

> "Apollo's self
> Designed to become a shepherd in thine halls,
> And tune his lays along the woodland slopes,
> Whereat entranced the spotted lynxes came
> To mingle with thy flocks; from Othry's glen
> Trooped tawny lions; e'en the dappled fawn
> Forth from the shelter of her pinewood haunts
> Tripped to the music of the Sun-god's lyre."

I don't know whether readers of this page will expect a word as to how the Sun-god came to be tending flocks at all. The fact was that he slew the Cyclops for providing Zeus with the thunderbolts with which Æsculapius was killed, and that the Father of Gods and Men, to mark his displeasure, condemned him to nine years' servitude as a mortal. These years he passed with Admetus, and so became an actor in the domestic drama which provided Euripides with his finest plot, and Mr. Riviere with a congenial theme. In 1876 he returned to the classics for a subject, and painted 'Pallas Athene and the Swineherd's Dogs' (1889, p. 249), a picture which excited a well-known critic, writing in a well-known review, to call it "an utterly mistaken composition, which may recall a criticism passed on a picture of 'Balaam, the Angel and the



Study of Dog and Limbs.

Ass.' The artist, it was remarked, was an angel when he painted the ass, and an ass when he painted the angel; and so here of Pallas Athene and the dogs." Fuseli's gird at Northcote was more smartly put: "You are an angel at an ass, my dear boy, but an ass at an angel;" and, I cannot help thinking, vastly better founded than the reviewer's at Riviere. The subject was not, perhaps, thoroughly picturesque. Look into Chapman's Homer (*Odyssey, XVI.*), and you will read how Eumæus—

> "Took his shoes up, put them on and went,
> Nor was his absence hid from Jove's descent;
> Divine Minerva, who took straight to view
> A goodly woman's shape that all works knew,
> And standing in the entry did prefer
> Her sight t' Ulysses; but, though meeting her,
> His son Telemachus nor saw nor knew;
> The gods' clear presences are known to few.
> Yet with Ulysses even the dogs did see
> And would not bark, but, whining lovingly,
> Fled to the stalls' far side."

The freer version quoted by Mr. Riviere tells us how—

> "Then drew she nigh, in shape a stately dame,
> Graced with all noble gifts of womanhood;
> None save Odysseus saw her, for to few
> Of mortal birth the gods reveal themselves;
> But the dogs knew her coming, and with whine
> And whimpering crouched aloof."

The effect of the passage depends upon something not to be fully rendered otherwise than by words; upon the fact that Ulysses and the dogs could see Pallas, while Telemachus could not. So far it is unpictorial, but in the mere behaviour

of the animals before an immortal the painter had an opportunity which, as I think, he did not ill-use. About this same time he painted 'The Lions roaring after their Prey do seek their Meat from God'—a very large picture; 'Poachers'—a poacher and his dog (see below); 'A Stern Chase is ever a Long Chase,' and 'Comala.' The subject of the last named comes from the periods of Mr. (Ossian) Macpherson, who mouths about Comala's love for Fingal, and about her death from joy at seeing him return from a fight with Caracalla, in which she had thought him killed. "There Comala sits forlorn. Two grey dogs near her shake their rough ears, and catch the flying breeze. Her red cheek rests on her arm and the mountain wind," etc. To illustrate Macpherson may be a superfluous proceeding, but a pretty woman and a pair of anxious deerhounds were quite to Mr. Riviere's taste. To this time, too, belonged a picture of 'Deer-Stealers pursued by Sleuth Hounds,' the supposed date being about the thirteenth century, and a black-and-white called 'Midnight Assassins,' which is, in some ways, the most telling design Riviere has made The subject is a giraffe attacked by lions. One of these has so fixed upon the poor beast's croup that his long neck swings back against the sky in a curiously effective way.

The pictures of the next few years included several which have won a wide popularity. For the 'Legend of Saint Patrick,' a subject was sought in a tale told in an old



Poachers. By permission of Mr. R. Dunthorne.

Latin life of the Scoto-Hibernian snake-compeller. There we learn how on the site now covered by the city of Armagh the Saint picked up a fawn, the orphan of a roe, and carried it to his own cell. In 'Lazarus' the charity was the other way, from the brutes to man; and in 'Sympathy' (p. 25) we had at least an echo of the same virtue. None of Riviere's pictures have been more popular than this. The small girl, banished to the staircase in disgrace, with the sympathetic terrier deprecating her tears, has found her way into hundreds of homes, both humble and luxurious. The original picture is in the Holloway College for Women, at Egham. The same collection owns 'An anxious Moment' (p. 18), a flock of geese passing a derelict hat. 'Victims,' 'Hide-and-Seek,' 'So full of Shapes is Fancy,' and 'Imprisoned,' belong to this year of 1878, as also does 'Persepolis' (facing p. 20)—a more successful incursion into the field of painted poetry than the 'Pallas Athene,' or, indeed, than anything else Riviere has done. Lions and moonlit ruins; what could be more romantic? and when we add that a splendid title was at hand in two lines from Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyâm," the attraction is complete:—

> "They say the lion and the lizard keep
> The halls where Jamshid gloried and drank deep."

Lizards don't willingly run about at night, but the painter overcame this difficulty by supposing them to have been

kicked up by the prowling king of beasts. Two years later he painted a picture which was little more than a variation on the 'Persepolis,' I mean the 'Night Watch;' and again in 1881 he returned to the same set of ideas in the 'King's Gateway.' In all these he was, perhaps, attracted as much by the *mise en scène* as by the animals who gave it point.

Intermingled with these were a few other pictures which cannot be passed over. 'In Manus tuas' (p. 31) showed us a knight-errant venturing down into some forbidding cavern, the cross-hilt of his sword held Faust-wise before him, and his own fears confirmed by the undisguised trepidation of his horse. 'A Winter's Tale,' a sort of humanised version of the early 'Strayed from the Flock,' is now in America. 'The Poacher's Widow' was suggested, of course, by the gamekeeper's ballad in "Yeast":—

"The merry brown hares came leaping
Over the crest of the hill,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping,
Under the moonlight still.

"Leaping late and early,
Till under their bite and their tread,
The swedes, and the wheat, and the barley
Lay cankered, and trampled, and dead.

"A poacher's widow sat sighing
On the side of the white-chalk bank,
Where under the gloomy fir-woods
One spot in the ley throve rank.



An Anxious Moment. From the picture in the collection of the Royal College, Holloway. By permission of Messrs. T. Agnew and Sons, the proprietors of the copyright.

"She watched a long tuft of clover,
Where rabbit or hare never ran,
For its black sour haulm covered over
The blood of a murdered man," etc.

Tregarva's wrong-headedness found no echo in the painter, who chose the subject entirely for its picturesqueness. Good as it is, it has a defect uncommon in Riviere's work—it requires the title to explain it. The event on which the interest turns has taken place long ago, and until we are told we cannot guess what it was. In 'The Last Spoonful' (facing p. 8), which has gone to represent our English *thiermaler* in the Schwabe collection at Hamburg, we see a small child swallowing the final "sup" of porridge, to the chagrin of a pair of broken-haired terriers and a whole court of hens and ducks; in 'A Highland Garrison' a colley and again two terriers look out expectantly from the doorway of a crofter's cabin; in 'Cave Canem,' a baby bull-dog has taken command of the paternal doorstep, and surveys from its giddy height a yet unexplored world. In a little picture called 'Temptation,' Mr. Riviere dealt with a matter which has no secrets for many of those whom a painter of dogs is obliged to admit into the outer circle of his acquaintance. The subject was, in fact, dog-stealing. An untrustworthy-looking individual is trying to win the confidence of a King Charles spaniel with a seductive bit of liver. The drama is unfinished. Whether fidelity or *gourmandise* will turn out the stronger passion we can only guess. The man, no doubt, was partly studied from a dog-dealer upon whom, for many years, Riviere used to depend for most of his canine models. This man must have been a remarkable person in his way, judging from the notes Riviere has kept of his talk. If one's aim were to expand,

instead of to condense, it might be reached as well, perhaps, by repeating some of his *mots*, with their context, as by any other contrivance. As it is, I am tempted to tell one story for the light it throws on what "the masses" think about Art. Ravenscroft—that, no less, was his patronymic—had been sitting in a brown study in the studio of an artist who may be nameless, when suddenly he came out with—"They do tell me, sir, as how Mr. River gets as much as two 'underd pounds for paintin' one dawg; is that true?" "No doubt," answered Mr. W——. "Well," said Ravenscroft after a pause, "*I* don't blame 'im: if people *are* sich fools, *I* don't see why a sharp feller shouldn't take advantage of 'em!"

A picture exhibited in 1882 deserves to be mentioned partly for its unusualness in Riviere's work, and partly because it has gone to represent him in the public gallery of Sydney. The subject of 'A Roman Holiday' reminds one rather of Gérôme than Riviere. In the arena of the Flavian Amphitheatre a Christian gladiator has been pitted against a pair of tigers. By a lucky stab he has rid himself of one, but the other has wounded him mortally. He has had just strength enough left to scratch a cross in the sand, and with his eyes fixed upon this, his life ebbs away. The victorious tiger "takes the stage" with the hideous grin of a cat when it lays down its ears and shows its teeth. I do not, as a fact, know the genesis of this picture, but from internal evidence I should say it came into being thus: for years the authorities of the Zoo have been in the habit of sending to Mr. Riviere's studio the body of any fine animal, of certain species, which may have died in the Gardens. This, I fancy, must have been the case with the dead tiger in the 'Roman Holiday.' I do not think it would have been exactly where we see it on the canvas had Mr. Riviere known from the commencement what



An Old-World Wanderer.

he was going to do. Supposing the beast to have arrived dead, and demanding instant attention, more than one thing over which we puzzle is at once explained. This same year he painted the picture of a lion drinking—'The King Drinks'—which represents him in the Diploma Gallery. Some people found fault at the time because, said they, it had evidently been studied from a cat. I don't know why that should be matter of reproach. To one conversant with the special anatomy of the lion, the action of a cat would here give all the information required. This picture Mr. Riviere etched himself. He also etched a plate of a bloodhound, calling it 'The Old Hound;' but these two plates complete the catalogue of his productions as an engraver. He found the work too trying for his eyes.

The year 1883 saw the exhibition of the 'Magician's Doorway,' now in the collection of Mr. Cuthbert Quilter; of 'Una:' of 'Giants at Play,' bought by Mr. Henry Tate; of 'Mother Hubbard,' in the Kepplestone Gallery; and of 'The Mouse on the Stairs.' The scene of the last was the fine old staircase of Whittington Court, six miles from Cheltenham, which was at the time in the occupation of Mr. Cyrus F. Dobell, a relation of Mrs. Riviere's. The best things belonging to the following year were 'The Herd of Swine' and 'Treasure-Trove,' both here engraved (pp. 3, 15); 'Playfellows,' now the property of Mr. Jesse Haworth, and the somewhat melodramatic 'Last of the Crew.' Melodramatic, too, was 'The Eve of St. Bartholomew,' of 1885. But no such reproach can be brought against the 'Sheep-Stealer' or the 'King and his Satellites,' in both of which Mr. Riviere was at his best as an exponent of four-footed character. In 'The Herd of Swine' the idea which governed the treatment of the pigs in 'Circe' was reversed. In the bewitched followers of Ulysses, Mr. Riviere wanted as

much individuality as he could get. He wished to show the separate character of each man, and to hint at the effect upon him of the woman's beauty. In the later picture his aim was directly opposed to this. It was to show a mass of living things possessed by one spirit, driven to their own destruction by one mad possession. For this purpose black swine were far better than white. They could be welded into a far closer unity, and sent down the slope like a single missile.

'The Enchanted Castle,' of 1884, suggested as it was by the "Bridal of Triermain," had just a thought too much, perhaps, of the literary in its composition. The story was not all told upon the canvas, a mistake into which Riviere has very seldom fallen. As a proof of this I may here quote his pictures for 1886. 'Væ Victis,' 'After Naseby,' 'Stolen Kisses,' 'Union is Strength' (p. 14), 'The Lion and the Fox,' 'Armed Neutrality,' 'A Scientific Frontier,' and 'Necessity, the Mother of Invention.' In every case the title is a good one for the catalogue, but it is never required to explain the picture. It is rather the other way about—the picture is wanted to explain the title, which is rather a virtue than a fault. 'Væ Victis' (p. 11) raised one of those discussions as to fact of which painters nearly always get the better. The subject was a fight between an eagle and a wolf, and first one naturalist and then another joined issue upon its probability. To test a statement of fact by an *a priori* theory is a favourite amusement of the illogical English mind. Many of us remember what a storm was raised over Miss Elizabeth Thompson's



Charity.

charger in the 'Roll Call,' and how doctors differed as to how a horse does lift and put down his feet. Instantaneous photography has since proved that Miss Thompson came very close to the truth; and so it will be nine times out of ten when the particular observation of the artist is met by mere general impressions. In the case of 'Væ Victis,' it was said that a fight between an eagle and a wolf was an impossibility; and yet fights have been observed in this country between eagles and almost every animal they have here a chance of meeting. Before he painted the picture Mr. Riviere had collected accounts of a considerable number. These include fights with stags, dogs, a fox, and even a Highland bull. Perhaps the most remarkable is the narrative of a duel between an eagle and a large watch-dog, which took place in the province of Brandenburg in 1883. After a furious fight of many minutes, the eagle killed the dog, literally stripping the flesh from his bones, though not without being himself disabled. There is nothing unreasonable, then, in supposing that eagles may have fought, and fought successfully, with wolves. Mr. Riviere has imported a new element, however, in the cause of the fight. In his picture, quadruped and bird are *aux prises* over the body of a lamb. In all the stories it is at a dinner off its actual opponent that the eagle aims.

In 1887 the pictures at the Academy were 'Rizpah,' which we reproduce (p. 13), 'The Exile,' and 'The Welcome.' The 'Rizpah,' bought by Mr. Aird, is one of Riviere's best things in the way of design, but he himself has a stronger affection for the 'Welcome,' a minute bull-pup greeting his gigantic master with effusion as he returns from his shift in the mine. A year later his chief productions were 'Adonis wounded,' a portrait





Study of Colley for 'Rus in Urbe.'

of his mother, 'Compulsory Education,' and 'An Old-World Wanderer' (p. 19). In the last he turned again to the vein of poetry he had tapped in 'Pallas Athene,' 'Persepolis,' and 'The King's Gateway.' A traveller in the days when people crossed the seas in gigantic row-boats has stepped upon a hitherto untrodden shore, to find himself surrounded by countless flocks of birds, tame and but slightly inquisitive. It was a good subject, but it is not for birds that "patrons" go to Riviere, and neither this nor the 'Væ Victis' has yet found a buyer. The next year, 1889, was hardly one of the most memorable in our painter's career. His pictures were mostly "unimportant," using that adjective in the dealers' sense. They included, however, 'Adonis's Farewell,' which was so much liked at the penultimate summer show of the Grosvenor Gallery; 'A Cavatina,' a portrait of Miss Riviere; and the amusing 'Blockade Runner,' in the collection of Mr. Henry Tate.



Study of a Lioness.

Not many pictures remain to be mentioned. The 'Prometheus,' at the Grosvenor, and 'Pale Cynthia' (p. 30) and 'Of a Fool and his Folly there is no End,' at the R.A., and 'Res Angusta,' not exhibited at all, were the chief results of 1889. 'Rus in Urbe,' sent to the Academy; 'Daniel's Answer to the King' (p. 24), exhibited by the Messrs. Agnew, and part at least of the 'Mighty Hunter,' still, as I write, at Burlington House, constitute the bulk of the 1890 crop. In some ways Mr. Riviere is emphatically a foreseeing artist. It has been his habit through life to hoard possible subjects. I may be mistaken, but I fancy the great majority of painters depend upon their latest inspirations for their themes. With most it is the idea of to-day which leads to to-morrow's creation. In many cases this may be the better course, but it has its drawbacks. It often leads to freshness of treatment, but quite as often to immaturity of conception. An idea jotted down years before being finally taken up for execution, has time to mature, and is likely when realised to be well balanced and coherent. Nearly all Mr. Riviere's better works show one characteristic which is scarcely to be won without this long process of digestion: they combine an extreme simplicity with their remarkable dramatic vigour. It is only by thinking and rethinking that such pregnant simplicity as that of the 'Daniel' or the 'Circe' can be achieved. In nearly



Study of Lion for 'A mighty Hunter before the Lord.'

all Riviere's pictures the parts are as few as possible, the accessories reduced to a minimum, and effect and meaning won by the pictorial fitness of what is kept. No better illustration of what I mean could be named than 'Daniel's Answer to the King.' The puzzled and uneasy beasts, the prophet with his bound hands looking up to the unseen loophole, through which a scanty daylight streams into the den. That is the picture. There is nothing more; not even a

shadow on the disk of sunlight to suggest the king standing outside, and yet both pictorially and dramatically we have all we want. There is no more solid plank in Riviere's popularity than this faculty for stripping conceptions of non-essentials. Sometimes, when the idea with which he sets out is not rightly pictorial, as, for instance, in the 'Giants at Play,' it leads to baldness, but this we can forgive in consideration of its usual excellent effects. I have said that the 'Giants at Play' is not entirely pictorial, and as Mr. Riviere has conceived it, I think I am right. He seems to have been struck by the statuesque appearance of the British 'navvy' at his best. But this appearance depends mainly on a quality which is of little use to the painter. It depends on size, and the consciousness of power which size gives. Now size is a very dangerous motive for a painter. It tempts him to make use of abrupt contrasts—for it can be shown



Actæon and the Hounds. From the picture in the possession of Clarence Watson, Esq. By permission of Messrs. T. Agnew and Sons, the proprietors of the copyright.

in no other way—and to work on too large a scale. Mr. Riviere is not the only one who has been seduced by the physical splendour of the English navvy into artistic error. Mr. Herkomer has fallen under the same spell, and his 'On Strike,' in the present—by the time these words are in print it will be the late—exhibition of the Royal Academy, suffers from exactly the same misconception as 'The Welcome,' 'Let Sleeping Dogs lie,' and 'Giants at Play.'

To see Riviere almost at his best we need go no farther back than the last picture he has exhibited—I mean the triptych he calls 'A mighty Hunter before the Lord,' which has been at Burlington House this summer. The central subject is inspired so essentially by the Assyrian reliefs in the British Museum that to criticise its composition would be beside the mark. As painting, it is a little crude in colour. The side pictures are altogether happier. Indeed, it would be

difficult to name anything which brings out more pleasantly the vein of genuine poetry in Mr. Riviere's constitution. Nimrod has gone home, and under the silvery silence of the moon the dead and dying brutes he has scattered over the marshy Assyrian desert, are tended and lamented by their mates. It is the reverse of the glory of killing, put at once with poetic vigour and artistic reserve. Once before Riviere had struck the same chord with, perhaps, equal felicity, in his 'Prometheus.' There, too, he had chosen the moment of quiescence in a tragedy, and fitted it to the restful hours in the twenty-four. Prometheus, hanging on some cliff above the Caspian, had satisfied his vulture, and for a space had no torments but those of weariness to suffer. It was a small picture, but the conception was perfect, and as usual, Mr. Riviere had found for it a most luminous title in Elizabeth Browning's

> "Night shall come up with garniture of stars
> To comfort thee with shadow."

Speaking of him broadly as an artist, Riviere's strong points are his sympathy with animals, his pleasant sense of colour, his directness of conception, and his fine vein of poetry. The first of these saves him from that besetting sin of the English *animalier*, the dressing up in human sentiments, and the setting among human conditions, of the lower animals. His sympathy with dogs is too thorough to permit of their degradation into half-taught actors. He paints them for what they are, a symbol of what man was once, the rough material of civilisation with virtues and vices yet unblunted by convention;



Study for 'Daniel's Answer to the King.'

embodiments of the crude elemental passions, controlled only by the habit of respect for such a substitute for providence as man can offer and canine nature understand; and he paints other animals in the same spirit as dogs, seeking not solely the great tragic possibilities within their skins, as Barye did, but understanding that even the more dangerous brutes, like that most fearful beast of all, man, are, for the most part, domestic—happy in a shallow sort of way, and by no means so full of hostility to other *ferœ naturæ* as their looks suggest. Nearly alone among animal painters does Mr. Riviere withstand the temptation to dress a lion in conscious dignity, a tiger in conscious ferocity, a dog in conscious intelligence; with but a single exception, so far as I can remember—I mean the 'King and his Satellites'—his animals give their minds to the business in hand. They never pose or think of themselves. This is all the more to Riviere's credit as, like Landseer and unlike Swan, he nearly always paints them at moments when man has a finger in the pie. His interest, in fact, is in the animal's real self. His studies of anatomy have been very thorough. For a long time past he has been occupied on a leonine *écorché*, which will, when complete, be of great value to future students

As for his colour, that, as I said a long way back, is founded on the practice of his Scottish friends. Among English painters the one with whom he has most in commom is, no doubt, Fred Walker. Put shortly, the principle on which all these men work is to set quality before unity. They look at the surface of anything they have to paint, and they find it shimmering all over with various colour. This variety can either be lost in a fine convention, as Titian lost it, or it can be accepted and rendered according to ability. If the latter way be chosen, it is almost certain that the picture will



Sympathy. From the picture in the Royal Holloway College collection. By permission of Messrs. T. Agnew and Sons, the proprietors of the copyright.

lack concentration. It may have such unity as can be given by design and *chiaroscuro*, but will have, at least to some extent, to do without that which springs from a perfect balance and apportionment of tints. To give it a name, the quality sought for by the Scottish colourists is iridescence, an iridescence suggested, perhaps, by the web of gleaming hues on their own hill-sides. Delightful as it is, it only leads to perfectly happy results in exceptional hands. The ordinary Art student will find it safer to follow a good convention—if he can find one—than to toil after the infinity of nature. But this is a dangerous doctrine to preach. Meanwhile Riviere is helped to a satisfactory use of his method by the directness of his fancy. He scarcely ever drops upon a subject which requires any complexity of treatment. Only at long intervals does he choose one that cannot be fully set out on canvas. Nine times out of ten his conception, at least, has unity, and does not even want a title to explain itself. It would be too much to say that it is always strictly pictorial. For that some problem of colour, illumination, or design is perhaps essential. And Riviere is vastly more interested in displaying canine and feline character than in bringing out the values of dogs and the great cats as notes in a theme.

I have often had to refer to the vein of poetry running through Riviere's works. He has been a great reader, and, like many painters, a great listener to reading. From all this he has come out with a truer sense than most painters of what literature can do for Art. Many of his pictures are suggested by books, but in nearly every case the



The Long Sleep.

passage he has chosen is one with which paint can deal more completely than words. 'Pallas and the Swineherd's Dogs' is an exception. There the pen can supply a detail before which the brush is impotent. But then look at 'Persepolis.' Put the words of the Persian singer on the one side and Riviere's picture on the other, and which is richest in suggestion? Coleridge defines poetry as the best words in the best order, and it is clear that he means by this the fullest use of that intrinsic power in language which is independent of its arbitrary value. A word whose conventional meaning coincides with its intrinsic significance is a better word, a more poetic word, than one that has to be looked up in a dictionary before you can guess its sense. It is just the same with a work of Art. A picture is poetic, in which every line and tint, every natural appearance is brought into esoteric harmony with the passions treated. To my mind, the great example of such intimate connection is Titian's 'Entombment.' Before that canvas we are unable to separate the emotions stirred by its conception as a work of Art from those aroused by association. The two work together in the profoundest harmony, and as we look we cannot but confess that poetry, in painting as in writing, is the best arrangement of the best units. That sounds like a truism, and yet how few painters realise its truth! How continually we find pictures, painted even by famous masters, in which there is no congruity between subject and conception! I don't want to claim a place beside Titian for Briton Riviere, but at least he deserves such credit as belongs to the artist who can keep in view the unity of nature, and when he sets himself

to render some incident in the human drama, can give it a suitable *mise en scène*. A large number of Mr. Riviere's



The Dining-Room.

pictures have been engraved. Most of the more important were done by Mr. Stacpoole One plate, that after 'Impri-



The Studio.

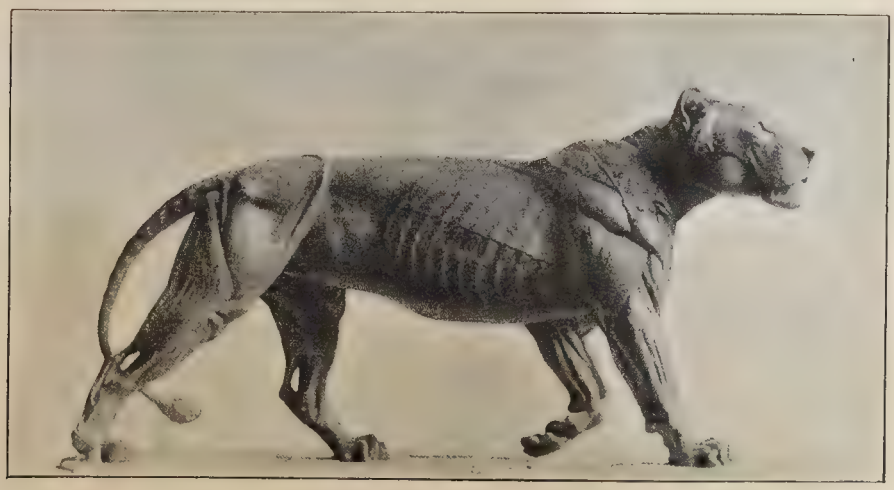
soned,' was the work of Samuel Cousins; while Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Steele, Mr. Charles Lewis, Mr. Chant, Mons. Lhuillier, Mr. C. O. Murray, and Mr. Pratt, have also translated him, in various methods, into black and white.

After he had married, taken his degree, and finally left the west country, Mr. Riviere's first domicile was a pair of cottages, thrown into one, in Kent. They were on the common between Hayes and Keston, and were chosen for their nearness to the home of his friends, the Craiks. After a time, however, this situation was found too inconvenient, and a move was made into Bromley. There Riviere lived for two years, kept pigs, and painted his 'Circe.' His next move was to No. 16, Addison Road, Kensington, where he built himself a studio. Kensington, however, was found too relaxing, and after four years he moved again, this time to the neighbourhood of the northern heights of London. There also, at No. 5, Marlborough Road, he built a studio, which again he only occupied for a comparatively short time, moving on, five years later, to the house in which he still lives, in the Finchley Road. It was in 1876 that he took this house, and following the fashion of the moment, he set to work to practically rebuild it. His architect was Mr. F. W. Waller, a brother of Mr. S. E. Waller, the painter, and a son-in-law of Professor Huxley. In his hands the house put on a new physiognomy, and became one of the most attractive painters' homes to be found in London. The studio is large and convenient, but simpler than many built at about the same time. The hours passed in it are not so many as they were. Its owner confines his painting to the fore-part of the day, compelled to that precaution not only by his delicate eyes, but by an excess of that artistic temperament which makes creation the most exhausting of employments. So far, however, as the quality of his work goes, it is no bad thing for an artist to be thus restricted, and his admirers may yet look to Mr. Briton Riviere for many a pendant to his 'Daniel' and his 'Persepolis,' his 'Rizpah' and his 'Farewell of Adonis.'

WALTER ARMSTRONG.



The Hall.



Anatomical Lion, modelled by Briton Riviere.

LIST OF MR. RIVIERE'S PICTURES.

1851. 'Love at First Sight,' oil, British Institution.
'Kitten and Tomtit,' oil, British Institution.
1852. 'Robinson Crusoe with his Animals,' oil.



Charcoal Sketch by the Artist of his Son.

1857. 'Sheep on the Cotteswolds,' oil, Royal Academy.
'Tired Out,' oil, Royal Academy.
1858. 'Monkey and Grapes,' oil, Royal Academy.
1859. 'Cattle going to Gloucester Fair,' oil, Royal Academy.
1860. 'Elaine in the Barge,' oil.
1860. 'Portrait of two Horses, two Ponies, and three Dogs, oil.
1861. 'Hamlet and Ophelia,' oil.
1862. 'Girl under the Sea' ("Lallah Rookh"), oil.
1863. 'The Eve of the Spanish Armada,' oil.
1864. 'Romeo and Juliet,' oil, Royal Academy.
'Prison Bars,' oil, Royal Academy.
1865. 'Sleeping Deerhound,' oil, Royal Academy.
1866. 'The Poacher's Nurse,' oil, Royal Academy.
1867. 'Strayed from the Flock,' oil.
'Going to be Whipped,' oil, Dudley Gallery.
1868. 'Spilt Milk,' oil.
'A Saint,' oil.
'The Long Sleep,' oil, Dudley Gallery (illustrated p. 26).
1869. 'A Game of Fox and Geese,' oil, Dudley Gallery.
'Prisoners,' oil, Royal Academy.
'The Empty Chair,' oil, Dudley Gallery.
'A Train-Bearer,' oil, Dudley Gallery.
1870. 'Fly-Catching,' oil, Dudley Gallery.
'Suspicion,' water colour, Dudley Gallery.
'For Sale,' oil, Dudley Gallery.
'Orphans,' water colour, Dudley Gallery.
'Charity,' oil, Royal Academy (illustrated p. 20).
'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' oil, Royal Academy.
'Conscience,' oil, Dudley Gallery.
1871. 'Expectation,' water colour, Dudley Gallery.
'His Only Friend,' water colour.
'Portrait of Robert Upperton on Horse,' oil. Dudley Gallery.
'Quack,' oil.
'Circe,' oil. Royal Academy (see frontispiece).
Do., water colour.
'Come Back,' oil, Royal Academy.

1871. 'Come Back,' water colour.
'Much Ado about Nothing,' water colour.
'His Only Friend,' oil, Dudley Gallery.
'Bacchantes,' oil.

1872. 'Daniel,' oil, Royal Academy (illustrated p. 7).
Do., water colour.
'A Fairy Tale' ("Girl and Swans"), oil.
'The Early Bird gets the Worm,' water colour.
'The Lion has come up from his Thicket,' oil.
'Warranted Quiet to Ride or Drive,' oil, Dudley Gallery.

1873. 'All that was Left of the Homeward Bound,' oil, Royal Academy.
'All that was Left of the Homeward Bound,' water colour.
'Argus,' oil, Royal Academy.
Do., water colour.
'Equo ne credite tueri,' oil, Dudley Gallery.

1874. 'Genius Loci,' oil, Royal Academy.
'Apollo and the Flocks of Admetus,' oil, Royal Academy.
Do., do., water colour.
'Large Portrait of C. Mansel Lewis, Esq., with Horse and Dogs,' oil, Royal Academy (1875).
'War News,' oil, Royal Academy (1875).

1875. 'The Last of the Garrison,' oil, Royal Academy.
'Midnight Assassins,' chalk, Dudley Gallery.



Pale Cynthia.

1875. 'Deer-Stealers pursued by Sleuth Hounds,' oil.
'A Double Entendre,' oil, Dudley Gallery.

1876. 'A Stern Chase is always a Long Chase,' oil, Royal Academy.
Pallas Athene and the Swineherd's Dogs,' oil, Royal Academy.
'"The Lions roaring after their Prey do seek their Meat from God."'
'Black Mail,' oil.
'Comala,' oil.
Do., water colour.
'Poachers,' oil, Dudley Gallery (illustrated p. 17).

1877. 'A Legend of S. Patrick,' oil, Royal Academy.
'Lazarus,' oil, Royal Academy.
'Sympathy,' oil, Royal Academy (1878) (illustrated p. 25).

1878. 'Imprisoned,' oil.
'Persepolis,' oil, Royal Academy (see photogravure, facing p. 20).
'An Anxious Moment,' oil, Royal Academy (illustrated p. 18).
'Victims,' oil, Royal Academy.
'Hide-and-Seek,' oil.
'So full of Shapes is Fancy,' oil.

1879. 'In Manus Tuas,' oil, Royal Academy (illustrated p. 31).
'A Winter's Tale,' oil, Royal Academy.
'The Poacher's Widow,' oil, Royal Academy.

1879. 'Cave Canem,' oil, Dudley Gallery.
'Temptation,' oil.
'Qui Vive?' oil.
'Actæon,' chalk and charcoal.
1880. 'Endymion,' oil, Royal Academy.
'The Night Watch,' oil, Royal Academy.
'A Cricket on the Hearth,' oil.
'The Last Spoonful,' oil, Royal Academy (see etching, facing p. 8).
'A Highland Garrison,' oil.
1881. 'Hope Deferred,' oil, Royal Academy (illustrated p. 6).
1881. 'Envy, Hatred, and Malice,' oil, Royal Academy.
'The King's Gateway,' oil.
'Tick, tick!' oil.
'Let Sleeping Dogs lie,' oil, Royal Academy.
'A Roman Holiday,' oil, Royal Academy.
'Discretion is the Better Part of Valour,' oil.
'"There's many a Slip 'twixt the Cup and the Lip,"' oil.
'Portrait of Miss Potter and Dogs,' oil, Royal Academy.
'The King Drinks' (Diploma Picture), oil.
1882. 'The Magician's Doorway,' oil, Royal Academy.



"In Manus Tuas, Domine." From the picture in the possession of A. Haworth, Esq. By permission of Messrs. T. Agnew and Sons, proprietors of the copyright.

1882. 'Una,' oil, Royal Academy.
'Giants at Play,' oil, Royal Academy (1883).
'At Bay,' oil.
'A Mouse on the Stairs,' oil.
'Mother Hubbard,' oil.
Etching of 'The King Drinks.'
1883. 'The Last of the Crew,' oil, Royal Academy.
'Playfellows,' oil, Royal Academy.
'Miracle of the Swine,' oil, Royal Academy (illustrated p. 3).
'Companions in Misfortune,' oil.
'Treasure-Trove,' oil (illustrated p. 15).
1884. 'The Enchanted Castle,' oil, Royal Academy.
'Actæon,' oil, Royal Academy (illustrated p. 23).
1884. 'The Eve of St. Bartholomew,' oil, Royal Academy.
'The King and his Satellites,' oil, Royal Academy.
'The Sheep-Stealer,' oil, Royal Academy (1885).
'"The Mouse ran up the Clock,"' oil.
Etching, 'The Old Hound.'
1885. 'Væ Victis,' oil, Royal Academy (illustrated p. 11).
'After Naseby,' oil, Royal Academy.
'Stolen Kisses,' oil, Royal Academy.
'Union is Strength,' oil, Royal Academy (1886) (illustrated p. 14).
'The Lion and the Fox,' oil.
'Armed Neutrality,' oil.
'A Scientific Frontier,' oil.
'Dogs licking Water-Tap,' oil.

1886. 'Rizpah,' oil, Royal Academy (illustrated p. 13).
'The Exile,' oil, Royal Academy.
'The Welcome,' oil, Royal Academy.
1887. 'Possession Nine Points of the Law,' oil.
'Adonis Wounded,' oil.
'Jilted,' oil, Royal Academy.
Portrait of His Mother, oil, Royal Academy.
'Compulsory Education,' oil.
'Portrait of the Duke of Fife's Dog,' oil.
'An Old-World Wanderer,' oil, Royal Academy (illustrated p. 19).
1888. 'Petty Larceny,' oil.
'Bloodhound's Head,' oil.
'Requiescat,' oil, Royal Academy.
'A Blockade Runner,' oil.
'Adonis's Farewell,' oil, Grosvenor Gallery.
'Collie on Wall,' oil.
'A Cavatina' (Portrait), oil, Royal Academy.
'Listeners never hear Good of themselves,' oil.
'Portrait of Mr. Griffith's Dog,' oil.
1889. 'Pale Cynthia,' oil, Royal Academy (illustrated p. 30).
1889. '"Of a Fool and his Folly there is no End,"' oil, Royal Academy.
'Prometheus,' oil, Grosvenor Gallery.
'Portrait of Mr. Lewis's Dog,' oil.
'Res Angusta,' oil.
1890. 'The Meeting' and 'The Parting,' oil.
'Rus in Urbe,' oil, Royal Academy (illustrated p. 21).
'Daniel's Answer to the King,' oil (illustrated p. 24).
'So Near and yet so Far,' oil.
1891. 'A Mighty Hunter before the Lord,' oil, Royal Academy (illustrated p. 22).

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Study for Wounded Lioness, in 'A Mighty Hunter before the Lord.'

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